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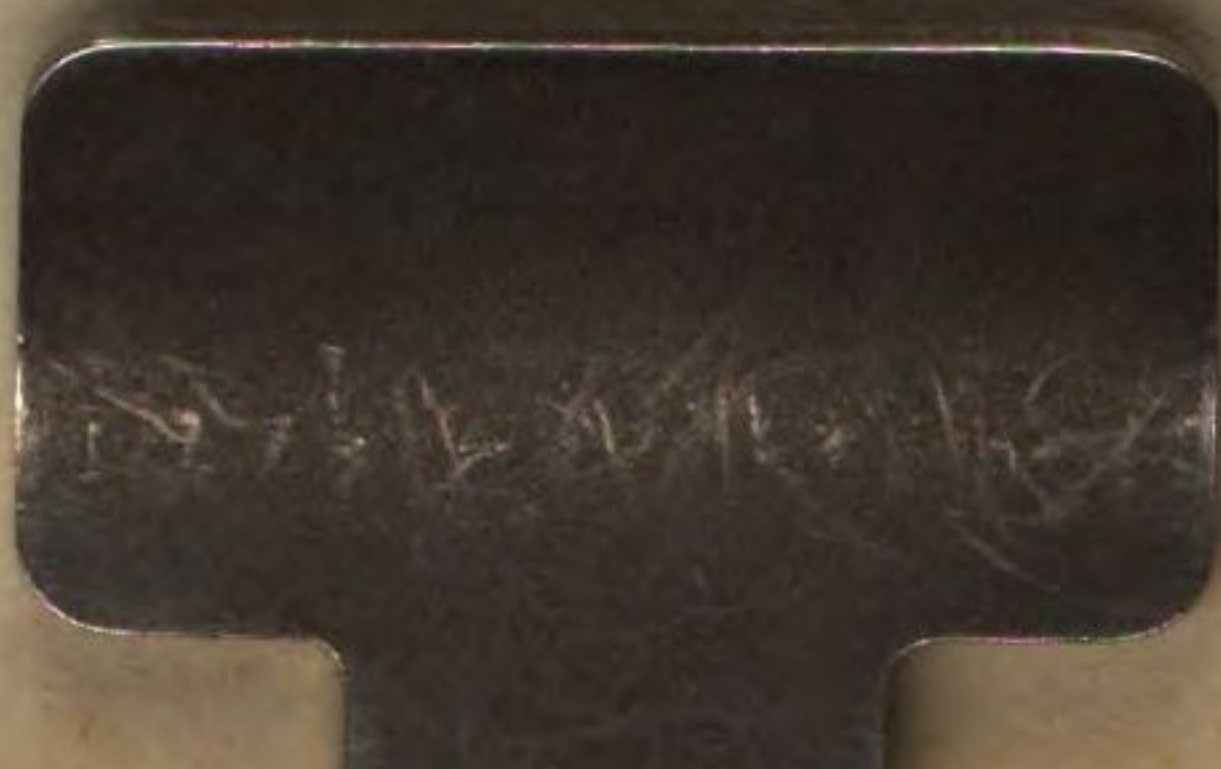
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Shakespeare Society

20.



THE LIFE OF
RICHARD THE THIRD

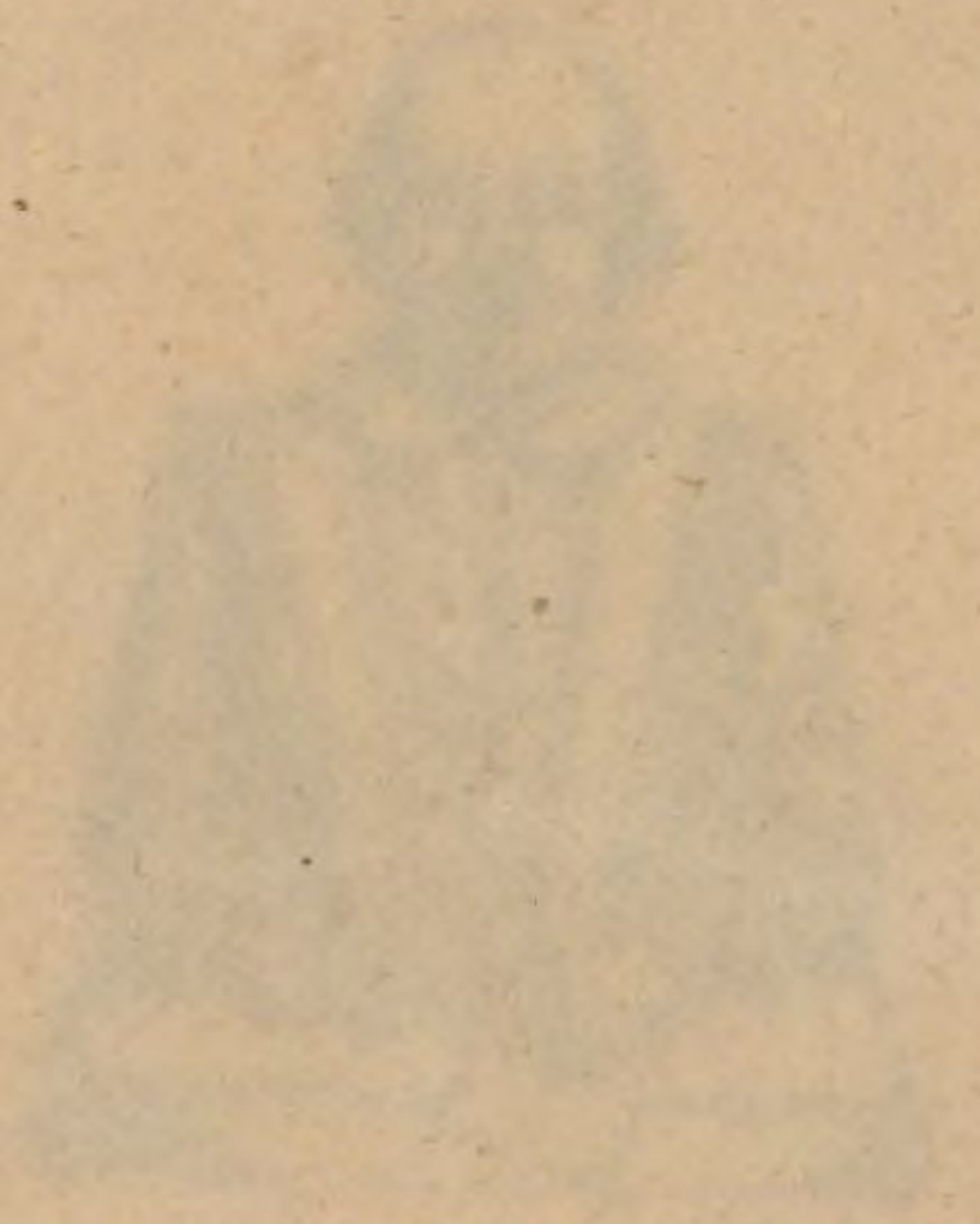
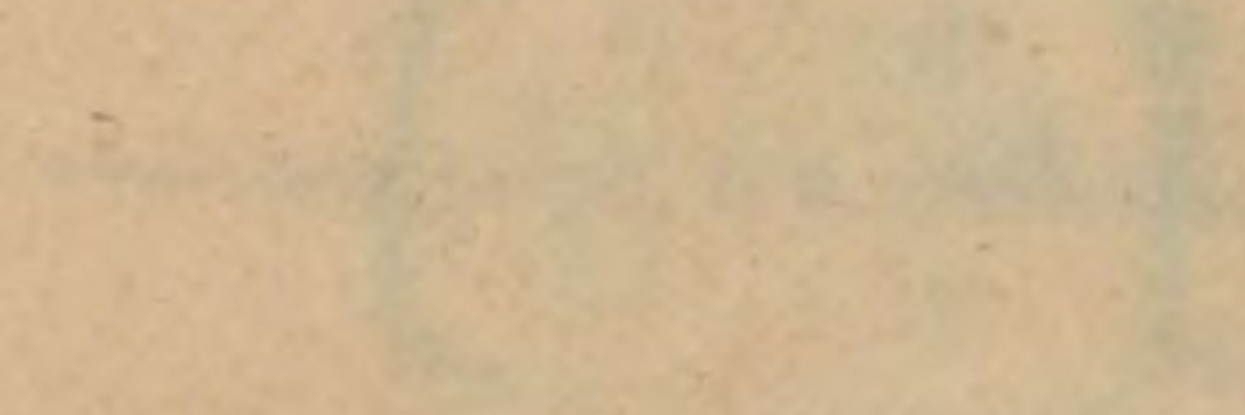
LATE KING OF ENGLAND

BY JOHN HALLAM

ESQ. OF LINCOLN'S INN

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE FIRST



LONDON

PRINTED FOR THE BELL AND SON SOCIETY

1833

THE TRUE TRAGEDY
OF
RICHARD THE THIRD;

TO WHICH IS APPENDED THE
LATIN PLAY OF RICHARDUS TERTIUS,
BY DR. THOMAS LEGGE.

BOTH ANTERIOR TO SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMA.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY BARRON FIELD, ESQ.

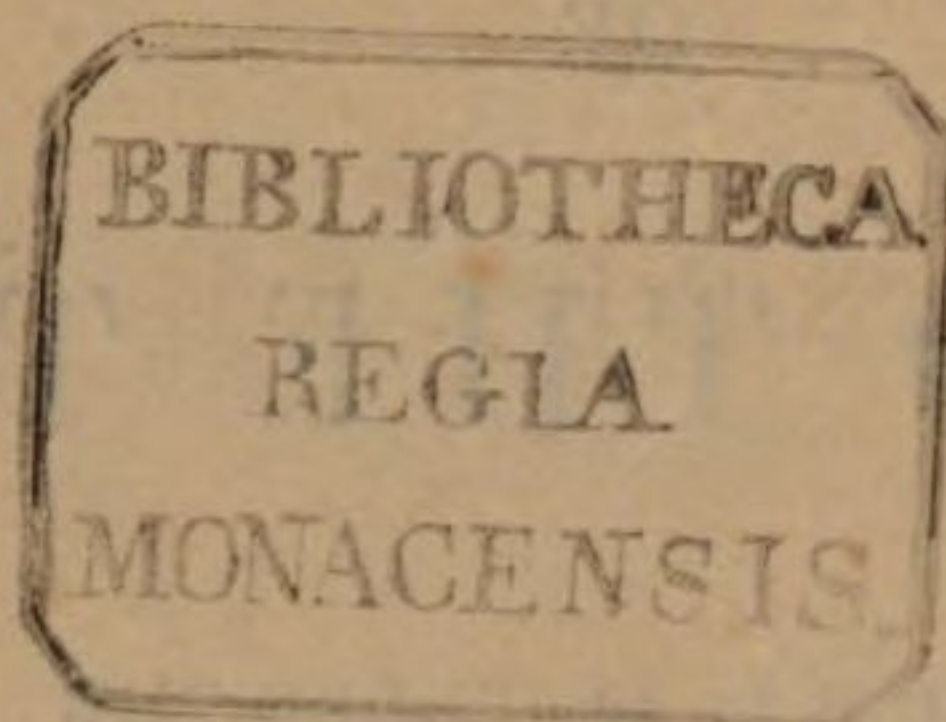
“—— tam prope, tam proculque.”

MARTIAL.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1844.



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INTRODUCTION.

Malone commences his History of the English Stage by saying that "Dryden has truly observed that Shakespeare 'found not, but created first, the stage ;'"¹ and the critic then proceeds to produce evidence which shows that this observation is not true, as most certainly it is not. "It was in truth (as Mr. Collier more judiciously says) created by no one man, and in no one age ; and, whatever improvements Shakespeare introduced, it will be seen that when he began to write for the theatre, our drama was completely formed and firmly established."² Bad as the following play is, it is a drama, completely formed, and was regularly acted. If Dryden had said that Shakespeare found the stage of brick, and left it of marble, it would have answered his purpose as well, and would have been nearer to the truth.

Of the propriety of making this reprint one of the Society's publications there can be no doubt. Architects tell us that when a gigantic object is of just and

¹ Prologue to an alteration of *Troilus and Cressida*.

² Pref. to *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poetry*, p. ix.

natural proportions, the only way to make it look large is to place a smaller natural object close to it; and they instance the dome of St. Peter's Church at Rome. Were either the height or the breadth of that monument exaggerated, and the building thus disproportioned, it would look large without any such comparison. So it is with our gigantic Shakespeare. The best way to measure him is to place such an ordinary contemporary work as the following in juxtaposition with his Richard the Third. The author of the "True Tragedy" may perhaps, by making a long arm, reach to the knee of the Colossus. Massinger and Marlowe could walk under his huge legs; Ben Jonson might touch his waist, by mounting an antique; Beaumont and Fletcher could stand under each of his arms. He could take up Ford and Webster in the hollow of either hand; and so on.

Antiquity and priority to Shakespeare constituting the only interest of the following piece, I have refrained from enforcing the metre¹ and modernizing the orthography of it, as I did in Heywood's Edward the Fourth, and have made it, with the exception of palpable errors of the press, a *fac-simile* of the old edition, now re-

¹ In one instance, in Heywood's Histories, I stretched the word *canst*, to fill up the measure of the line, unnecessarily. Page 37.

"Chub. Thou cannest bear me witness, I had ta'en."

My brother, the Rev. F. Field, on reading the work, discovered that the word "Chub" should be part of the line, and not the name of the speaker. All the four old editions have the same error. The members of the Society will therefore please to correct the line as follows:

Chub, thou canst bear me witness I had ta'en.

printed through the liberality of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of the copy.

The best introduction to this history will be found in Mr. Collier's edition of Shakespeare, vol. v., pp. 342-5. But I agree with Mr. Boswell that our great poet must have seen this humble work of his predecessor. Mr. Collier says that "we cannot trace any resemblances but such as were probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial." The reader will judge for himself. I have in the notes pointed out several parallel ideas. The following line in the Battle-scene is, in my opinion, quite enough to shew that Shakespeare considered Nature, as Molière said of Wit, as his property, and that he had a right to seize it wherever he found it.

King. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

Mr. Collier adds that "the portion of the story in which the two plays make the nearest approach to each other, is just before the murder of the Princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose." This should hardly be called strange in our dramatist, since it is authorized in the history by Sir Thomas More:

The same night, King Richard said to a secret page of his, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have brought up myself, they that I weened would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me. Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the pallet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse, meaning by this James Tyrrell.

It is impossible to say who was the author of this work. Mr. Boswell, in reprinting the incorrect *torso* of it in his edition of Shakespeare, inclined to think it was the same person who wrote "The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine," 1595, from the resemblance of the style of the passage at page 61 to the two extracts which he makes from that old play, in one of which the word *revenge* is harped upon three times, and in the other the word *Guendoline* six. But this is one of the commonest artifices of rhetoric, and has been beautifully employed by Shakespeare himself:

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.¹

It seems to have been a recommendation to our early historical plays, (as the present is perhaps the very earliest printed one) to entitle them *true*,

So sad, so tender, and so *true*.²

So we have the True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, the precursor of Shakespeare's Henry the Sixth; and I have no doubt, from the manner in which the prologue to his Henry the Eighth dwells upon the words *truth* and *true*, that one of its titles was *All is true*, and that it is the same play as is referred to by Sir Henry Wotton in 1613, under that name, as "representing

¹ Merchant of Venice, act v.

² Shenstone.

some principal pieces of the reign of Henry 8,"¹ and that by the words "a new play," which Shakespeare's Henry the Eighth could not have been in that year, Sir Henry meant only a revival.

The explanatory notes that are necessary to this reprint are so few and brief, that I have placed them at the foot of the page; and the reader will remember, *passim*, that the letter *A* is used for the exclamation *Ah!* and *I* for the affirmation *Ay*, except where the latter is obviously the pronoun.

¹ Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 3d. ed. p. 425.



THE
TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RI-
CHARD THE THIRD:

Wherein is showne the death of Edward the
fourth, with the smothering of the two
yoong Princes in the Tower:

*With a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example
for all wicked women.*

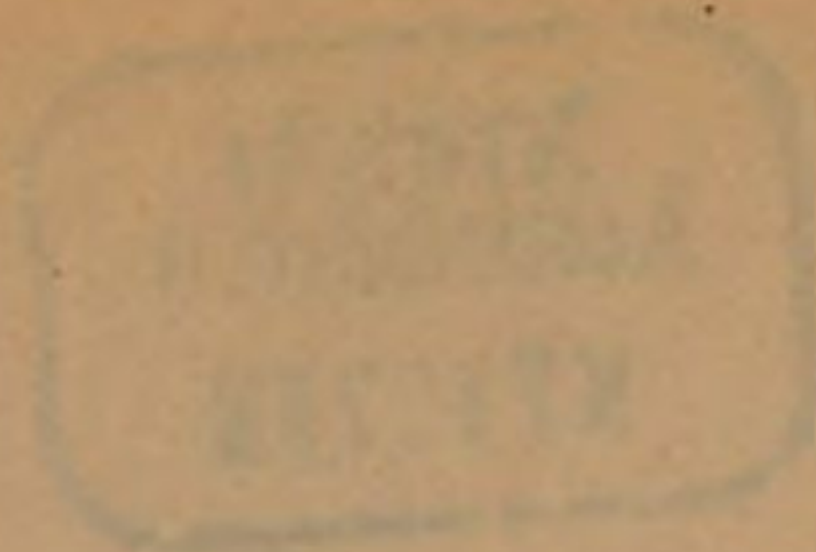
And lastly the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble
Houses, *Lancaster* and *Yorke*.

As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties
Players.



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by
William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare
Christ Church doore. 1594.



THE TRAGEDY OF

CHARLOTTE

When is shown the death of Edward the
fourth, with the smothering of the two
young Princesses in the Tower.

With a lamentable tale of Edward's wife, an example
for all wicked women.

And lastly the continuation and ending of the two noble
House, Lancaster and York.

As it was played by the Children of the
Tavern.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Cressel, and are to be sold by
William Barker, at his shop in Newgate Market, near
Christ Church door. 1594.

*THE TRVE TRAGEDIE OF RI-
CHARD THE THIRD.*

Enters *Truth* and *Poetrie*. To them the Ghost of *George*
Duke of *Clarence*.

Ghost.

*Cresse cruor sanguinis, satietur sanguine cresse,
Quod spero scitio. O scitio, scitio, vendicta.*¹

Exit.

Poetrie. Truth well met.

Truth. Thankes *Poetrie*, what makes thou vpon a stage?

¹ This Latin is evidently corrupt. *Cresse* should be *cresce*, *sanguinis* (as appears from page 5) should be *sanguis*, and *citò* may have been corrupted to *scitio*. The meaning then would be: "Increase, blood! Let blood be satisfied with blood! Which I hope it quickly will. O, quickly, quickly, revenge!" But it may be *sitio vindictam*, I thirst for vengeance! *Vindicta*, in our old plays, seems to have constituted the knot, worthy of a Ghost's intervention to avenge. In the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, we have, "Enter three Ghosts, crying *Vindicta*;" and the word occurs in several other plays, cited by Mr. Gifford (Jonson, ii., 457) and Mr. Dyce, (Peele, ii., 17) insomuch that it exposed itself to ridicule; and our readers will remember the passage in Lodge's *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madness*, 1596, in which one of the devils is said to be "a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the ghost, who cried so miserably at the theatre, *Hamlet, revenge*;" and the anxiety of the

Poe. Shadowes.

Truth. Then will I adde bodies to the shadowes,
Therefore depart and giue Truth leaue
To shew her pageant.

Poe. Why will Truth be a Player?

Truth. No, but Tragedia like for to present
A Tragedie in England done but late,
That will reuiue the hearts of drooping mindes.

Poe. Whereof?

Truth. Marry thus.

Richard Plantagenet of the House of Yorke,
Claiming the Crowne by warres, not by dissent,
Had as the Chronicles make manifest,
In the two and twentieth yeare of Henry the sixth,
By act of Parliament intailed to him
The Crowne and titles to that dignitie,
And to his ofspring lawfully begotten,
After the decease of that forenamed King,
Yet not contented for to staie the time,
Made warres vpon King Henry then the sixth,
And by outrage suppressed that vertuous King,
And wonne the Crowne of England to himselfe,
But since at *Wakefield* in a battell pitcht,
Outragious Richard breathed his latest breath,
Leauing behind three branches of that line,
Three sonnes: the first was Edward now the King,
George of *Clarence*, and Richard *Glosters* Duke,
Then Henry claiming after his decease
His stile, his Crowne and former dignitie
Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the fourth.

commentators to discover whether this alluded to Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, or to an older play upon that subject: an anxiety just and natural as it respects the date of the great poet's work, but worthless as to the question whether his play, at first entitled *The Revenge of Hamlet*, were meant to be ridiculed or not.

Poe. But tell me truth, of Henry what ensued?

Tru. Imprisoned he, in the Tower of London lies,
By strict command, from Edward Englands King,
Since cruelly murthered, by Richard *Glosters* Duke.

Poe. Whose Ghoast was that did appeare to vs?

Tru. It was the ghost of George the duke of *Clarēce*,
Who was attected in King Edwards raigne,
Falsly of Treason to his royaltie,
Imprisoned in the Tower was most vnnaturally,
By his owne brother, shame to parents stocke,
By *Glosters* Duke drowned in a but of wine.

Poe. What shield was that he let fall?

Tru. A shield conteining this, in full effect,
Blood sprinkled, springs: blood spilt, craues due reuenge:
Whereupon he writes, *Cresse cruor*,
Sanguis satietur, sanguine cresse,
Quod spero scitio: O scitio scitio, vendicta.

Poe. What maner of man was this Richard Duke of *Gloster*?

Tru. A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame armed,
withall,
Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authoritie,
So during the minoritie of the yoong Prince,
He is made Lord Protector ouer the Realme.
Gentiles suppose that Edward now hath raigned
Full two and twentie yeares, and now like to die,
Hath summond all his Nobles to the Court,
To sweare alleageance with the Duke his brother,
For truth vnto his sonne the tender Prince,
Whose fathers soule is now neare flight to God,
Leauing behind two sonnes of tender age,
Fiue daughters to comfort the haplesse Queene,
All vnder the protection of the Duke of *Gloster*:
Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter,
And here begins Truthes Pageant, Poetrie
Wend with me.

Exeunt.

Enter *Edward* the fourth, Lord *Hastings*, Lord *Marcus*, and
Elizabeth. To them *Richard*.

Hastings. Long liue my soueraigne, in all happinesse.

Marcus. An honourable age with *Cressus* wealth,
 Hourely attend the person of the King.

King. And welcome you Peeres of England vnto your King.

Hast. For our vnthankfulnesse the heauens hath throwne
 thee downe.

Mar. I feare for our ingratitude, our angry God doth frowne.

King. Why Nobles, he that laie me here
 Can raise me at his pleasure.

But my deare friends and kinsmen,
 In what estate I now lie it is seene to you all,
 And I feel myselfe neare the dreadfull stroke of death.
 And the cause that I haue requested you in friendly wise
 To meete together is this,

That where malice & enuy sowing sedition in the harts of men
 So would I haue that admonished and friendly fauours,
 Ouercome in the heart of you Lord *Marcus* and Lord *Hastings*
 Both, for how I haue gouerned these two and twentie yeares,
 I leaue it to your discretions.

The malice hath still bene an enemy to you both,
 That in my life time I could neuer get any lege of amity be-
 twixt you,

Yet at my death let me intreate you to imbrace each other,
 That at my last departure you may send my soule
 To the ioyes celestiall :

For leauing behinde me my yoong sonne,
 Your lawfull King after my decease,
 May be by your wise and graue counsell so gouerned,
 Which no doubt may bring comfort
 To his famous realme of England.

But (what saith Lord *Marcus* and Lord *Hastings*)
 What not one word? nay then I see it will not be,
 For they are resolute in their ambition.

Elizabeth. Ah yeeld Lord Hastings,
And submit your selues to each other :
And you Lord Marcus, submit your selfe,
See here the aged King my father,
How he sues for peace betwixt you both :
Consider Lord Marcus, you are son to my mother the Queene,
And therefore let me intreat you to mittigate your wrath,
And in friendly sort, imbrace each other.

King. Nay cease thy speech Elizabeth,
It is but folly to speake to them,
For they are resolute in their ambitious mindes,
Therefore Elizabeth, I feele my selfe at the last instant of
death,
And now must die being thus tormented in minde.

Hast. May it be that thou Lord Marcus,
That neither by intreatie of the Prince,
Nor curtuous word of Elizabeth his daughter,
May withdraw thy ambition from me.

Marc. May it be that thou Lord Hastings,
Canst not perceiue the mark his grace aimes at.

Hast. No I am resolute, except thou submit.

Marc. If thou beest resolute giue vp the vpshot,
And perhaps thy head may paie for the losses.

King. Ah Gods, sith at my death you iarre,
What will you do to the yoong Prince after my decease ?
For shame I say, depart from my presence, and leaue me to my
self,

For these words strikes a second dying to my soule :
Ah my Lords I thought I could haue commanded
A greater thing then this at your hands,
But sith I cannot, I take my leaue of you both,
And so depart and trouble me no more.

Hast. With shame and like your Maiestie I submit therfore,
Crauing humble pardon on my knees,
And would rather that my body shal be a pray to mine enemy,

Rather then I will offend my Lord at the houre
And instance of his death.

King. Ah thankes Lord Hastings.

Eliza. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, sith Lord Hastings
Is contented to be vnited.

King. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, thou art too obstinate.

Marc. My gracious Lord, I am content,
And humbly craue your graces pardon on my knee,
For my foule offence,
And see my Lord my brest opened to mine aduersary,
That he may take reuenge, then ¹ once it shall be said,
I will offend my gracious suffereinge.

King. Now let me see you friendly giue one an other your
hands.

Hast. With a good will ant like your grace,
Therefore Lord Marcus take here my hand,
Which was once vowde and sworne to be thy death,
But now through intretie of my Prince,
I knit a league of amitie for euer.

Mar. Well Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed,
Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed
To a ² shiuered thy bodie in peecemeales,
That the foules of the ayre should haue fed
Their yoong withall,
But now vpon aleageance to my Prince, I vow perfect loue,
And liue friendship for euer.

King. Now for confirming of it, here take your oathes.

Hast. If I Lord Hastings falcifie my league of friendship
Vowde to Lord Marcus, I craue confusion.

Marcus. Like oath take I, and craue confusion.

King. Confusion.

Now my Lords, for your yoong King, that lieth now at *Ludlo*,
Attended with Earle Riuers, Lord Gray, his two vnkles,

¹ Than, for "rather than."

² Have.

And the rest of the Queenes kindred,
 I hope you will be vnto him as you haue bene to me,
 His yeares are but yoong, thirteene at the most,
 Vnto whose gouernment, I commit to my brother the Protector,
 But to thee Elizabeth my daughter,
 I leaue thee in a world of trouble,
 And commend me to thy mother, to all thy sisters,
 And especially I giue thee this in charge vpon & at my death,
 Be loyall to thy brother during his authoritie,
 As thy selfe art vertuous, let thy praiers be modest,
 Still be bountifull in deuotion.
 And thus leauing thee with a kisse, I take my last farwell,
 For I am so sleepeie, that I must now make an ende,
 And here before you all, I commit my soule to almighty
 God,

My sauour, and sweet redeemer, my bodie to the earth,
 My Scepter and Crowne to the yoong Prince my sonne:
 And now Nobles, draw the Curtaines and depart,
 He that made me saue me,
 Vnto whose hands I commit my spirit.

The King dies in his bed.

Enters *Shores* wife, and *Hursly* her mayde.

Shorse. O Fortune, wherefore wert thou called Fortune?
 But that thou art fortunate?
 Those whom thou faourest be famous,
 Meriting mere mercie,
 And fraught with mirrors of magnanimitie,
 And Fortune I would thou hadst neuer faoured me.

Hurs. Why mistresse, if you exclaime against Fortune,
 You condemne your selfe,
 For who hath aduanced you but Fortune?

Shorse. I as she hath aduanced me,
 So may she throw me downe:
 But *Hursly*, doest not heare the King is sicke?

Hurs. Yes mistresse, but neuer heard that euerie sicke man died.

Shore. Ah Hursly, my minde presageth
Some great mishaps vnto me,
For last time I saw the King, me thought
Gastly death approached in his face,
For thou knowest this Hursly, I haue bene good to all,
And still readie to preferre my friends,
To what preferment I could,
For what was it his grace would deny Shores wife?
Of any thing, yea were it halfe his reuenewes,
I know his grace would not see me want,
And if his grace should die,
As heauens forfend it should be so,
I haue left me nothing now to comfort me withall,
And then those that are my foes will triumph at my fall,
And if the King scape, as I hope he will,
Then will I feather my neast,
That blow the stormie winter neuer so cold,
I will be throughly prouided for one :
But here comes Lodwicke, seruant to Lord Hastings,
How now Lodwicke, what newes?

Enters *Lodwicke.*

Lod. Mistresse Shore, my Lord would request you,
To come and speake with him.

Shore. I will Lodwicke.
But tell me what newes, is the King recouered?

Lod. I mistresse Shore, he hath recouered
That he long lookt for.

Shore. Lodwicke, how long is it since
He began to mend?

Lod. Euen when the greatest of his torments had left him.

Shore. But are the nobles agreed to the contentment of the
Prince?

Lod. The Nobles and Peeres are agreed as the King would wish them.

Shorse. Lodwicke thou reuiuest me.

Lod. I but few thought that the agreement and his life would haue ended together.

Shore. Why Lodwicke is he dead.

Lod. In briefe mistresse Shore, he hath changed his life.

Shorse. His life, ah me vnhappie woman,
Now is misery at hand,
Now will my foes tryumph at this my fall,
Those whom I haue done most good, will now forsake me.
Ah Hursly, when I entertained thee first,
I was farre from change, so was I Lodwicke,
When I restored thee thy lands.

Ah sweete Edward, farwell my gracious Lord and souereigne,
For now shall Shores wife be a mirrour and looking glasse,
To all her enemies.

Thus shall I finde Lodwicke, and haue cause to say,
That all men are vnconstant.

Lod. Why mistresse Shore, for the losse of one friend,
Will you abandon the rest that wish you well?

Shore. Ah Lodwicke I must, for when the tree decaies
Whose fruitfull branch haue flourished many a yeare,
Then farewell those ioyfull dayes and ofspring of my heart,
But say Lodwicke, who hath the King made Protector,
During the innormitie¹ of the yoong Prince.

Lod. He hath made his brother Duke of *Gloster* Protector.

Shore. Ah me, then comes my ruine and decaie,
For he could neuer abide me to the death,
No he alwaies hated me whom his brother loued so well,
Thus must I lament and say, all the world is vnconstant.

Lod. But mistresse Shore, comfort your selfe,
And thinke well of my Lord,

¹ Not within legal age to reign.

Who hath alway bene a helper vnto you.

Shorse. Indeed Lodwicke to condemne his honour I cannot,
For he hath alway bene my good Lord,
For as the world is fickle, so changeth the minds of men.

Lod. Why mistresse Shore, rather then want should oppresse
You, that litle land which you beg'd for me of the King,
Shall be at your dispose.

Shorse. Thanks good Lodwicke.

Enters a Citizen and *Morton* a seruing man.

Citi. O maister Morton, you are very welcome met,
I hope you think on me for my mony.

Mor. I pray sir beare with me, and you shall haue it,
With thankes too.

Citi. Nay, I pray sir let me haue my mony,
For I haue had thankes and too much more then I lookt for.

Mor. In faith sir you shall haue it,
But you must beare with me a litle,
But sir, I marvell how you can be so greedie for your mony,
When you see sir, we are so vncertaine of our owne.

Citi. How so vncertaine of mine owne?
Why doest thou know any bodie wil come to rob me?

Mor. Why no.

Citi. Wilt thou come in the night and cut my throate?

Mor. No.

Citi. Wilt thou and the rest of thy companions,
Come and set my house on fire?

Mor. Why no, I tell thee.

Citi. Why how should I then be vncertaine of mine owne?

Mor. Why sir, by reason the King is dead.

Citi. O sir! is the King dead?
I hope he hath giuen you no quittance for my debt.

Mor. No sir, but I pray staie a while, and you shall haue it
Assoone as I can.

Citi. Well I must be content, where nothing is to be had,

The King looseth his right they say,
But who is this ?

Mor. Marry sir it is mistresse Shore,
To whom I am more beholding too for my seruice,
Then the deerest friend that euer I had.

Citi. And I for my sonnes pardon.

Mor. Now mistresse Shore, how fare you ?

Shore. Well Morton, but not so well as thou hast knowne me,
For I thinke I shal be driuen to try my friends one day.

Mor. God forfend mistresse Shore,
And happie be that Sunne shall shine vpon thee,
For preseruing the life of my sonne.

Shore. Gramercies good father,
But how doth thy sonne, is he well ?

Citi. The better that thou liues, doth he.

Shore. Thankes father, I am glad of it,
But come maister Lodwicke shall we go ?
And you Morton, youle beare vs company.

Lod. I mistresse Shore,
For my Lord thinkes long for our comming. *Exit omnes.*

Citi. There there, huffer, but by your leaue,
The Kings death is a maime to her credit,
But they say, there is my Lord Hastings in the Court,
He is as good as the Ase of hearts at maw,¹
Well euen as they brew, so let them bake for me :
But I must about the streetes, to see and I can meete
With such cold customers as they I met withall euen now,
Masse if I meete with no better,
I am like to keepe a bad hoshold of it. *Exit.*

Enters *Richard*, sir *William Casbe*, Page of his chamber, and
his traine.

Rich. My friends depart,

¹ A game at cards. See the Society's Patient Grissil, p. 67.

The houre commands your absence.

Leaue me and euery man looke to his charge. *Exit traine.*

Casbie. Renowned and right worthie Protector,
Whose excelency far deserues the name of king then protector,
Sir William Casbie wisheth my Lord,
That your grace may so gouerne the yoong Prince,
That the Crowne of England may flourish in all happinesse.

Exit Casbie.

Rich. Ah yoong Prince, and why not I?
Or who shall inherit Plantagines but his sonne?
And who the King deceased, but the brother?
Shall law bridle nature, or authoritie hinder inheritance?
No, I say no: Principallitie brookes no equalitie,
Much lesse superioritie,
And the title of a King, is next vnder the degree of a God,
For if he be worthie to be called valiant,
That in his life winnes honour, and by his sword winnes riches,
Why now I with renowne of a souldier, which is neuer sold but
By waight, nor changed but by losse of life,
I reapt not the gaine but the glorie, and since it becommeth
A sonne to maintaine the honor of his deceased father,
Why should I not hazard his dignitie by my brothers sonnes?
To be baser than a King I disdaine,
And to be more then Protector, the law deny,
Why my father got the Crowne, my brother won the Crowne,
And I will weare the Crowne,
Or ile make them hop without their crownes that denies me:
Haue I remoued such logs out of my sight as my brother

Clarēce

And king Henry the sixt, to suffer a child to shadow me,
Nay more, my nephew to disinherit me,
Yet most of all, to be released from the yoke of my brother
As I terme it, to become subiect to his sonne,
No death nor hell shall not withhold me, but as I rule I wil
raign,

And so raign that the proudest enemy shall not abide
The sharpest shoure. Why what are the babes but a puffe of
Gun-pouder? a marke for the soldiers, food for fishes,
Or lining for beds, deuices enough to make them away,
Wherein I am resolute, and determining, needs no counsell,
Ho, whose within?

Enters Page and Perciuall.

Perc. May it please your Maiestie.

Richard. Ha villaine, Maiestie.

Per. I speake but vpon that which shal be my good Lord.

Rich. But whats he with thee?

Page. A Messenger with a letter from the right honourable
The Duke of *Buckingham*. *Exit Page.*

Rich. Sirra giue place.

Ah how this title of Maiestie, animates me to my purpose,
Rise man, regard no fall, haply this letter brings good lucke,
May it be, or is it possible,
Doth Fortune so much fauour my happinesse
That I no sooner deuise, but she sets abroach?
Or doth she but to trie me, that raising me aloft,
My fall may be the greater, well laugh on sweete change,
Be as be may, I will neuer feare colours nor regard ruth,
Valour brings fame, and fame conquers death.
Perciuall.

Per. My Lord.

Rich. For so thy letter declares thy name,
Thy trust to thy Lord, is a sufficient warrant
That I vtter my minde fully vnto thee,
And seeing thy Lord and I haue bene long foes,
And haue found now so fit opportunitie to ioyne league,
To alaie the proude enemy, tell him thus as a friend,
I do accept of his grace, and will be as readie to put in practise
To the vttermost of my power, what ere he shalbe to deuise,

But wheareas he hath writ that the remouing of the yoong Prince from the Queenes friends might do well,
Tell him thus, it is the only way to our purpose,
For he shall shortly come vp to London to his Coronation,
At which instant, we will be both present,
And where by the helpe of thy Lord, I will so plaie my part,
That ile be more than I am, and not much lesse then I looke for
No nor a haire bredth from that I am,
Aiudge thou what it is *Perciual*.

Perc. God send it my Lord, but my Lord willed me to satisfie you, and to tell you by word of mouth that he hath in readinesse a braue company of men.

Rich. What power hath he?

Per. A braue band of his owne.

Rich. What number?

Per. My Lord, to the number of five hundreth footmen.
And horsmen ayders vnto him, is my Lord Chamberlaine, and my Lord Hastings.

Rich. Sounes, dares he trust the Lord Hastings.

Per. I my Lord as his owne life, he is secret I warrant you.

Rich. Well Perciuall, this matter is waightie and must not be slipt, therefore return this answere to thy Lord, that to morrow I will meet him, for to day I cannot, for now the funerall is past I must set a screene before the fire for feare of suspition: again, I am now to strengthen my selfe by the controuersie that is betwixt the kindred of the King deceast, and the Queene thats liuing, the yoong Prince is yet in hucsters handling, and they not throughly friendes, now must I so worke, that the water that driues the mill may drowne it. I climbe Perciuall, I regard more the glorie then the gaine, for the very name of a King redouble a mans life with fame, when death hath done his worst, and so commend me to thy Lord, and take thou this for thy paines.

Per. I thanke your grace, I humbly take my leaue.

Exit Perciual.

Rich. Why so, now Fortune make me a King, Fortune giue me a kingdome, let the world report the Duke of Gloster was a King, therefore Fortune make me King, if I be but King for a yeare, nay but halfe a yeare, nay a moneth, a weeke, three dayes, one day, or halfe a day, nay an houre, swounes half an houre, nay sweete Fortune, clap but the Crowne on my head, that the vassals may but once say, God saue King *Richards* life, it is inough. Sirrha, who is there?

Enters *Page*.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. What hearest thou about the Court?

Pag. Ioy my Lord of your Protectorship for the most part, Some murmure, but my Lord they be of the baser sort.

Rich. A mightie arme wil sway the baser sort, authority doth terrifie.

But what other newes hearest thou?

Pag. This my Lord, they say the yong king is comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vnkles, Earle Rivers & Lord Gray, and the rest of the Queenes kindred.

Rich. A parlous¹ bone to ground vpon, and a rush stifly knit, which if I could finde a knot, I would giue one halfe to the dogs and set fire on the other.

Pag. It is reported my Lord, but I know not whether it be true or no, that the Duke of Buckingham is vp in the Marches of *Wales* with a band of men, and as they say, hee aimes at the Crowne.

Rich. Tush a shadow without a substance, and a feare without a cause: but yet if my neighbours house bee on fire, let me seeke to saue mine owne, in trust is treason, time slippth, it is ill iesting with edge tooles, or dallying with Princes matters, Ile strike whillst the yron is hote, and Ile trust neuer a Duke of Buckingham, no neuer a Duke in the world, further then I see him. And sirrha, so follow me. *Exit Richard.*

¹ Perilous.

Pag. I see my Lord is fully resolved to climbe, but how hee climbs ile leaue that to your iudgements, but what his fall will be thats hard to say: But I maruell that the Duke of Buckingham and he are now become such great friends, who had wont to loue one another so well as the spider doth the flie: but this I haue noted, since he hath had the charge of Protector, how many noble men hath fled the realme, first the Lord Marcus sonne to the Queene, the Earle of *Westmorland* and *Northumberland*, are secretly fled: how this geare will cotten¹ I know not. But what do I medling in such matters, that should medle with the vntying of my Lordes points, faith do euen as a great many do beside, medle with Princes matters so long, til they proue themselues beggars in the end. Therefore I for feare I should be taken napping with any words, Ile set a locke on my lips, for feare my tongue grow too wide for my mouth.

Exit Page.

Enter the yoong *Prince*, his brother, Duke of *Yorke*, Earle *Riuers*, Lord *Gray*, sir *Hapce*, sir *Thomas Vaughan*.

King. Right louing vnckles, and the rest of this company, my mother hath written, and thinks it conuenient that we dismisse our traine, for feare the towne of *Northampton* is not able to receiue vs: and againe my vnckle of *Gloster* may rather thinke we come of malice against him and his blood: therefore my Lords, let me here your opinions, for my words and her letters are all one: and besides I myselfe giue consent.

Riuers. Then thus may it please your grace, I will shewe my opinion. First note the two houses of *Lancaster* and *Yorke*, the league of friendship is yet but greene betwixt them, and

¹ To *cotton* is to succeed, to prosper. *Gear* is any business or matter.

“Come on sir frier, picke the locke,

“This gere doth cotton hansome,

“That covetousnesse so cunningly

“Must pay the lechers ransome.”

Troublesome Raigne of King John, part I.

little cause of variance may cause it breake, and thereby I thinke it not requisite to discharge the cōpany because of this. The Duke of Buckingham is up in the Marches of *Wales* with a great power, and with him is ioyned the Protector, for what cause I know not, therefore my Lords, I haue spoken my mind boldly, but do as your honours shall thinke good.

Vaugh. Why my Lord Riuers, wherefore is he Protector but for the Kings safetie?

Riu. I sir Thomas Vaughan, and therefore a traitor, because he is Protector.

Gray. We haue the Prince in charge, therefore we neede not care.

Riu. We haue the Prince, but they the authoritie.

Gray. Why take you not the Duke of Buckingham for the Kings friend?

Riu. Yes, and yet we may misdoubt the Duke of Gloster as a foe.

Gray. Why then my Lord Riuers, I thinke it is conuenient that we leaue you here behind vs at *Northampton*, for conference with them, and if you heare their pretence be good towards the King, you may in Gods name make returne & come with them, but if not, leaue them and come to vs with speed. For my sister the Queene hath willed that we should dismisse our companie, and the King himselfe hath agreed to it, therefore we must needs obey.

Riuers. If it please your grace I am content, and humbly take my leaue of you all. *Exit.*

King. Farewell good vnckle, ah gods, if I do liue my fathers yeares as God forbid but I may, I will so roote out this malice & enuie sowne among the nobilitie, that I will make them weary that were the first beginners of these mischiefes.

Gray. Worthily well spoken of your princely Maiestie, Which no doubt sheweth a king-like resolution.

Vaughon. A toward yoong Prince, and no doubt forward to all vertue, whose raigne God long prosper among vs.

King. But come vnecke, let vs forward of our iourney towards London.

Riuers. We will attend vpon your Maiestie. *Exit omnes.*

Enters an old Inne-keeper, and *Richards* Page.

Page. Come on mine Oste, what doest thou vnderstand my tale or no?

Oste. I faith my guest you haue amazed mee alreadie, and to heare it again, it wil mad me altogither, but because I may think vpon it the better, I pray you let me heare it once more.

Page. Why then thus, I serue the right honourable the Lord Protector.

Oste. I, I know that too well.

Pag. Then this is his graces pleasure, that this night he will be lodged in thy house, thy fare must be sumptuous, thy lodgings cleanly, his men vsed friendly and with great curtesie, and that he may haue his lodging prepared as neare Lord Riuers as possible may be.

Oste. Why sir if this be all, this is done alreadie.

Page. Nay more.

Oste. Nay sir, & you loue me no more, heres too much already.

Page. Nay, my Lords graces pleasure is further, that when all thy guesse¹ have tane their chambers, that thou conuey into my Lords hands the keyes of euery seuerall chamber, and what my Lords pleasure is further, thou shalt know in the morning.

Oste. How locke in my guesse like prisoners, why doe you heare my guesse? mee thinkes there should be little better then treason in these words you haue vttered.

Page. Treason villaine, how darest thou haue a thought of treason against² my Lord, therefore you were best be briefe, and tell me whether you will do it or no?

¹ *Guesse* is the old plural for *guests*.

² *I.e.*, have a thought, against my lord, of treason.

Oste. Alasse what shall I do? who were I best to offend? shall I betraie that good olde Earle that hath laine at my house this fortie yeares? why and I doe hee will hang me: nay then on the other side, if I should not do as my Lord Protector commands, he will chop off my head, but is there no remedie?

Page. Come sir be briefe, there is no remedie, therefore be briefe and tell me straight.

Oste. Why, then sir heres my hand, tell my Lord Protector he shall haue it, I will do as he commands mee, but euen against my will, God is my witnesse.

Page. Why then farewell mine Oste.

Oste. Farewell euen the woorst guest that euer came to my house. A maisters, maisters, what a troublesome vocation am I crept into, you thinke we that be In-keepers get all the world, but I thinke I shall get a faire halter to my necke, but I must go see all things done to my great grieve. *Exit.*

Enters the mother Queene, and her daughter, and her sonne,
to sanctuarie.

Earle *Riuers* speakes out of his chamber.

Ho mine Oste, Chamberlaine wheres my key?
What pend vp like a prisoner? But staie, I feare I am betraid,
The sodain sight of *Glosters* Duke, doth make me sore afraid:
Ile speake to him, and gently him salute,
Tho in my heart I enuie¹ much the man,
God morrow my Lord Protector to your grace,
And Duke of Buckingham God morrow too,
Thankes noble Dukes for our good cheare, & for your cōpany.

Here enters *Buckingham* and *Gloster*, and their traine.

Rich. Thou wretched Earle, whose aged head imagins nought
but treacherie,
Like *Iudas* thou admitted wast to sup with vs last night,

¹ Envy for "hate."

But heauens preuented thee our ils, and left thee in this plight:
 Greeu'st thou that I the Gloster Duke, shuld as Protector sway?
 And were you he was left behind, to make vs both away?
 Wilt thou be ringleader to wrōg, & must you guide the realme?
 Nay ouer boord al such mates I hurl, whilst I do guid the helme:
 Ile weed you out by one and one, Ile burne you vp like chaffe,
 Ile rend your stock vp by the rootes, that yet in triumphs laffe.

Riu. Alas good Dukes for ought I know, I neuer did offend,
 Except vnto my Prince vnloyall I haue bene,
 Then shew iust cause, why you exclaime so rashly in this sort,
 So falsly thus me to comdemne, vpon some false report:
 But am I here as prisoner kept, imprisoned here by you?
 Then know, I am as true to my Prince, as the proudest in thy
 crue.

Buc. A brauely spokē good old Earle, who tho his lims be
 num,
 He hath his tongue as much at vse, as tho his yeares were yong.

Ri. Speakest y^u the truth, how darst y^u speak, for iustice to
 apeale?

When as thy packing with thy Prince, thy falshood do reueale.
 A ¹ Riuers blush, for shame to speake, like traitor as thou art.

Riu. A brayd ² you me as traitor to your grace:
 No altho a prisoner, I retorne defiance in thy face.
 The Chronicles I record, talk of my fidelitie, & of my progeny,
 Wher, as in a glas y^u maist behold, thy ancestors & their
 trechery.

The wars in *France*, Irish cōflicts, & *Scotland* knowes my trust,
 When thou hast kept thy skin vnscard, and let thine armor
 rust:

How thou vniustly here exclaim'st,

¹ Ah!

² Braid for upbraid. See Huloet's Dict. The word is used by Shæke-
 speare:—

“'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.”

Pericles, scene 1.

Yea far from loue or kin,
 Was this the oath which at our princes death,
 With vs thou didst combine?
 But time permits¹ now, to tell thee all my minde:
 For well tis known that but for fear, you neuer wold have
 clind.²

Let Commons now haue it in hand, the matter is begun,
 Of whom I feare the lesser sort, vpon thy part will run.
 My Lords, I cannot breath it out in words like to you: but this,
 My honor, I will set to sale,³ let any comman man come in,
 And say Earle Riuers faith vnto his Prince did quaile,
 Then will I lose my lands and life, but if none so can doo,
 Then thou Protector iniur'st me, and thy copartner too:
 But since as Iudges here you are, and taking no remorse,
 Spare me not, let me haue law, in iustice do your worst.

Buc. My Lord, lay down a cooling card,⁴ this game is gone
 too far,

You haue him fast, now cut him off, for feare of ciuill war.
 Iniurious Earle I hardly brooke, this portion thou hast giuen,
 Thus with my honor me to touch, but thy ruth shall begin.

Ri. But as thou art I leaue thee here,
 Vnto the officers custody,
 First bare him to *Pomphret* Castle,
 Charge them to keep him secretly:
 And as you heare from me so deale,
 Let it be done immediatly:
 Take from our Garrison one whole band,
 To guard him thither safely.

Riu. And send'st thou me to common Iayle?

¹ This should certainly be "permits not," as Mr. Boswell suggests.

² Climb'd.

³ Pledge?

⁴ A card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary.

There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

I. Hen. VI., v., 4.

Nay then I know thy minde :
 God blesse these yoong and tender babes,
 That I do leaue behinde.
 And God aboue protect them day and night,
 Those are the marks thou aim'st at, to rid them from their right.
 Farewell sweet England and my country men,
 Earle Riuers leades the way :
 Yet would my life might rid you from this thrall,
 But for my stock and kinred to the Queen, I greatly feare
 thē all.

And thus disloyall Duke farewell, when euer this is knowne,
 The shame and infamy thereof, be sure will be thine owne.¹

Exit.

Rich. So now my Lord of Buckingham, let vs hoyst vp saile
 while the winde serues, this hot beginning must haue a quicke
 dispatch, therefore I charge and command straightly,² that
 euerie high way be laid close, that none may be suffered to
 carrie this newes before we our selues come, for if word come
 before vs, then is our pretence bewraid, and all we haue done
 to no effect. If any aske the cause why they may not passe,
 vse my authoritie, and if he resist shoote him through. Now
 my Lord of Buckingham, let vs take post horse to Stony Strat-
 ford, where happily ile say such grace to the Princes dinner,
 that I will make the devoutest of them forget what meat they
 eate, and yet all for the best I hope. *Exit.*

Enter the yoong *Prince*, Lord *Gray*, sir *Thomas Vaughon*,
 sir *Richard Hapc* and their traine.

Hapc. Lord Gray, you do discomfort the King by reason of
 your heauinesse.

Gray. Alasse sir Richard, how can I be merry when we haue
 so great a charge of his grace : and again this makes me to

¹ Part of the old play of *King John*, which preceded Shakespeare's drama, is also in ballad measure. And see Reed's Shakespeare, xx. 462.

² Strictly.

greeue the more, because wee cannot heare from Earle Riuers, which makes me think the Protector and he haue bene at some words.

King. Why good vnkle comfort your selfe, no doubt my vnkle Earle Riuers is well, & is comming no doubt with my vnkle of Gloster to meete vs, else we should haue heard to the contrarie. If any haue cause to feare, it is my selfe, therefore good vnkle comfort your selfe and be not sad.

Gray. The sweete ioyce of such a grape would comfort a man were he halfe dead, and the sweete words of such a Prince would make men carlesse of mishaps, how dangerous soeuer.

Hap. Lord Gray, we heare now by all likelihoods the Protector not to be farre, therefore wee are to entertaine him and the Duke of Buckingham with curtesie, both for the Princes behalfe and for our owne.

Gray. Sir Richard Hape, I shall hardly shew the Protector or the Duke of Buckingham any mery countenance, considering how hardly I haue been vsed by them both, but yet for love to my prince I will bridle my affectiō, but in good time they come.

Enters *Richard*, Duke of *Buckingham*, and their traine.

Rich. Long liue my Princely Nephew in all happinesse.

King. Thankes vnckle of Gloster for your curtesie, yet you haue made hast, for we lookt not for you as yet.

Rich. Therein I shew my humble dutie to your grace, whose life I wish to redouble your deceased fathers dayes.

King. Thankes good vnckle.

Buc. Long liue my gracious Prince.

King. Thankes Buckingham, but vnckle you will beare vs company towards London?

Rich. For that cause we came.

Buc. Gentlemen on afore keep your roomes, how now Lord Gray doo you iustle in the presence of the King? This is more then needs.

Gray. My Lord, I scarce touched you, I hope it be no offence.

Rich. Sir no great offence, but inward enuy will burst out, No Lord Gray, you cannot hide your malice to vs of the Kings blood.

King. Why good vnckle let me know the cause of your sūdaine quarrell?

Rich. Marry thus noble Nephew, the old wound of enuy, being rubbed by Lord Grayes venomous rashnesse, is growne to such a venomous sore that it is incurable, without remooue of dead flesh.

Buc. Lord Gray, I do so much dislike thy abuse, that were it not in presence of the Prince, I would bid thee combate: but thus and it shal like your grace, I arest, & atache this Lord Gray, Sir Thomas Vaughon, and Richard Hapce, of high treason to your grace. And that Lord Gray hath conueyed money out of the Tower to relieue our enemies the Scots, and now by currying favor with your Maiestie, he thinkes it to be hid.

Rich. Only this I adde, you gouerne the Prince without my authoritie, allowing me no more then the bare name of Protector, which I wil haue in the despight of you, and therefore as your competitor Earle Riuers is alreadie imprisoned, so shall you be, till time affoord the law to take place.

Gray. But whereas we are atacht as traytors to his grace, and gouerne him without your authoritie, why we have authoritie from the mother Queene. And for the deliury of the mony to the Scots, it was done by a generall consent of you all, and that I haue your hands to shew for my discharge, therfore your arest & atachment is not lawfull: & yet as lawful as your quarell is right.

Rich. Thy presumption condemnes thee Lord Gray, thy arest is lawfull. Therefore see them speedily and secretly imprisoned, and after the coronation they shall answer it by law, meane while, Officers looke to your charge.

King. A Gods, and is it iustice without my consent? Am I a King and beare no authoritie? My louing kindred com-

mitted to prison as traytors in my presence, and I stand to giue aime at them.¹ A Edward, would thou laist by thy fathers side, or else he had liued till thou hadst bin better able to rule. If my neere kindred be committed to prison, what remaines for me, a crowne? A but how? so beset with sorrows, that the care & grief wil kil me ere I shall enioy my kingdome. Well since I cannot command, I wil intreat. Good vnkle of Gloster, for all I can say little, but for my vnkle lord Gray, what need he be a theef or conuey money out of the Tower, when he hath sufficient of his own? But good vnkle let me baile them all: If not, I will baile my vnckle Lord Gray if I may.

Rich. Your grace vndertakes you know not what, the matters are perillous, especially against the Lord Gray.

King. What perilous matters, considering he is a friend to vs?

Rich. He may be a friend to win fauour, & so climbe to promotion in respect of his equals. His equals, nay his betters.

King. I know my vnckle will conceale no treason, or dangerous secresie from vs.

Ric. Yes secrets that are too subtil for babes. Alasse my Lord you are a child, and they vse you as a child: but they consult and conclude of such matters, as were we not carefull, would proue preiudiciall to your Maiesties person. Therefore let not your grace feare any thing by our determination, for as my authoritie is onely vnder your grace, so shall my loyaltie deserue hereafter the iust recompence of a true subiect, therefore I hauing charge frō my brother your father, & our late deceased king, during the minoritie of your grace, I wil vse my authoritie as I see good.

King. Ay me vnhappy king.

Gray. Nay let not your grace be dismaid for our imprisonment, but I would we could warrant your grace from harme, &

¹ To *give aim* was to stand within a convenient distance from the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the mark.

so we humbly take our leaues of your grace, hoping that ere long we shall answer by law to the shame & disgrace of you all.

Exit.

Rich. Go, you shall answere it by law.

Kin. But come vnkle shal we to Lon. to our vntimely coronatiō?

Rich. What else and please your maiestie, where by the way I will appoint trustie Officers about you.

Buc. Sound Trumpet in this parley, God saue the King.

Rich. Richard.¹

Enter the mother Queene, and her yoong sonne the Duke
of *Yorke*, and *Elizabeth*.

Yorke. May it please your grace to shew to your children the cause of your heavines, that we knowing it, may be co-partners of your sorrowes.

Q. Ay me poore husbandles queene, & you poore fatherlesse princes.

Eliz. Good mother expect the liuing, and forget the dead. What tho our Father be dead, yet behold his children, the image of himselfe.

Queene. Ay poore Princes, my mourning is for you and for your brother, who is gone vp to an vntimely crownation.

Eliz. Why mother he is a Prince, and in handes of our two vnckles, Earle Riuers, & Lord Gray, who wil no doubt be carefull of his estate.

Queen. I know they will, but kings haue mortall enemies, as well as friends that esteeme and regard them. A sweet children, when I am at rest my nightly dreames are dreadful. Me thinks as I lie in my bed, I see the league broken which was sworne at the death of your kingly father, tis this my children and many other causes of like importance, that makes your aged mother to lament as she doth.

¹ There is character in still making Gloucester try the sound of his greatness.

Yorke. May it please your grace.

Queene. A my son, no more grace, for I am so sore disgraced, that without Gods grace, I fall into dispaire with my selfe, but who is this?

Enter a Messenger.

Yorke. What art thou that with thy gastly lookes preaseth into sanctuary, to affright our mother Queene.

Messen. A sweet Princes, doth my countenance bewray me? My newes is doubtfull and heauie.

Eliz. Then vtter it to vs, that our mother may not heare it.

Queene. A yes my friend, speake what ere it be.

Mess. Then thus may it please your grace, The yong prince comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vnckles, Earle Riuers, and Lord Gray, and the rest of your kindred, was by the Duke of Buckingham and the Protector, met at stonie *Stratford*, where on a suddaine grew malice betweene the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Gray, but in the end, the Duke of Buckinghams malice grew so great, that he arested and attached all those of your kindred of high treason, whereupon the Protector being too rash in iudgement, hath committed them all to *Pomphret* Castle.

Queene. Where I feare he will butcher them all, but where is the Prince my sonne?

Messen. He remains at London in the Bishops palace, in the hands of the Protector.

Queene. A traitors, will they laie hands on their Prince, and imprison his Peeres, which no doubt meanes well towards him: But tell me, art not thou seruant to the Arch-Bishop of *Yorke*?

Messen. Yes and it please your grace, for himselfe is here at hand with Letters from the Councell, and here he comes.

Enter *Cardinall*.

Queene. But here my friend, grieve had almost made me forget thy reward.

A come my Lord, thou bringest the heauie newes, come shoote thine arrow, and hit this heart that is almost dead with griefe alreadie.

Car. What ere my newes be, haue patience, the Duke of Gloster greets your grace.

Queene. Draw home my Lord, for now you hit the marke.

Car. The Prince your sonne doth greete your grace.

Queene. A happie gale that blew that arrow by, A let me see the Letter that he sent, perhaps it may prolong my life awhile.

Yorke. How doth my brother, is he in health my Lord?

Card. In health sweete Prince, but longes to haue thy companie.

Yorke. I am content, if my mother will let me go.

Card. Content or not, sweete Prince it must be so.

Queene. Hold, and haue they perswaded thee my sonne to haue thy brother too away from me, nay first I will know what shall become of thee, before I send my other sonne to them.

Card. Looke on this Letter and aduise yourselfe, for thus the Councell hath determined.

Queene. And haue they chosen thee among the rest, for to perswade me to this enterprise? No my Lord, and thus perswade your selfe, I will not send him to be butchered.

Card. Your grace misdoubts the worst, they send for him only to haue him bedfellow to the King, and there to staie & keep him company. And if your sonne miscary, then let his blood be laid vnto my charge: I know their drifts and what they do pretend, for they shall both this night sleepe in the Tower, and to morrow they shall come forth to his happie coronation. Vpon my honour this is the full effect, for see the ambusht nobles are at hand to take the Prince away from you by force, if you will not by faire meanes let him go.

Queene. Why my Lord will you breake Sanctuary, and bring in rebels to affright vs thus? No, you shall rather take away my life before you get my boy away from me.

Card. Why Madame haue you taken Sanctuary?

Queene. I my Lord, and high time too I trow.

Card. A heauie case when Princes flie for aide, where cut-throates, rebels, and bankerouts should be. But Madame what answere do you returne, if I could perswade you, twere best to let him go.

Queene. But for I see you counsell for the best, I am content that you shall haue my son, in hope that you will send him safe to me, here I deliuer him into your hands.

Farewell my boy, commend me to thy brother.

Yorke. Mother farewell, and farewell sister too, I will but see my brother and returne to you.

Queene. Teares stops my speech. Come let vs in my Lord.

Exit.

Car. I will attend vpon your grace. Hold take the Prince, the Queen & I haue done, Ile take my leaue, and after you ile come.

Exit Car.

Yorke. How now my friend, shall I go to my brother?

Cates. What else sweete Prince, and for that cause wee are come to beare you company.

Exit omnes.

Enter foure watch-men. Enter *Richards* Page.

Pag. Why thus by keeping company, am I become like vnto those with whom I keepe company. As my Lorde hopes to weare the Crown, so I hope by that means to haue preferment, but in steed of the Crowne, the blood of the headles light vpon his head: he hath made but a wrong match, for blood is a threatner and will haue reuenge. He makes hauocke of all to bring his purpose to passe: all those of the Queens kinred that were committed to *Pomphret* Castle, hee hath caused them to be secretly put to death without iudgemēt: the like was neuer seen in England. He spares none whom he but mistrusteth to be a hinderer to his proceedings, he is straight chopt vp¹ in prison. The valiant Earle of Oxford being but mistrusted, is

¹ Clapt up?

kept close prisoner in *Hames* Castle. Againe, how well Doctor Shaw hath pleased my Lord, that preached at Paules Crosse yesterday, that proued the two Princes to be bastards, whereupon in the after noone came downe my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen to *Baynards* Castle, and offered my Lord the whole estate vpon him, and offered to make him King, which he refused so faintly, that if it had bene offered once more, I know he would haue taken it, the Duke of Buckingham is gone about it, and is now in the Guild Hall making his Oration. But here comes my Lord.

Enter *Richard* and *Catesby*.

Ric. Catesby content thee, I haue warned the Lord Hastings to this Court, and since he is so hard to be wonne, tis better to cut him off then suffer him, he hath bene all this while partaker to our secrets, and if he should but by some mislike vtter it, then were we all cast away.

Cates. Nay my Lord do as you will, yet I haue spoken what I can in my friends cause.

Rich. Go to no more ado Catesby, they say I haue bin a long sleeper to day, but ile be awake anon to some of their costs. But sirrha are those men in readinesse that I appointed you to get?

Pag. I my Lord, & giue diligent attendance vpon your grace.

Rich. Go to, looke to it then Catesby, get thee thy weapons readie, for I will enter the Court.

Cat. I will my Lord.

*Exit.*¹

Pag. Doth my Lord say he hath bene a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion, that thinks his grace lieth neuer lōg inough a bed. Now there is court held to day by diuerse of the Councell, which I feare me wil cost the Lord Hastings and the Lord Standley their best cappes:

¹ For *Exit* with *Richard*.

for my Lord hath willed mee to get halfe a dozen ruffians in readinesse, and when he knocks with his fist vpon the boord, they to rush in, and to crie, treason, treason, and to laie hands vpon the Lord Hastings, and the Lord Stannley, which for feare I should let slip, I will giue my diligent attendance.

Enter *Richard*, *Catesby*, and others, pulling Lord *Hastings*.

Rich. Come bring him away, let this suffice, thou and that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene hath bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet of my brothers, Shores wife: my withered arme is a sufficient testimony, deny it if thou canst: laie not Shores wife with thee last night?

Hast. That she was in my house my Lord I cannot deny, but not for any such matter. If.

Rich. If villain, feedest thou me with Ifs & ands, go fetch me a Priest, make a short shrift, and dispatch him quickly. For by the blessed Saint Paule I sweare, I will not dine till I see the traytors head, away sir Thomas, suffer him not to speak, see him executed straight & let his copartner the Lord Standly be carried to prison also, tis not his broke head I haue giuen him, shall excues him. *Exit with Hastings.*¹

Catesbie goe you and see it presently proclaimed throughout the Citie of London by a Herald of Armes, that the cause of his death and the rest, were for conspiring by Witchcraft the death of me and the Duke of Buckingham, that so they might gouern the King and rule the realme, I thinke the proclamation be almost done.

Cate. I my good Lord, and finished too.

Rich. Well then about it. But hearest thou Catesbie, meane while I will listen after successe of the Duke of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while with the Citizens of London to make me King, which I hope shall be shortly, for thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we neerer the marke then before,

¹ Compare Shakespeare's play, act iii., sc. 4.

and when I haue it, looke thou for the place of thy friend the Lord Hastings, meane while about thy businesse.

Cat. I thanke your grace. *Exit Catesbie.*

Rich. Now sirrha to thee, there is one thing more vndone, which grieues me more then all the rest, and to say the truth, it is of more importance then all the rest.

Page. Ah that my Lord would vtter it to his Page, then should I count my selfe a happie man, if I could ease my Lord of that great doubt.

Rich. I commend thy willingnesse, but it is too mightie and reacheth the starres.

Pag. The more waightie it is, the sooner shall I by doing it, increase your honours good liking toward me.

Rich. Be assured of that, but the matter is of waight & great importance, and doth concerne the state.

Pag. Why my Lord, I will choake them with gifts that shall performe it, therefore good my Lord, trust me in this cause.

Rich. Indeed thy trust I know to be so true, that I care not to vtter it vnto thee. Come hither, & yet the matter is too waightie for so meane a man.

Page. Yet good my Lord, vtter it.

Rich. Why thus it is, I would haue my two Nephewes the yoong Prince and his brother secretly murthered, Sownes villaine tis out, wilt thou do it? or wilt thou betray me?

Page. My Lord you shall see my forwardnesse herein, I am acquainted with one Iames Terrell, that lodgeth hard by your honors chamber, with him my Lord will I so worke, that soone at night you shall speake with him.

Rich. Of what reputation or calling is that Terrell, may we trust him with that which once knowne, were the vtter confusion of me and my friends for ever?

Page. For his trust my Lord, I dare be bounde, onely this, a poore gentleman he is, hoping for preferment by your grace and vpon my credit my Lord, he will see it done.

Rich. Well in this be verie circumspect and sure with thy

diligence, be liberall, and looke for a day to make thee blesse thy self, wherein thou seruedst so good a Lord. And now that Shores wifes goods be confiscate, goe from me to the Bishop of London, and see that she receiue her open penance, let her be turnd out of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deserued that plague: and let there be straight proclamation made by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall releue her nor pittie her, and priuie spies set in euerie corner of the Citie, that they may take notice of them that releues her: for as her beginning was most famous aboue all, so will I haue her end most infamous aboue all. Haue care now my boy, and winne thy maisters heart for euer.

Enter *Shores* wife.

Shores. Ah unfortunate Shores wife, dishonour to the King, a shame to thy countrey, and the onely blot of defame to all thy kindred. Ay why was I made faire that a King should fauour me? But my friends should haue preferd discipline before affection: for they know of my folly, yea my owne husband knew of my breach of disloyaltie, and yet suffered me, by reason hee knew it bootlesse to kicke against the pricke. A sweet King Edward, little didst thou thinke Shores wife should haue bene so hardly vsed, thy vnnaturall brother not concent with my goods which are yet confiscate in his custodie, but yet more to adde to my present miserie, hath proclaimed vpon great penaltie, that none whatsoeuer, shall either aide or succour me, but here being comfortlesse to die in the streets with hunger. I am constrained to beg, but I feare tis in vaine, for none will pittie me. Yet here come one to whom I haue done good, in restoring his lands that were lost, now will I trie him to see if he will giue mee any thing.

Enters *Lodowicke*.

Lo. A time how thou suffrest fortune to alter estates, & changest the mindes of the good for the worst. How many

headlesse Peeres sleepe in their graues, whose places are furnish with their inferiours? Such as are neither nobly borne, nor vertuously minded. My heart hardly bewailes the losse of the yoong King, by the outrage of the Protector, who hath proclaimed himselfe King, by the name of Richard the third. The Commons murmure at it greatly, that the yoong King and his brother should be imprisoned, but to what end tis hard to say, but many thinks they shall neuer come forth againe. But God do all for the best, and that the right heires may not be vtterly ouerthrowne.

Shore. A gods what a grieve is it for me to aske, where I haue giuen.

Lod. A my good Lord Hastings, how innocently thou diedst the heauens beare witnesse.

Shores wife. Good sir, take pittie vppon mee, and releue mee.

Lod. Indeed tis pittie to see so faire a face to aske for almes, But tell me, hast thou no friends?

Shore. Yes sir I had many frends, but when my chiefest friend of all died, the rest then forsooke me.

Lod. Belike then thy fact was notorious, that thy friends leauing thee would let thee go as a spoyle for villaines. But hearst thou I prethie tell me the truth, and as I am a gentleman, I will pittie thee.

Shore. A Lodowick, tell thee the truth, why halfe this intreatie serued thee, when thy lands had bene cleane gone had it not bene for Shores wife, and doest thou make me so long to begge for a litle.

Lod. Indeed my lands I had restored me by mistresse Shore, but may this be she?

Shore. I Lodowicke, I am she that begged thy lands of King Edward the fourth, therefore I pray thee bestow something on me.

Lod. A gods what is this world, and how vncertaine are riches? Is this she that was in such credit with the King? Nay more that could command a King indeed? I cannot deny

but my lands she restored me, but shall I by releeuing of her hurt my selfe, no : for straight proclamation is made that none shall succour her, therefore for feare I should be seene talke with her, I will shun her company and get me to my chamber, and there set downe in heroicall verse, the shamefull end of a Kings Concubin, which is no doubt as wonderfull as the desolation of a kingdome. *Exit.*

Shores. A Lodowick if thou wilt giue me nothing, yet staie and talke with me. A no he shuns my company, all my friends now forsake mee : In prosperitie I had many, but in aduersitie none. A gods haue I this for my good I haue done, for when I was in my cheefest pomp, I thought that day wel spent wherein I might pleasure my friend by sutes to the King, for if I had spoken, he would not have said nay. For tho he was King, yet Shores wife swayd the swoord. I where neede was, there was I bountifull, and mindfull I was still vppon the poore to releue them, and now none will know me nor succour me : therefore here shall I die for want of sustenance. Yet here comes another whom I haue done good vnto in sauing the life of his sonne, wel I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

Enter a Citizen and another.

Cit. No men no lawes, no Princes no orders, alls husht neighbour now hees king, but before he was king how was the tems¹ thwackt with ruffians ? what fraies had we in the streets ? Now he hath proclaimed peace betweene Scotland and England for sixe yeares, to what end I know not, vsurpers had need to be wise.

Shores. A good sir releue me, and bestow something vpon me.

Cit. A neighbour, hedges haue eyes, and high-wayes haue eares, but who ist a beggar-woman ? the streets are full of them,

¹ Thames ?

Ifaith. But heeres thou, hast thou no friendes that thou goest a begging so?

Shore. Yes sir I had friendes, but they are all dead as you are.

Citi. Why am I dead neighbour? why thou arrant queane what meanst thou by that?

Shore. I meane they are dead in charitie. But I pray sir, had not you the life of your sonne saued in the time of king Edward the fourth by one Shores wife?

Citi. Yes marry had I, but art thou a sprig of the same bough? I promise you neighbor I thoght so, that so idle a huswife could not be without the acquaintance of so noble a strumpet: well for her sake ile giue thee somewhat

Shore. Nay then know, that I am shee that saued the life of thy condemned sonne.

Citi. Who art thou Shores wife? Lye still purse, neighbour I would not for twentie pounds haue giuen her one farthing, the proclamation is so hard by king Richard. Why minion are you she that was the dishonour to the King? the shame to her husband, the discredit to the Citie? Heare you, laie your fingers to worke, and get thereby somewhat to maintaine you. O neighbour I grow verie choloricke, and thou didst saue the life of my sonne, why if thou hadst not, another would: and for my part, I would he had bene hangd seuen yeeres ago, it had saued me a great deale of mony then. But come let vs go in, & let the quean alone. (*Exeunt.*)

Shore. Alasse thus am I become an open shame to the world, here shall I die in the streets for want of sustenance, alasse is my fact so heinous that none will pitie me? Yet heere comes another to whom I haue done good, who is least able to pleasure me, yet I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

Enter *Morton* a Seruing man.

Mort. Now sir, who but king *Richard* beares sway, and hath proclaimed Iohn Earle of *Linclone*, heire aparant to the Crown,

the yoong Princes they are in the Tower, nay some saies more, they are murthered. But this makes me to muse, the Duke of Buckingham and the King is at such variance, that did all in all to helpe him to the Crowne, but the Duke of Buckingham is rid downe to Breaknock-Castle in *Wales*, and there he meanes to raise vp a power to pull down the vsurper: but let them agree as they will, for the next faire winde ile ouer seas.

Shore. A Shores Wife, so neere driuen, to beg of a seruing man, I, necessitie hath no law, I must needs. Good sir releue me, and giue me something.

Seru. Why what art thou?

Shore. In briefe Morton, I am Shores wife, that haue done good to all.

Seru. A foole, and euer thy owne enemy. In troth mistresse Shore, my store is but small, yet as it is, weele part stakes, but soft I cannot do what I would, I am watcht.

Enters Page.

Shore. Good Morton releue me.

Seru. What should I releue my Kings enemy?

Shore. Why thou promist thou wouldst.

Seru. I tell thee I wil not, & so be answered. Sownes I would with all my heart, but for yonder villaine, a plague on him.

Exit.

Page. An honest fellow I warrant him. How now Shores wife will none releue thee?

Shore. No one will releue her, that hath bene good to all.

Page. Why twere pitie to do thee good, but me thinkes she is fulsome and stinkes.

Shore. If I be fulsome shun my company, for none but thy Lord sought my miserie, and he hath vndone me.

Pag. Why hath he vndone thee? nay thy wicked and naughtie life hath vndone thee, but if thou wantest maintenance, why doest thou not fall to thy old trade againe?

Shore. Nay villaine, I haue done open penance, and am sorie for my sinnes that are past.

Page. Sownes is Shores wife become an holie whoore, nay then we shall neuer haue done.

Shore. Why hang thee, if thy faults were so written in thy forehead as mine is, it would be as wrong with thee. But I prethie leaue me, and get thee from me.

Page. And cannot you keepe the Citie but you must runne gadding to the Court, and you staie here a litle longer, ile make you be set away, and for my part, would all whoores were so serued, then there would be fewer in England then there be. And so farewell good mistresse Shore. *Exit.*

Shore. And all such vsurping kings as thy Lord is, may come to a shamefull end, which no doubt I may liue yet to see. Therefore sweet God forgiue all my foule offence :

And though I haue done wickedly in this world,
Into hell fire, let not my soule be hurld. *Exit.*

Enter Maister *Terrill*, and sir *Robert Brokenbery*.

Broken. Maister Terrell, the King hath written, that for one night I should deliuer you the keyes, and put you in full possession. But good M. Terrell, may I be so bold to demand a question without offence ?

Ter. Else God forbid, say on what ere it be.

Bro. Then this maister Terrell, for your comming I partly know the cause, for the king oftentimes hath sent to me to haue them both dispacht, but because I was a seruant to their father being Edward the fourth, my heart would neuer giue me to do the deed.

Ter. Why sir Robert you are beside the matter, what neede you vse such speeches what matters are betweene the King and me, I pray you leaue it, and deliuer me the keyes.

Broken. A here with teares I deliuer you the keyes, and so farewell maister Terrell. *Exit.*

Ter. Alasse good sir Robert, hee is kinde hearted, but it must not preuaile, what I haue promised the King I must performe. But ho Myles Forest.

For. Here sir.

Ter. Myles Forest, haue you got those men I spake of, they must be resolute and pittillesse.

For. I warrant you sir, they are such pittillesse villaines, that all London cannot match them for their villanie, one of their names is Will Sluter, yet the most part calles him blacke Will, the other is Iack Denten, two murtherous villaines that are resolute.

Ter. I prethie call them in that I may see them, and speake with them.

Forest. Ho Will and Iack.

Will. Here sir, we are at hand.

For. These be they that I told you of.

Ter. Come hither sirs, to make a long discourse were but a folly, you seeme to be resolute in this cause that Myles Forest hath deliuered to you, therefore you must cast away pitie, & not so much as thinke upon fauour, for the more stearne that you are, the more shall you please the King.

Will. Zownes sir, nere talke to vs of fauour, tis not the first that Iack and I haue gone about.

Ter. Well said, but the Kings pleasure is this, that he wil haue no blood shead in the deed doing, therefore let me heare your aduises?

For. Why then I thinke this maister Terrell, that as they sit at supper there should be two dags¹ readie charged, and so suddeinly to shoote them both through.

Terrell. No, I like not that so well, what saiest thou Will, what is thy opinion?

Will. Tush, heeres more adoo then needes, I pray bring mee where they are, and ile take them by the heeles and beate their braines against the walles.

¹ Pistols.

Ter. Nay that I like not, for tis too tyrannous.

Dout. Then heare me maister Terrell, let Will take one, and ile take another, and by the life of Iack Douton weele cut both their throates.

Ter. Nay sirs, then heare me, I will haue it done in this order, when they be both a bed and at rest, Myles Forest thou shalt bring them vp both, and betweene two feather beds smother them both.

For. Why this is verie good, but stand aside, for here comes the Princes, ile bring you word when the deed is done.

Exit Terrill.

Enter the Princes.

Yorke. How fares my noble Lord and louing brother?

King. A worthie brother, Richard Duke of *Yorke*, my cause of sorrow is not for my selfe, but this is it that addes my sorrow more, to see our vnckle whom our father left as our Protector in minoritie, should so digresse from dutie, loue and zeale, so vnkindly thus to keepe vs vp prisoners, and know no sufficient cause for it.

Yorke. Why brother comfort your selfe, for tho he detaine vs a while, he will not keepe vs long, but at last he will send vs to our louing mother againe: whither if it please God to send vs, I doubt not but our mother would keepe vs so safe, that all the Prelates in the worlde should not depriue her of vs againe: so much I assure myselfe of. But here comes Myles Forest, I prethy Myles tell my kingly brother some mery storie to passe away the time, for thou seest he is melancholy.

King. No Myles, tell me no mery storie, but answere me to one question, what was he that walked with thee in the Gardeine, me thought he had the keyes?

For. My Lord, it was one that was appointed by the King to be an ayde to sir Thomas Brokenbury.

King. Did the King, why Myles Forest, am not I King?

For. I would have said my Lord your vnckle the Protector.¹

King. Nay my kingly vnckle I know he is now, but let him enioy both Crowne and kingdome, so my brother and I may but enjoy our liues and libertie. But tell me, is sir Robert Brokenbery cleane discharged?

For. No my Lord, he hath but charge for a night or two.

King. Nay then, new officers, new lawes, would we had kept the old still. But who are they whose gastly lookes doth present a dying feare to my liuing bodie. I prethee tell me Myles what are they?

For. One my Lord is called Iack Denten, the other is called Will Slawter. But why starts your grace?

King. Slawter, I pray God he come not to slaughter my brother and me, for from murther and slaughter, good Lord deliver vs. But tell me Myles is our lodging prepared?

For. I my Lord, if it please your brother & you to walke vp.

King. Then come brother, we will go to bed.

For. I will attend vpon your grace.

Yorke. Come Myles Forest beare vs company.

For. Sirs staie you two here, and when they are a sleep ile call you vp. *Exit.*

Dent. I promise thee Will, it greeues mee to see what mone these yoong Princes make, I had rather then fortie pounds I had nere tane it in hand, tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes, I like it not.

Will. Why you base slaue, are you faint hearted, a little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee.

Dent. Nay go forward, for now I am resolute: but come, lets too it.

Will. I prethee staie, heele call vs vp anon. But sirrha

¹ See Shakespeare, act iv. scene i.

Iacke, didst thou mark how the King started when he heard my name? What will he do when he feeles me?

For. But ho sirs, come softly, for now they are at rest.

Will. Come we are readie, by the masse they are a sleepe indeed.

For. I heare they sleep, and sleepe sweet Princes, neuer wake no more, for you haue seene the last light in this world.

Iack. Come presse them downe, it bootes not to cry againe, Iack vpon them so lustily. But maister Forest now they are dead what shall we do with them?

For. Why goe and bury them at the heape of stones at the staire foote, while I goe and tell maister Terrell that the deed is done.

Will. Well we will, farewell maister Forest.

Enter Terrell.

Ter. How now Myles Forest, is this deed dispatcht?

For. I sir, a bloodie deed we haue performed.

Ter. But tell me, what hast thou done with them?

For. I have conueyd them to the staires foote among a heape of stones, and anon ile carry them where they shall be no more founde againe, nor all the cronicles shall nere make mentiõ what shall become of them: yet good maister Terrell, tell the King my name, that he may but reward me with a kingly thanks.

Ter. I will go certifie the King with speed, that Myles Forest, Will Slawter, and Iack Denten, they three haue done the deed. And so farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham with his dagger drawne.

*Ban.*¹ Ah good my Lord, saue my life.

Buc. Ah villaine, how canst thou aske for mercie, when thou hast so vniustly betraied me?

¹ Banister.

Ban. I desire your grace but giue me leaue to speake.

Buc. I speake thy last villain, that those that heare it, may see how vniustly thou hast betraied me.

Ban. Then thus my Lord. First, the proclamation was death to him that harboured your grace.

Buc. Ah villaine, and a thousand crownes to him that could betraie me.

Ban. Ah my Lord, my obeysance to my Prince is more.

Buc. Ah villain, thou betraiedst me for lucre, and not for dutie to thy Prince, why Banister, a good seruant thinkes his life well spent, that spends it in the quarrel of his maister. But villain make thyself readie, and here receiue thy death.

Enter a Herald.

Herald. Henry Duke of Buckingham, I arest thee in King Richards name as a traytor.

Buc. Well Herald, I will obey thy rest. But am I arrested in King Richardes name, vsurping Richard, that insatiate blood succour, that traitor to God & man. Ah Richard, did I in Guild Hall pleade the Orator for thee, and held thee in all thy slie and wicked practises, and for my reward doest thou alot me death? Ah Buckingham, thou plaidst thy part and made him King, and put the lawfull heires besides: why then is Buckingham guiltie now of his death? yet had not the Bishop of *Ely* fled, I had escaped.

Enters sixe others to rescue the Duke.

All. Come, the Duke of Buckingham shall not die:
We will take him away by force.

Herald. Why villaines, will you bee Traytours to your Prince?

Buckingham. Nay good my friends giue me leaue to speake, and let me intreate you to laie your weapons by. Then know this countrey men, the cause I am arested this, Is for bringing in your lawfull King, which is Henry Earle of Richmond now

in *Brittaine*,¹ and meanes ere long to land at *Milford Hauen* in Wales, where I doo know hee shall haue ayde of the cheefest of the Welch, hee is your lawfull King, and this a wrongfull vsurper. When you shall heare of him landed in that place, then take vp weapons and amaine to him, hee is the man must reauue you of this yoake, and send the vsurper headlesse to his home, and poore Buckingham praies upon his knees, to blesse good Richmond in his enterprise, and when the conquest shall be giuen to him, graunt he may match with Ladie Elizabeth, as promise hath to fore by him bene past, while² then my friendes, leaue mee alone to death, and let me take this punishment in peace. Ah Buckingham, was not thy meaning good in displacing the vsurper, to raise a lawfull king? Ah Buckingham it was too late, the lawfull heires were smothered in the Tower, sweet Edward and thy brother, I nere slept quiet thinking of their deaths. But vaunt Buckingham, thou wast altogether innocent of their deaths. But thou villain, whom of a child I nurst thee vp, and hast so vniustly betraied thy Lorde? Let the curse of Buckingham nere depart from thee. Let vengeance, mischiefes, tortures, light on thee and thine. And after death thou maist more torture feelee, then when *Exeon* turnes the restlesse wheele. And banne thy soule where ere thou seeme to rest. But come my friends, let me away.

Herald. My Lord we are sorie. But come laie handes on Banister. *Exeunt.*

Enter King *Richard*, sir *William Catesbie* and others.

King. The goale is got, and golden Crowne is wonne,
And well deseruest thou to weare the same,
That ventured hast thy bodie and thy soule,
But what bootes Richard, now the Diademe
Or kingdome got, by murther of his friends,
My fearefull shadow that still followes me,

¹ Bretagne.

² Till.

Hath summond me before the seuere iudge,
 My conscience witnesse of the blood I spilt,
 Accuseth me as guiltie of the fact,
 The fact a damned iudgement craues,
 Whereas impartiall iustice hath condemned.
 Meethinkes the Crowne which I before did weare,
 Inchast with Pearle and costly Diamonds,
 It turned now into a fatall wreathe,
 Of fiery flames, and euer burning starres,
 And raging fiends hath past ther vgly shapes,
 In studient¹ lakes, adrest to tend on me,
 If it be thus, what wilt thou do in this extremitie?
 Nay what canst thou do to purge thee of thy guilt?
 Euen repent, craue mercie for thy damned fact,
 Appeale for mercy to thy righteous God,
 Ha repent, not I, craue mercy they that list.
 My God, is none of mine. Then Richard be thus resolu'd,
 To pace thy soule in vallence with their blood,²
 Soule for soule, and bodie for bodie, yea mary Richard,
 Thats good, Catesbie.

Cat. You cald my Lord, I thinke?

King. It may be so. But what thinkst thou Catesbie?

Cat. Of what my Lord?

King. Why of all these troubles.

Cat. Why my Lord, I hope to see them happily ouercom'd.¹

King. How villain, doest thou hope to see me happily ouercom'd?

¹ Mr. Boswell proposes *stygian* for this word; and he may be right.

² This line seems corrupt. Archdeacon Nares interprets *to valance*, to adorn with drapery, and quotes from Hamlet:—

“Thy face is valanc’d [bearded] since I saw thee last.”

Perhaps we should read *To place thy soul in balance?*

³ The ancient participle of *come* was *comed* or *comen*. Daniel has the latter, and the former is vulgar with the Scotch to this day.

“He would have well becom’d this place.”

Cymbeline, act v., sc. 5.

Cat. Who you my Lord?

King. Ay villaine, thou points at me, thou hopest to see me ouercom'd.

Cat. No my good Lord, your enemies or else not.

King. Ha ha, good Catesbie, but what hearest thou of the Duke of Buckingham?

Cat. Why he is dead my Lord, he was executed at *Salisbury* yesterday.

King. Why tis impossible, his friends hopes that he shall outliue me, to be my head.

Cat. Out-liue you, Lord thats straunge.

King. No Catesbie, if a do, it must be in fames,¹ And since they hope he shall out liue me, to be my head, He hops without his head, & rests among his fellow rebels.

Cat. Mary no force² my Lord.

King. But Catesbie, what hearest thou of Henry Earle of *Richmond*?

Cat. Not a word my Lord.

King. No : hearest thou not he liues in *Brittaine*,³ In fauour with the Duke.

Nay more, Lady Margaret his mother conspires against vs, And perswades him that hee is lineally descended from Henry The fourth, and that he hath right to the Crowne, Therefore tell me what thinkst thou of the Earle?

Cat. My Lord, I thinke of the Earle as he doth deserue, A most famous gentleman.

King. Villaine doest thou praise my foe, and commend him to my face?

Cat. Nay my Lord, I wish he were as good a friend as he is a foe, else the due deserts of a traytor.

King. Whats that?

Cat. Why my Lord, to loose his head.

King. Yea mary, I would twere off quickly, then. But more to the strengthening of his title,

¹ Flames?

² No matter.

³ Bretagne.

She goes about to marry him to the Queenes eldest daughter,
Ladie Elizabeth.

Cat. Indeed my Lord that I heard was concluded,
By all the nobilitie of *Brittaine*.

King. Why then there it goes,
The great diuell of hell go with all.
A marriage begun in mischief, shall end in blood:
I thinke that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene,
Doth nothing but bewitch me, and hatcheth conspiracies,
And brings out perillous birds to wound
Their Countries weale,
The Earle is vp in Armes,
And with him many of the Nobilitie,
He hath ayde in *France*,
He is rescued in *Brittaine*,
And meaneth shortly to arriue in England:
But all this spites me not so much,
As his escape from *Landoyse* the Dukes Treasurer,
Who if he had bene prickt foorth for reuenge,
He had ended all by apprehending of our foe,
But now he is in disgrace with the Duke,
And we farther off our purpose then to fore,
But the Earle hath not so many byting dogs abroad,
As we haue sleeping cures at home here,
Readie for rescue.

Cat. But my Lord, I maruell how he should get aide there,
Considering he is no friend to *Brittaine*.

King. Ay so thou maist maruell how the Duke of *Brittaine*,
Durst wake such a foe as England against him,
But euill fare makes open warre.
But who comes there Catsbie?
Ha one of our spurres to reuenge:
The Lord Standley, father in law to Ladie Margaret,
His comming is to vs Catsbie,
Wert not that his life might serue,

For apprehension against our foe,
 He should haue neither Iudge nor Iury,
 But guiltie death without any more ado.
 Now Lord Standley, what newes?
 Haue you receiued any letters of your late embassage into
Brittaine? What answere have you receiued of your letters?

Enter Lord *Standley*, and his sonne *George*.

Stand. Why my Lord, for that I sent, I haue receiued.

King. And how doth your sonne then, is he in health?

Standley. For his health my Lord, I do not mistrust.

King. Faith tell vs, when meanes he to arriue in England?
 And how many of our Nobilitie is with him?
 And what power is with him?

Standley. And please your grace,
 His power is unknowne to me,
 Nor willingly would not I be priuy to such causes.

King. Oh good wordes Lord Standley, but giue
 me leaue to gleane out of your golden field of eloquence, how
 braue you pleade ignorance, as though you knew not of your
 sonnes departure into *Brittaine* out of England.

Stand. Not I my Lord.

King. Why is not his mother thy wife, & dares he passe
 ouer without the blessing of his mother, whose husband thou
 art?

Stand. I desire your maiestie but giue me leaue to speake?

King. Yea speak Standley, no doubt some fine coloured tale.

Stand. And like your grace, wheras you mistrust that I
 knew of my sonnes departure, out of England into *Brittaine*,
 God I take to record it was vnknowne to me, nor know not yet
 what his pretence is: for at his departure, was I one of the
 priuy councill to your brother King Edward the fourth, and
 that she was able to relieue him without my helpe: I hope her
 sufficiencie is knowne to your grace. Therefore I humbly craue
 pardon.

King. Well Standley, I feare it will be proued to the contrarie, that thou didst furnish him both with mony and munition, which if it be, then looke for no fauour at my hands, but the due deserts of a traitor: but let this passe. Whats your repaire to our presence?

Stan. Only this my Lord, that I may repaire from the court, to my house in the country.

King. Ay sir, that you might be in *Cheshire* and *Lancashire*, then should your Postes passe inuisible into *Brittaine*, and you to depart the realme at your pleasure, or else I to suffer an intollerable foe vnder me, which I will not. But Standley to be brief, thou shalt not go. But soft Richard, but that it were better to be alone then to haue noysome company, hee shall goe, leauing for his loyaltie a sufficient pledge. Come hither Standley, thou shalt goe, leauing me here thy sonne and heire George Standley for a pledge, that hee may perish for thy fault if neede should be, if thou likest this, goe, If not, answere me briefly, and say quickly no.¹

Stand. I am to aduise my selfe vppon a secret cause, and of a matter that concernes me neare: say that I leaue my sonne vnto the King, and that I should but aide Earle Richmond, my sonne George Standley dies, but if my faith be kept unto my Prince George Standley liues. Well I will except the Kings proffer.

And please your grace I am content, and will leaue my sonne to pledge.

King. Here come hither, and with thee take this lesson.
 Thou art set free for our defence,
 Thou shalt vpon thy pledge make this promise,
 Not only to staie the hinderance of the Earle,
 But to preuent his purpose with thy power.
 Thou shalt not seeke by any meanes to aide or rescue him.
 This done, of my life thy sonne doth liue:

¹ See Shakespeare, act iv., sc. 4.

But otherwise thy sonne dies and thou too, if I catch thee :
And it shall go hard but I will catch thee.

Stand. And you shall go apace, and yet go without me.
But I humbly take my leaue of your grace. Farewell George.

King. How now, what do you giue him letters ?

Stand. No my Lord I haue done :
The second sight is sweet, of such a sonne. *Exit.*

King. Carry George Standley to prison.

George. Alasse my Lord, shall I go to prison ?

King. Shall you go to prison, what a questions that ?
So pricke the lambe, and wound the damme.
How likest thou this Catesbie ?

Cat. Oh my Lord so excellent, that you haue imprisoned his
sonne.

King. Nay now will we looke to the rest,
But I sent the Lord Louell to the mother Queene,
Concerning my sute to her daughter Elizabeth,
But see in good time here he is.

How now Louell, what newes ?
What saith the mother Queene to my sute ?

Enters Louell.

Lou. My Lord very strange she was at the first,
But when I had told her the cause, she gaue concent :
Desiring your maiestie to make the nobilitie priuie to it.

King. God haue mercy Louell, but what said Lady Eliza-
beth ?

Lou. Why my Lord, straunge, as women will be at the first,
But through intreatie of her mother, she quickly gaue consent.
And the Queene wild me to tel your grace, that she meanes to
leaue Sanctuary, and to come to the court with al her daughters.

King. I marry Louell let not that opportunitie slippe, looke
to it Catesbie, be carefull for it Louell, for thereby hangs such
a chance, that may enrich vs and our heires for euer. But sirs

hard ye nothing of the Scottish Nobles that met at *Nottingham*, to conferre about the marriage of my Neece.

Cat. Not a word my Lord.

Enters Messenger.

King. Gogs wounds who is that? search the villaine, has he any dags about him?

Mess. No my Lord I haue none.

King. From whence comes thou?

Mess. From the Peeres at *Nottingham* and *Scotland*, & they greete your Maiestie.

Lou. Sirrha is the marriage concluded betweene the Scottish Earle and the faire Lady *Rosa*?

Cat. Prethie tell vs, is it concluded?

Page. How saies thou, is it concluded?

King. Nay will you giue me leaue to tell you that? Why you villaines will you know the secrets of my letter by interrupting messengers that are sent to me? Away I say, begone, it is time to looke about: away I say, what here yet villaines?

Mess. My Lord, I haue some what to say besides?

King. Then speake it, what hast thou to say?

Mess. This my Lord, when the Peeres of England and *Scotland* met at *Nottingham* together, to confer about the marriage of your Neese, it was straight determined that she shuld be married with the Scottish Earle. And further my Lord, the Councel commanded me to deliuer vnto your grace the treasons of Captain Blunt, who had the Earle of *Oxford* in charge in *Hames* castle, now are they both fled, and purposeth to ayde the Earle of Richmond against your grace. Now my Lord I take my leaue.

King. Messenger staie, hath Blunt betrayed, doth Oxford rebell and aide the Earle Richmond, may this be true, what is our prison so weake, our friends so fickle, our Ports so ill lookt too, that they may passe and repasse the seas at their pleasures, then euerie one conspires, spoyles our Conflex, conqueres our

Castles, and Armes themselues with their owne weapons vnresisted? O villaines, rebels, fugetives, theeues, how are we betrayd, when our owne swoordes shall beate vs, and our owne subjects seekes the subuersion of the state, the fall of their Prince, and sack of their country, of his,¹ nay neither must nor shall, for I will Army with my friends, and cut off my enemies, & beard them to their face that dares me, and but one, I one, one beyond the seas that troubles me: wel his power is weake, & we are strong, therefore I wil meet him with such melodie, that the singing of a bullet shal send him merily to his lōgest home. Come follow me.

Enter Earle *Rich.*² Earle *Oxford*, *P. Landoy*s, & captain *Blunt*.

Rich. Welcome deare friends and louing country-men
Welcome I say to Englands blisfull Ile,
Whose forwardnesse I cannot but commend,
That thus do aide vs in our enterprise,
My right it is, and sole inheritance,
And Richard but vsurps in my authoritie,
For in his tyrannie he slaughtered those
That would not succour him in his attempts,
Whose guiltlesse blood craues daily at Gods hands,
Reuenge for outrage done to their harmlesse liues:
Then courage countrymen, and neuer be dismayd,
Our quarels good, and God will helpe the right,
For we may know by dangers we haue past,
That God no doubt will giue vs victorie.

Oxf. If loue of gold, or feare of many foes,
Could once haue danted vs in our attempts,
Thy foote had neuer toucht the English shoare,
And here Earle Oxford plites his faith to thee,
Neuer to leaue in what we haue vndertane,
But follow still with resolution,

¹ There seems to be some corruption here.

² Richmond.

Till thou be crownd as conquerer in the field,
Or lose thy life in following of thy right :
Thy right braue Richmond, which we wil maintaine
Maugre the proudest bird of Richards brood.
Then cousin Richmond being resolued thus,
Let vs straight to Arms, & God and S. *George* for vs.

Blunt. As this braue Earle haue said, so say we all,
We will not leaue thee till the field be wonne,
Which if with fortunate successe we can performe,
Thinke then Earle Richmond that I followed thee,
And that shall be honour inough for mee.

Lan. So saith Landoyse that honors Richmond so
With loue vnfeined for his valure past,
That if your honour leade the way to death,
Peeter Landoy hath sworne to follow thee.
For if Queen mother do but keepe her word,
And what the Peeres haue promised be performed,
Touching the marriage with Elizabeth,
Daughter to our King Edward the fourth,
And by this marriage ioyne in vnitie
Those famous Houses *Lancashire* and *Yorke*,
Then England shall no doubt haue cause to say,
Edwards coronation was a ioyfull day.
And this is all Landoyes desires to see.

Richm. Thanks Landoyes, and here Earle Richmonds vows,
If their kinde promises take but effect,
That as they haue promised I be made King,
I will so deale in gouerning the state,
Which now lies like a sauage shultred groue,
Where brambles, briars, and thornes, ouer-grow those sprigs,
Which if they might but spring to their effect,
And not be crost so by their contraries,
Making them subiect to these outrages,
Would proue such members of the Common-weale,
That England should in them be honoured,

As much as euer was the Romane state,
 When it was gouerned by the Councels rule,
 And I will draw my swoord braue country-men,
 And neuer leaue to follow my resolute,
 Till I haue mowed those brambles, briars and thornes
 That hinder those that long to do vs good.

Oxf. Why we have scapt the dangeroust brunt of all,
 Which was his garrison at *Milford* Hauen,
 Shall we dismay, or dant our friends to come?
 Because he tooke the Duke of Buckingham?
 No worthie friends, and louing country-men,
 Oxford did never beare so base a minde,
 He will not winke at murthers secretly put vp,
 Nor suffer vpstarts to enioy our rightes,
 Nor liue in England vnder an vsurping king,
 And this is Oxfords resolution.

Rich. But Blunt, looke whose that knocks.

Blunt. My Lord, tis a messenger from the mother Queene,
 And the Ladie Standley your mother, with letters.

Rich. Admit him straight, now shall we heare some newes.

Enters *Messenger*.

Mess. Long liue Earle Richmond.
 The mother Queene doth greet your honour.

Rich. Welcome my friend, how fares our mother & the rest?

Mess. In health my Lord, and glad to hear of your ariual safe.

Rich. My friend, my mother hath written to me of certaine that are comming in our aide, the report of whose names are referd to thee to deliuer.

Mess. First, theirs the Lord Talbut, the Earle of Shreuesbury sonne and heire, with a braue band of his owne.

There is also the Lord Fitz Harbart, the Earle of Pembrookes sonne and heire.

Of the Gentlemen of the Welch, there is sir Prise vp Thomas and Sir Thomas vp Richard, and sir Owen Williams, braue gentlemen my Lord. These are the chiefe.

Rich. Are these the full number of all that come?

Mess. Only two more my Lord, which I haue left vnnamed, the one is sir Thomas Denis a Westernne gentleman, and ioynd with him one Arnoll Butler, a great many are willing, but dares not as yet.

Rich. Doth Arnoll Butler come, I can hardly brooke his trecherie, for hee it was that wrought my disgrace with the King.

Oxf. Well my Lord, wee are now to strengthen our selues with friends, and not to reape vp olde quarrels, say that *Arnoll Butler* did iniurie you in the time of peace, the mendes is twice made, if he stand with you in the time of warres.

Rich. Well my friend, take this for thy good newes,
And commend me to our mother and the rest.
Thus my Lords, you see God still prouides for vs :
But now my Lords touching the placing of our battell¹ best,
And how we may be least indangered,
Because I will be foremost in this fight,
To incounter with that bloodie murtherer,
My selfe wil lead the vaward of our troope,
My Lord of Oxford, you as our second selfe,
Shall haue the happie leading of the reare,
A place I know which you will well deserue,
And Captaine Blunt, Peter Landoyse and you,
Shall by² in quarters as our battels scowtes,
Prouided, thus your bow-men Captaine Blunt,
Must scatter here and there to gaul their horse,
As also when that our promised friends do come,
Then must you hold hard skirmish with our foes,
Till I by cast of a counter march,

¹ Army.

² Bide.

Haue ioynd our power with those that come to vs,
 Then casting close, as wings on either side,
 We will giue a new prauado on the foe,
 Therefore let vs towards *Aderstoe* amaine,
 Where we this night God-willing will incampe,
 From thence towards *Lichfield*, we will march next day,
 And neerer London, bid King Richard play. *Exit.*

Enters the *Page*.

Page. Where shall I finde a place to sigh my fill,
 And waile the grieve of our sore troubled King?
 For now he hath obtaind the Diademe,
 But with such great discomfort to his minde,
 That he had better liued a priuate man, his lookes are gastly,
 Hidious to behold, and from the priuie sentire of his heart,
 There comes such deepe fetcht sighes and fearefull cries,
 That being with him in his chamber oft,
 He mooues me weepe and sigh for company,
 For if he heare one stirre he riseth vp,
 And claps his hand vpon his dagger straight,
 Readie to stab him, what so ere he be,
 But he must thinke this is the iust reuenge,
 The heauens haue powred vpon him for his sinnes,
 Those Peeres which he vnkindly murthered,
 Doth crie for iustice at the hands of God,
 And he in iustice sends continuall feare,
 For to afright him both at bed and boord,
 But staie, what noyse is this, who haue we here?

Enters men to go to *Richmond*.

How now sirs, whither are you going so fast?

Men. Why to Earle Richmonds Camp to serue with him,
 For we haue left to serue King Richard now.

Page. Why comes there any more?

Men. A number more.

Exit.

Page. Why these are the villaines my Lord would haue put his life into their hands.

A Richard, now do my eyes witnesse that thy end is at hand, For thy commons make no more account of thee then of a priuate man, yet will I as dutie bindes, giue thee aduertisements of their vniust proceedings. My maister hath lifted out many, and yet hath left one to lift him out of all, not onely of his Crowne, but also of his life. But I will in, to tell my Lord of what is happened.

Enters *Richmond*, and *Oxford*.

Rich. Good my Lord depart, and leaue me to myselfe.

Oxf. I pray my Lord, let me go along with you.

Rich. My Lord it may not be, for I haue promised my father that none shall come but my selfe, therefore good my Lord depart.

Oxf. Good my Lord haue a care of your self, I like not these night walkes and scouting abroad in the euenings so disguised, for you must not now that you are in the vsurpers dominions, and you are the onely marke he aimes at, and your last nightes absence bred such amazement in our souldiers, that they like men wanting the power to follow Armes, were on a sodaine more liker to flie then to fight: therefore good my Lorde, if I may not stand neare, let me stand aloofe off.

Rich. Content thee good Oxford, and tho I confesse myself bound to thee for thy especiall care, yet at this time I pray thee hold me excused. But farewell my Lord, here comes my Lord and father.

Enters *Standley* and another.

Stan. Captaine I pray thee bring me word when thou doest discrie the enemy. And so farewell, and leaue me for a while.

Rich. How fares my gracious Lord and father?

Stan. In good health my sonne, & the better to see thee thus foreward in this laudable enterprise, but omitting vain cir-

cumstances, and to come briefly to the purpose, I am now in fewe words to deliuer much matter. For know this, when I came to craue leaue of the King to depart from the court, the king verie furiously began to charge me that I was both acquainted with thy practises and drifts, and that I knew of thy landing, and by no meanes would grant me leaue to go, till as pledge of my loyaltie and true dealing with the king, I should leaue my yoong sonne George Standley. Thus haue I left my son in the hands of a tyrant, onely of purpose to come and speake with thee.

Rich. But omitting this, I pray tell me, shall I looke for your helpe in the battell?

Stan. Sonne I cannot, for as I will not go to the vsurper, no more I will not come to thee.

Rich. Why then it is bootlesse for us to staie, for all we presumed vpon, was on your aide.

Stan. Why sonne, George Standlyes death would doo you no pleasure.

Rich. Why the time is too troublesome, for him to tend to follow execution.

Stan. O sonne, tyrants expect no time, and George Standley being yoong and a grissell, is the more easie to be made away.

Rich. This newes goes to my heart, but tis in vaine for mee to looke for victorie, when with a mole-hill, we shall encounter with a mountaine.

Stand. Why sonne, see how contrarie you are, for I assure you, the chiefest of his company are liker to flie to thee, then to fight against thee: and for me, thinke me not so simple but that I can at my pleasure flie to thee, or being with them, fight so faintly, that the battell shall be wonne on thy part with small incountring. And note this besides, that the King is now come to *Lester*, and means to morrow to bid thee battel in *Bosworth*.

Enters Messenger.

Mess. Come my Lord, I do discry the enemy.

Stand. Why then sonne farewell, I can staie no longer.

Richm. Yet good father, one word more ere you depart,
What number do you thinke the kings power to be?

Stand. Mary some twentie thousand. And so farewell.

Richm. And we hardly fīue thousand, being beset with many enemies, hoping vpon a few friends, yet dispair not Richmond, but remember thou fightest in right, to defende thy countrey from the tyrannie of an vsurping tyrant, therefore Richmond goe forward, the more dangerous the battell is in attein- ing, it prooues the more honourable being obtained. Then forward Richmond, God and Saint *George*, for me.

*Quisquam regna gaudit, ô fallax bonum.*¹

Enters the King, and the Lord *Louell*.

King. The hell of life that hangs vpon the Crowne,
The daily cares, the nightly dreames,
The wretched crewes, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloodie practise past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoeuer I do,
Meethinkes their ghoasts comes gaping for reuenge,
Whom I haue slaine in reaching for a Crowne.
Clarence complaines, and crieth for reuenge.
My Nephues bloods, Reuenge, reuenge, doth crie.
The headlesse Peeres come preasing for reuenge.
And euery one cries, let the tyrant die.
The Sunne by day shines hotely for reuenge.
The Moone by night eclipseth for reuenge.
The Stars are turnd to Comets for reuenge.
The Planets chaunge their courses for reuenge.
The birds sing not, but sorrow for reuenge.
The silly lambes sits bleating for reuenge.
The screeking Rauē sits croking for reuenge.

¹ Read, *Quisquam regno gaudet, ô fallax bonum!*

Whole heads of beasts comes bellowing for reuenge.
 And all, yea all the world I thinke,
 Cries for reuenge, and nothing but reuenge.
 But to conclude, I haue deserued reuenge.
 In company I dare not trust my friend,
 Being alone, I dread the secret foe :
 I doubt my foode, least poyson lurke therein.
 My bed is vncooth, rest refraines my head.
 Then such a life I count far worse to be,
 Then thousand deaths vnto a damned death :
 How wast death I said ? who dare attempt my death ?
 Nay who dare so much as once to thinke my death ?
 Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
 Yet shall they leaue a neuer dying minde.
 But you villaines, rebels, traitors as you are
 How came the foe in, preasing so neare ?
 Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat them back ?
 Where was our friends to intercept the foe ?
 All gone, quite fled, his loyaltie quite laid a bed ?
 Then vengeance, mischiefe, horror, with mischance,
 Wilde-fire, with whirlwinds, light upon your heads,
 That thus betrayd your Prince by your vntruth.

*King.*¹ Frantike man, what meanst thou by this mood ?
 Now he is come more need to beate him backe.

Lou. Sowre is his sweete that sauours thy delight, great is
 his power that threats thy ouerthrow.

King. The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much, as for to
 see my friends do flie in flocks from me.

Lou. May it please your grace to rest your selfe content, for
 you haue power inough to defend your land.

Kin. Dares Richmond set his foote on land with such a
 small power of stragling fugatiues ?

¹ This seems to be a continuation of the King's speech, but a change of
 his mood, from delirium to reason. Compare Richard's dream in Shake-
 speare, and the whole of our poet's act v. scene 3, with this scene.

Lou. May it please your grace to participate the cause that thus doth trouble you?

King. The cause Buzard, what cause should I participate to thee? My friends are gone away, and fled from me, keep silence villaine, least I by poste do send thy soule to hell, not one word more, if thou doest loue thy life. *Enters Catsbie.*

Cat. My Lord.

King. Yet againe vilaine, ô Catesbie is it thou? What comes the Lord Standley or no?

Cat. My Lord, he answeres no.

King. Why didst not tell him then, I would send his sonne George Standleys head to him.

Cat. My Lord I did so, & he answered, he had another sonne left to make Lord Standley.

King. O vilaine vilde, and breaker of his oath, the bastardes ghoast shall hant him at the heeles, and crie reuenge for his vild fathers wrongs, go Louell, Catsbie, fetch George Standly forth, him with these handes will I butcher for the dead, and send his headlesse bodie to his sire.

Catesbie. Leaue off executions now the foe is heere that threatens vs most cruelly of our liues.

King. Zownes, foe mee no foes, the fathers fact condemnes the sonne to die.

Lou. But guiltlesse blood will for reuengement crie.

King. Why was not he left for fathers loyaltie?

Lou. Therein his father greatly iniured him.

King. Did not your selues in presence, see the bondes sealde and assignde?

Lo. What tho my Lord, the vardits own, the titles doth resign.¹

King. The bond is broke and I will sue the fine, except you will hinder me, what will you haue it so?

Lou. In doing true iustice, else we answere no.

¹ This passage is unintelligible.

King. His trecherous father hath neglect his word and done imparshall past by dint of sword,¹ therefore sirrha go fetch him. Zownes draw you cuts who shall go, I bid you go Catesby.¹ A Richard, now maist thou see thy end at hand, why sirs why fear you thus? why we are ten to one, if you seeke promotion, I am Kinge alreadie in possession, better able to performe then he. Louell, Catesby, lets ioyne louingly and deuoutly togither, and I will diuide my whole kingdome amongst you.

Both. We will my Lord.

King. We will my Lord, a Catesbie, thou lookest like a dog, and thou Louell too, but you will runne away with them that be gone, and the diuel go with you all, God I hope, God, what talke I of God, that haue serued the diuell all this while. No, fortune and courage for mee, and ioyne England against mee with England, Ioyne Europe with Europe, come Christendome, and with Christendome the whole world, and yet I will neuer yeeld but by death onely. By death, no die, part not childishly from thy Crowne, but come the diuell to claime it, strike him down, & tho that Fortune hath decreed, to set reuenge with triumphs on my wretched head, yet death, sweete death, my latest friend, hath sworne to make a bargaine for my lasting fame, and this, I this verie day, I hope with this lame hand of mine, to rake out that hatefull heart of Richmond, and when I haue it, to eate it panting hote with salt, and drinke his blood luke warme, tho I be sure twil poyson me. Sirs you that be resolute follow me, the rest go hang your selues. *Exit.*

The battell enters, *Richard* wounded, with his Page.

King. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

Page. A flie my Lord, and saue your life.

King. Flie villaine, looke I as tho I would flie,³ no first shall this dull and sencelesse ball of earth receiue my bodie cold and

¹ This passage is unintelligible.

² See Shakespeare, act iv., scene 4.

³ See Shakespeare, act v., scene 4.

void of sence, you watry heauens rowle on my gloomy day, and darksome cloudes close vp my cheerfull sownde, downe is thy sunne Richard, neuer to shine againe, the birdes whose feathers should adorne my head, houters aloft & dares not come in sight, yet faint not man, for this day if Fortune will, shall make thee King possesst with quiet Crown, if Fates deny, this ground must be my graue, yet golden thoughts that reache for a Crowne, danted before by Fortunes cruell spight, are come as comforts to my drooping heart, and bids me keepe my Crowne and die a King. These are my last, what more I haue to say, ile make report among the damned soules. *Exit.*

Enters Richmond to battell againe, and kils Richard.

Enters Report and the Page.

Report. How may I know the certain true report of this victorious battell fought to day, my friend what ere thou beest, tel vnto mee the true report, which part hath wonne the victorie, whether the King or no?

Page. A no the King is slaine and he hath lost the day, and Richmond he hath wonne the field, and tryumphs like a valiant conquerer.

Report. But who is slaine besides our Lord and soueraigne?

Page. Slaine is the worthie duke of Northfolke he, & with him Sir Robart Brokenby, Lieftenant of the Tower, besides Louell, he made also a partner in this Tragedie.

Report. But wheres sir William Catsby?

Page. Hee is this day beheaded on a stage at *Lester*, because he tooke part with my Lord the King. But stay Report, & thou shalt heare me tell the briefe discourse. And how the battell fell then knowe Report, that Richard came to fielde mounted on horsback, with as high resolute as fierce *Achillis* mongst the sturdie Greekes, whom to encounter worthie Richmond, came accompanied with many followers, and then my Lord displayde his colours straight, and with the charge of

Trumpet, Drum and Fyfe, these braue batalians straight encountered, but in the skirmish which cōtinued long, my Lord gan faint, which Richmond straight perceiued, and presently did sound a fresh alarme, but worthie Richard that did neuer flie, but followed honour to the gates of death, straight spurd his horse to encounter with the Earle, in which encountry Richmond did preuaile, & taking Richard at aduantage, then he threw his horse and him both to the ground, and there was woorthie Richard wounded, so that after that he nere recovered strength. But to be briefe, my maister would not yeeld, but with his losse of life he lost the field. Report farewell.

Enter Earle *Richmond*, Earle *Oxford*, L. *Standley*, and their traine, with the Crowne.

Rich. Now noble Peeres and woorthie country-men, since God hath giuen vs fortune of the day, let vs first giue thanks vnto his Deitie, & next with honors fitting your deserts, I must be gratefull to my country men, and woorthie Oxford for thy seruice showne in hote encountring of the enemy, Earle Richmond bindes himselfe in lasting bondes of faithfull loue and perfect vnitie. Sory I am for those that I haue lost by our so dangerous encountring with the foe, but sorrow cannot bring the dead to life: and therefore are my sorrows spent in vaine. Onely to those that liue, thus much I say, I will maintain them with a manuall paie. And louing father, lastly to yourself, tho not the least in our expected aide, we giue more thanks for your vnlooked for aide, then we haue power on so-daine to declare, but for your thanks I hope it shall suffice that I in nature loue & honor you.

L. Stan. Well spoken sonne, and like a man of worth, whose resolutiō in this battell past, hath made thee famous mongst thy enemies. And thinke my son, I glory more to heare what praise the common people gaue of thee, then if the Peeres by general full consent had set me downe to weare the Diadem. Then liue my sonne thus loued of thy friends, and for thy foes prepare to combate them.

Oxf. And Oxford vowes perpetuall loue to thee, wishing as many honours to Earle Richmond, as *Cæsar* had in conquering the world, & I doubt not but if faire fortune follow thee, to see thee honoured mongst thy country men, as *Hector* was among the Lords of *Troy* or *Tulley* mongst the Romane Senators.

Rich. How fares our louely mother Queene?

Enters mother *Queene* and *Elizabeth*.

Queene. In health Earle Richmond, glad to heare the newes that God hath giuen thee fortune of the day. But tell me Lords, where is my sonne Lord Marquesse Dorset, that he is not here? what was he murthered in this Tragedie?

Rich. No louely Queene your sonne doth liue in *France*, for being distrest and driuen by force of tempest to that shore, and many of our men being sicke and dead, we were inforst to aske the King for aide, as well for men as for munition, which then the King did willingly supply, prouided, that as hostage for those men, Lord Marquesse Dorset should be pledge with thē. But Madame now our troubled warre is done, Lord Marquesse Dorset shall come home againe.

Queene. Richmond, gramercies for thy kinde good newes, which is no little comfort to thy friends, to see how God hath beene thy happie guide in this late conquest of our enemies. And Richmond, as thou art returned with victorie, so we will keepe our words effectually.

Rich. Then Madame for our happie battelles victorie, first thanks to heauen, next to my foreward country-men, but Madame pardon me tho I make bold to charge you with a promise that you made, which was confirmed by diuerse of the Peeres, touching the marriage of Elizabeth, and hauing ended what I promised you, Madam, I looke and hope to haue my due.

Stand. Then know my sonne, the Peeres by full consent, in that thou hast freed them from a tyrants yoke, haue by election chosen thee as King, first in regard they account thee vertuous, next, for that they hope all forraine broyles shall seace,

and thou wilt guide and gouerne them in peace, then sit thou downe my sonne, and here receiue the Crowne of England as thy proper owne, sit downe.

Oxf. Henry the seuenth, by the grace of God, King of England, *France*, and Lord of *Ireland*, God saue the King.

All. Long liue Henry the seuenth, King of England.

Rich. Thanks louing friends and my kind country-men, and here I vow in presence of you all, to root abuses from this common welth, which now flowes faster then the furious tyde that ouerflowes beyond the bankes of *Nile*. And louing father, and my other friends, whose ready forwardnesse hath made me fortunate, Richmond will still in honourable loue count himselfe to be at your dispose, nor do I wish to enioy a longer life, then I shall liue to think vpon your loue. But what saith faire Elizabeth to vs? for now wee haue welcommed our other friends, I must bid you welcome Ladie amongst the rest, and in my welcome craue to be resolued, how you resolve touching my profered loue vnto you, here your mother and the Peeres agree, and all is ended, if you condescend.

Eliz. Then know my Lord, that if my mother please, I must in dutie yeeld to her command, for when our aged father left his life, he willed vs honour still our mothers age: and therefore as my dutie doth command, I do commit my self to her dispose.

Queene. Then here my Lord, receive thy royall spouse, vertuous Elizabeth, for both the Peeres and Commons do agree that this faire Princesse shall be wife to thee. And we pray all, that faire Elizabeth may liue for aye, and neuer yeeld to death.

Rich. And so say I, thanks to you all my Lords, that thus haue honoured Richmond with a Crowne, and if I liue, then make account my Lords I will deserue this with more then common loue.

Stan. And now were but my sonne George Standley here, How happie were our present meeting then,
But he is dead, nor shall I euer more see my sweete

Boy whom I do loue so deare, for well I know the vsurper
In his rage hath made a slaughter of my aged ioy.

Rich. Take comfort gentle father, for I hope my brother
George will turne in safe¹ to vs.

Stand. A no my sonne, for he that ioyes in blood, will worke
his furie on the innocent.

Enters two Messengers with *George Standley*.

Stan. But how now what noyse is this?

Mess. Behold Lord Standley we bring thy sonne, thy sonne
George Standley, whom with great danger we haue saued from
furie of a tyrants doome.

L. Stan. And liues George Standley? Then happie that I
am to see him freed thus from a tyrants rage. Welcome my
sonne, my sweete George welcome home.

George Stan. Thanks my good father, and George Standley
ioyes to see you ioynd in this assembly. And like a lambe
kept by a greedie Woolfe within the inclosed sentire of the
earth, expecting death without deliuerie, euen from this daunger
is George Standley come, to be a guest to Richmond & the
rest: for when the bloodie butcher heard your honour did re-
fuse to come to him, hee like a sauage tygre then inraged, com-
manded straight I should be murdered, & sent these two to
execute the deed, but they that knew how innocēt I was, did
post him off with many long delayes, alleaging reasons to alaie
his rage, but twas in vaine, for he like to a starued Lionesse
still called for blood, saying that I should die. But to be
briefe, when both the battels ioyned, these two and others,
shifted me away.

Rich. Now seeing that each thing turnes to our content,
I will it be proclaimed presently, that traytrous Richard
Be by our command, drawne through the streets of *Lester*,
Starke naked on a Colliers horse let him be laide,

¹ Return in safety.

For as of others paines he had no regard,
So let him haue a traytors due reward.
Now for our marriage and our nuptiall rytes,
Our pleasure is they be solemnized
In our Abby of Westminter, according to the ancient custom
due,

The two and twentieth day of August next,
Set forwards then my Lords towards London straight,
There to take further order for the state.

Mess. Thus Gentles may you heere behold, the ioyning of these Houses both in one, by this braue Prince Henry the seauenth, who was for wit compared to *Saloman*, his gouernment was vertuous euery way, and God did wonderously increase his store, he did subdue a proud rebellious Lord, that did encounter him vpon blacke heath. He died when he had raigned full three and twentie yeares eight moneths, and some odde dayes, and lies buried in Westminster. He died & left behind a sonne.

Mess. A sonne he left, a Harry of that name, a worthie, valiant and victorious Prince, for on the fifth yeare of his happie raigne, hee entered *France*, and to the Frenchmens costs, hee wonne *Turwin* and *Turney*. The Emperour serued this King for common pay, and as a mersonary prince did follow him. Then after *Morle* and *Morles*, conquered he, and still did keepe the French men at a bay. And lastly in this Kings decreasing age he conquered *Bullen*, and after when he was turned home he died, when he had raigned full thirtie eight yeares, nine moneths and some odde dayes, and was buried in *Windsore*. He died and left three famous sprigs behinde him.

Edward the sixt, he did restore the Gospell to his light, and finished that his father left vndone. A wise yoong Prince, giuen greatly to his booke. He brought the English seruice first in vse, and died when he had raigned six yeares, fiue moneths, & some odde dayes, and lieth buried in Westminster.

*Eliza.*¹ Next after him a Mary did succcede, which married Philip King of *Spaine*, she raigned five yeares, foure moneths and some odde dayes, and is buried in Westminster. When she was dead, her sister did succeed.

*Queene.*¹ Worthie Elizabeth, a mirrour in her age, by whose wise life and ciuill gouernment, her country was defended from the crueltie of famine, fire and swoord, warres fearefull messengers.

This is that Queene as writers truly say,
 That God had marked downe to liue for aye.
 Then happie England mongst thy neighbor Iles,
 For peace and plentie still attends on thee :
 And all the fauourable Planets smiles
 To see thee liue in such prosperitie.
 She is that lampe that keeps faire Englands light,
 And through her faith her country liues in peace :
 And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight,
 And bene the meanes that ciuill wars did cease.
 Then England kneele upon thy hairy knee,
 And thanke that God that still prouides for thee.
 The Turke admires to heare her gouernment,
 And babies in *Iury*, sound her princely name,
 All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent,
 After her rule was rumord foorth by fame.
 The Turke hath sworne neuer to lift his hand,
 To wrong the Princesse of this blessed land.
 Twere vaine to tell the care this Queene hath had,
 In helping those that were opprest by warre :
 And how her Maiestie hath stil bene glad,

¹ It is so absurd that the Queen and her daughter should take this Chorus out of the mouths of the two Messengers, that I at one time thought that the words *Eliza.*, *Queene*, were misplaced from a marginal note in the manuscript, calling the attention of the reader that *Queen Elizabeth* was now the subject of the Chorus; but that King Richard's two murderers should speak this Epilogue is perhaps equally preposterous.

When she hath heard of peace proclaim'd from far.
Ieneua, France, and Flanders hath set downe,
 The good she hath done, since she came to the Crowne.
 For which, if ere her life be tane away,
 God grant her soule may liue in heauen for aye.
 For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,
 Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.

FINIS.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

Page 17, line 20—and a rush stiffly knit, which if I could find a knot, I would give one halfe to the dogs and set fire on the other.] This looks like a proverbial expression; but I have not been able to find an instance of the last part of the phrase. *Nodum in scirpo quærere* was the Roman proverb for *to stumble on plain ground*, and in Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets there is an allusion to it:—

“O, this it is: the knotted straw is found.”

APPENDIX.

[For permission to print the following Latin play, the Members of the Shakespeare Society are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Archdall, Master, and the Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to the Library of which House belongs the manuscript. There is another copy in the University Library, and the existence of the piece has always been well known. The Emmanuel MS. is written in a tolerably fair engrossing hand of about the year 1640.

The University Library copy is also a transcript from some common original, in a still fairer scrivener's hand, and has supplied me with the few blanks left in the Emmanuel copy, although the former has in return some blanks which are filled up in the latter. It was not considered worth while to make a complete collation of the two copies; but the Emmanuel one is evidently transcribed by the better Latinist, though the inferior calligraphist. This manuscript also alone contains the names of the actors, the English marginal notes, and the orders of processions, the University manuscript having no English but the textual stage-directions in the last part. But the latter commences with the following title, which is omitted in the former :

wirklich
machs gut

Thomæ Legge legum doctoris
Collegii Caio-goneviliensis in
Academia Cantabrigiensi
magistri ac Rectoris.

Richardus tertius Tragedia trivespa
habita Collegii Divi Johnis
Evangeliste
Comitii Bacchelaureorum
Anno Domini 1579
Tragedia in tres actones divisa.

The work is alluded to by Sir John Harrington in his Apologie of Poetry, 1591, as follows: "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies,

that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of Richard III, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrefie all tyrannous-minded men;" and this observation is quoted by Thomas Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, at p. 55 of the Society's reprint of that work. The play is also alluded to in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, as follows:—"or his fellow codshead, that in the Latine tragedie of King Richard cries *Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than *Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma*." Vid. post. p. 87.

The author of this play was Dr. Thomas Legge, who probably wrote it for the purpose of being performed before the Queen. In the year 1592, he was Vice Chancellor of the University, "and," says Mr. Collier,¹ "in a communication to Lord Burghley, he refers to some offence given to the Queen, probably by requiring, in answer to her wishes to see a play at Cambridge, time and the use of the Latin tongue; and mentions that the University had sent some of its body to Oxford, to witness the entertainment there given to Her Majesty, in order to be better prepared hereafter to obey her directions." Besides the play of *Richardus Tertius* now first printed, he wrote a tragedy called the *Destruction of Jerusalem*, and, to use Fuller's words,² "having at last refined it to the purity of the publique standard, some plagueary filched it from him, just as it was to be acted." Fuller also informs us that Dr. Palmer, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, was the original performer of Richard, and very successful in Legge's other play. Dr. Legge died in 1607, and his monument and portrait are still existing at Caius College, of which he was appointed Master by the Founder.

Mr. Halliwell kindly informs me that, in 1586, Henry Lacey wrote a play under the same title, but that it is a poor imitation of Legge's. Of Lacey's play two copies will be found in the British Museum, MSS. Harl. 2412, 6926. That these "University men" had acquired some reputation by their theatrical performances, is proved by the well-known dialogue in Nash's *Return from Parnassus*, reprinted in Hawkins, in which Kemp and Burbage are seen in treaty with two of them, called *Philomusus* and *Studioso*, for engagements as actors, and in which one of them gives a taste of his quality, by reciting the opening speech of Shakespeare's *Richard the Third*.]

¹ Hist. of Dram. Poet., i., 296.

² Fuller's Worthies, ii., 156.

RICHARDUS TERTIUS.

D. SHEPHARD, Elizabetha Regina.

Mr. FOX, Cardinalis, Archiepis: Cantu:

Mr. WHALEY, Nuntius.

L. W. HOWARD, Eduardus Rex quindecem annorū.

Mr. PALMAR, Richardus dux Glocest:

Mr. STRINGER, dux Buckingh:

Mr. WILKINSON, Riverius

Mr. BOOTH, Hastings

Mr. HODSON, Stanleus

Mr. HILL Sr. Hawardus postea dux Norfolciensis.

Mr. BAYLY, Lovellus

Mr. STANTON, Episco: Eliensis

Ds. PILKINGTON, ancilla Reginae

Mr. ROBINSON, Catsbeius, Juris peritus

Mr. HILL Sr. Howardus, Equestris ordinis¹

Ds. PUNTER, servus ducis Glocestriae

Mr. KNOX, Hastings, miles calligatus

Ds. FRAUNCE, civis Londinensis

Ds. HOWLAND

Ds. HELOWE

Mr. KENDALL

chorus tumultuantium civium Satelles Becke

[Buck^e.]

Ds. REMER, Archiepisco: Eboracensis

Serviens ad arma

Prosecutor vulgo *pursevant*.

¹ Inserted twice.

RHODES med:	Richardus dux Eboracensis parvulus	}	Muti
Mr. BOWES,	Graius heros adolescens		
	Vaghanus		
WOODCOCKE.	Conjux Shori		
	Hawt		
	Sacerdos	}	
	Quinq filiae Elizabethæ Reginae		

CHAPMAN, Argumentū primæ actionis.¹

Eduardus quartus, rex Anglorū mortem obiit

Hic duos reliquit filios. Eduardus maior princeps Walliæ annos habebat quindecim, alter Richardus dux Eborū undecimū vitæ annū egit. Richardus dux Glocestriæ, frater Eduardi defuncti, homo nimia ambitione elatus, cum nepotis adhuc tenerā ætatem videret, facile ad regnū aditū sibi patēre putat. Itaq primū reginæ p amicos psuadet ut Eduardus quintus iter nullo milite armaret, dum Londinū e Wallorū finib⁹ properaret. Interim ipse cum amicis clam cōmunicat, quantū inde periculū sibi crearetur si regis tenelli tutela solis reginæ propinquis demandaretur. Qui dū cæteris heroib⁹ inviderent, facile in eorum pñiciem regis nomine abuti possent. Itaq Riveriū virū nobilem regis avunculū, et Grayū fratrem ejus uterinū á rege ipso avulsū in vincula conjicit. Qui nec ita multo post, Pontefracti capite plectuntur. Regem ipsū, tutor à senatu illustri declaratus, in suā tutelā accipit, porro a Regina, quæ tū ad asylum metu confugerat, Ducem Eborū parvulū, p Cardinalem Archiepiscopū Eboracensem, nihil tum suspicantem, abstulit. Ubi Regios pueros in Arce tanquā in Carcere conclusisset, primū Hastingū nobilem virū, quod nimis eū studere nepotibus suspicaretur, injustè damnatū morte afficit. Cardinalis, Episcopus Eliensis, Stanleus heros in carcerem detruduntur, ne quid inceptis suis obstarent, quod eorū fidem erga regulos pertimesceret. Postremò Shori conjux (quoniam morti eam damnare non poterat) tanquā meretrix infamiæ pœna afficitur.

¹ This line is written in red ink, and the name is perhaps that of the transcriber.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

ELIZABETHA REGINA, CARDINALIS,
NUNTIVS.

REGINA.

Quicumq̃ lætis credulus rebus nimis
confidit, et magna potens aula cupit
regnare, blandū quærit is malū, licet
magnū nihil sperare generosū genus
jubebat: Eduardi tamen Regis thoro
conjuncta sum, post quā tuos thalamos
mihi,

generose Gray, triste fatū sustulit.
dulci veneno gustiebam credula,
et rapuit altis inclytus titulis honor
donec meū spernebat abjectū genus
cognatus heros Regis, et tristem meis
Inimicus affinis parabat exitū.

His cura major, filii quod traditur,
et Regiū curat Nepotum avunculus.
volui meos Regi propinquos jungere
comites, ut annis altiūs primus amor
hæreat, tenera dū surgit ætas grandior.
nec tristis hæc contenta peste sors fuit
prius malū majoris est gradus mali
Exhalat ægrotum maritus spiritū,
et fata rumpunt regis impia manu
sævæ sorores, invident virū mihi
mortale fatis luditur genus. sibi
spondere quicquā non potest tam stabile
fortuna quod non versit anceps. sordida
manet domus tantūm beata, dum timet
virtus ruinas magna. Postquā duplici

mater sobole ditata sum Regis domū
petebat hæredem remota Wallia:
nec principe libenter suo gens Cambria
carebat: hinc iter properat huc filius
Brevis ordo comitatuū meorū, ut cin-
gerent

Regale diademate caput: Matrem
licet

gaudere læta sceptrā cogunt filii:
At gaudiū sperare promissū sibi
mens avida non audet, timet adeptū
bonū,

metūq̃ pturit semel natus metus,
multisq̃ curis pectus urit anxīū,
Sin filiis externa vis adhuc nihil
minetur infidū, nec extortū sibi
Regnū, domus Lancastria Eduardo
incidet,

Et rapta quondam sceptrā victrici
manu

pati potest adhuc: tamen domesticus
premit timor, majusq̃ formidat nefas
animus malis assuetus, et vario tremor
mentem tumultu, spesq̃ laceram dis-
trahit,

Infustus ô Regni favor multis suā
conversus in pœnam ruit, postquā diu
falso viros splendore lusit credulos.

CARDINALIS.

Regina præcellens Elizabetha caput,
curas cur anxio revolvis pectore?
et publicū luctu tuo oneras gaudiū?
quin sperne mentis turbidæ ludibria

Matrisq̃ tristes læta deme spiritus,
dum filii caput corona cingitur.

REGINA.

Sacrū caput præstans honore Cardinis,
insignis Archipræsul atq̃ Cantii,
nescire quenquam miserias miserū
magis.

Quod tempus unquā lachrymis caruit
mihi?

Non Regis Eduardi gemo durā luem,
odiū ne triste plango demens heroū
vetus hoc malū. Cum Walliā linquens
suā

stipato armatus rediret milite
ut regna patris jure possideat suo

Eduardus hæres: Sermo multorū
frequens

aures fatigat, nec monere desinit,
nullis ut armis sepiat princeps iter,
se subditis committeret nudū suis.

sin clauderet milite suo Regis latus
stipata regem sola Graiorū domus
timere tum mali nihil princeps potest:
Mox in suā armari necem tot milites
Proceres putabunt: nup̃ extinctæ minæ
facile fidem dabunt, et vulnera recru-
descere

sanata malè mox suspicantur. Ergo dum
sese timent objicere inermes hostib⁹.

Ferro simul vitam tuentur illico,
Belli furore totū inundavit solū,
Calcante tellus equite terrendū gemit
belli tumultu ardebit insana Anglia
statimq̃ amoris foedus ictū frangitur.

Tum p̃fidū mulctabit authorem scelus
poenasq̃ pendet lapsa Graiorū domus.
Primū p̃ artus gellidus excurrit metus

tandem suis tremebunda monitis animo
mox litteris edere cuncta fratrib⁹
ut milite nullo cingant filii latus,
pompaq̃ magna Regis exonarent iter.
ubi sola secreta sagax repeto metus,
nova cura mentem concutit formidine,
nec prædæ nudus offeratur hostibus,
Ingens domū nostram invidia premit,
furit

ambitio, nullā cœca dum maculam
timet

se modica non tuetur ætas filii.
fratri suo mortem intulit Glocestrius
Quomodo nepoti ambitio parcat potui.

CARD.

Cesset timere matris infælicis amor,
Vanosq̃ desine falsa mentiri dolos.
Injustus est rerū æstimator dolor,
Nunquid juvat terrere vano pectora
tremore? pessimus augur in malis
timor,

semperq̃ sibi falsò minatur, et suā
vocat ruinā quamvis ignotā priùs.
Proceres sepultis morte Regis litibus
longam quietem consecrarunt: nec
minas
veretur extinctas sanata Brittania.

Odia movebit nova rebellis qui timet
priora.

NUNTIUS.

Mediū Rex iter sospes tenet.

REGINA.

Quæ filiū nunc detinet fessū via?

NUNTIUS.

Bis sera stellifero excidit cœlo dies
Northamptonū cum fessa membra tan-
gerent.

REGINA.

Et quanta turba Regiū claudit latus?

NUNT.

Ubi Wallia mutaret accellerans sedes,
frequens satelles sepiebat principem,
illiꝫ multos junxit assiduus labor.

Postquā tuas Riverius literas
cepisset, omni milite corpus principis
nudabat, unus comigrat Riverius,
suoꝫ junctus Graius heros patruo.

REGINA.

Dux obviā Glocestrius Regi fuit?

NUNT.

Is literis Regi salutem nuntiat,
regno suo precatur æternū decus,
multaqꝫ præce comūne gaudiū beat.

Honore præstans dux Buckinghamiæ
affatur officiis iisdem Principem,
Regiꝫ promittunt brevi comites fore
Scribit frequens Riverio Glocestrius,
Invisit et Graiū nepotem literis
benigne pollicetur omnia nunciis
et pars fatigat magna nobiliū simul.

REGINA.

Postquā favor flatu secundo vexerit
ratem procul: reliquit idem languidus
alto mari, multisꝫ jactat fluctibus.
Res prosperæ si quando lætari jubent,
rursus revolvor in metus, nec desinit
animus pavere læta quamvis cerneret.

CARD.

Facilè sinistris credit auguriis timor.

REG.

Nihil sapit, quisquis parū doctus sapit.

CARD.

Hoc facilè credunt, qui nimis miseri
timent.

REG.

Quisquis cavet futura, torquetur minus.

CARD.

Sperare virtus magna, nunquā desinit.

REG.

Quò plura speras falsò, turbaris magis.

CARD.

Terrent adhuc sopita nobiliū mala?

REG.

Veterata non sanantur illico vulnera.

CARD.

Sancivit ista morte princeps fœdera.

REG.

Tum principe mori dubia quærunt fœ-
dera.

CARD.

Privata vincit odia comūnis salus.

REG.

Privata publicā quietem destruit
ambitio.

CARD.

Semp esse nū miserā juvat.

REG.

Timere didicit quisquis excelsus stetit.
rebusꝫ magnis alta clauditur quies.

Auro venenū bibitur ignotum casæ
humili malū, ventisꝫ cunctis cognita
superba sumo, tecta nutant culmine.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

RICH. DUX GLOC. HEN. DUX BUCK-
INGHAMLÆ, RIVERUS HEROS, HAS-
TINGUS HEROS.

GLO.

Riverianæ splendor et decus domus,
custos pupilli regis, heros nobilis,

Qualis cruentæ matris eripiens minis
 Electra fratrem servat in regnū patris:
 Talis nepotem Wallicis tutans agris
 reddis suæ incolumem fidelis patriæ.
 Populus tam frequens fidem merito sonat
 En gratus hic tibi labor Britaniæ
 Et nos pares psolvimus grates tibi
 castos labores Wallicæ norunt sedes
 curam parem regis fatetur longum iter,
 postquā suo Wallia carebat principe,
 at ubi suū mundo diem reparat coma
 radiante Tytan, et leves umbras fugat,
 cras principis jungemur et lateri simul
 qua ducitur recta Stonistratfordiam.
 Primo die celeri gradu properabimus,
 quod nunc locus proceres tot unus non
 capit.

RIVER.

O Claudiani Rector illustris soli,
 dux inclyte et generis propago Regii
 Præstare Regi jussit officiū meū,
 Fortuna quicquid nostra præclarū dedit,
 Ponenda bello est vita Regi debita,
 Si modo aliter nequeunt minæ frangi
 hostiū,

Vestræ quia mensæ patebant mihi dapes
 hac nocte, vobis jure multū debeo.
 Jam laxat artus languidos gratus sopor
 Lectoq fessa membra componi juvat,
 placidam quietem noctis opto proximæ.

GLOC.

Præclare dux est stella Buckinghamiæ
 cui servus olim nomen haud latens dedit,
 Et orte claro Hastinge patrū stemmate
 En sol vocata nocte frenos deserens
 sudore fumantes juvas mersit salo,
 Vacuū q cælū luna plustrat viris

silentiū imperans, nitida simul cohors
 comitatur, aspergens lumen vagū polo
 Porro locus omni liber arbitrio vacat
 secretas aures nullus exhibet comes
 Annon vides quam sit miser procerū
 status,

diuq sprete ut nobilis virtus jacet
 Regi licet sanguine superbo jungimur,
 clarisq lucet inclytū titulis genus,
 aditus tamen mihi nullus ad regem patet,
 vetantq cum nepote patruū vivere
 Quò tanta matris cedit impudentia?
 jam fœminæ succumbit Anglorū decus
 En nostra dubitatur fides, sepultus est
 debitus, honor, spretusq sanguis nobilis
 sordescit: olim matris omnino suæ
 tutela Regis sacra cognatis datur.

Illis quando honore tamen haud cedimus
 et in nepotem æqualis elucet fides,
 parū decebat matris abjectū genus,
 Regni thoros amor nisi quod impulit
 claros negare patruos Regi suos
 minusq nobili cōmīte circumdare
 Parum decorū principi aut nobis erit
 comes magis potentior tuebitur
 quod nos malū manet, si qui male
 nobis precantur, Regiūq claudant latus
 primosq prævenient amores principis,
 et illius favore consenescerent,
 quorū mens tenella flectetur statim,
 atq pueros fucata demulcent leves
 seris nec annis respuūt quicquid prius
 placet. In amores deliciasq pristinas
 ætas probat decursa, nec se corrigit
 Eduardus olim quartus (ætas plenior
 quamvis fuit, tempusq longū plurima
 seræ noverca disciplina evasserat)

hem multa quondam facta damnavit sua
lapsū priorem nec resuesit tardior

sensus: Quod heros sensit heu Claren-
tius

Ille, ille novit (heu nimis) frater meus
quam conjugī rex cessit olim credulus
nimis, heu nimis tum nostra suadebant
mala

quòd uxor horreat maritus quem colit
quòd dura nostras sors premebat res
diu

Regina quantū mihi creasset tum luem
perfida, malū mens nisi sagax auertit?
nos ille cœlū qui sua torquet manu,
dirisq̃ flām̃is triste vindicat scelus,
fœlix potenti liberavit dextera.

Heu quot brevi frater furore concitus
dolis eorū morte damnatos truci
perdidit, inani voce pulsantes Jovem?

Nunquā suo parcebat ira sanguini
stragi suorū una propinquos addidit
Sed vetera plangimus: novū īminet
malū.

Nam si tenello solus hæret principi
cōmunis hostis, atq̃ stipabit thronū
infesta nobis una Graiorū domus.

Mox hostiū vires caput nostrū luet,
dum principis sacrato abuti nomine
audebit ad nostrā ruinam atrox domus.

Hoc Jupiter tam providus pater vetet
Quod morte sanxit sacra pacis fœdera
Eduardus, et veteri medetur vulneri
Quietis, atq̃ dexteras nos invicem
conjunximus, simulata pacis pignora
valuit potestas sacra Regis tū magis
quam pace ficta dubia procerū fœdera
pactūq̃ jussu principis percussimus

quemquamne tantus vexat insanū stu-
por?

huic credat ut demens repente qui novus
Ex hoste tam vetusto amicus sumitur?
firmitus inhærebit brevis animi favor,
quàm longa multis invidia lustris ma-
nens?

nunc ergo maturare consiliū decet,
quò longius serpit malū, fieri solet
rubustius, vires semper colligit.

BUCKIN.

O Claudiane rector, atq̃ Regia
de stirpe princeps, turbido infœlix quia
visa est tumultu ardere rursus Anglia,
et bella cœperunt fremere civilia
tuæ ut secreto instillet auri murmure
concepta jussi verba servulū meū,
tua signa Buckinghamiū sequi ducem
miscere præsens verba presenti diu
quærebā, ut hæc tecū loqui possem simul
Regina nobis insolens abutitur
statim premi scelus decet, majus nefas
parit semel motū malū, et nescit modū,
sanare te regni luem tantā decet .
quidvis ferent potius potens procerū
cohors

cruore quàm Regina nostro luderet,
Gnatūq̃ caput armaret in nostrū ferox.

GLOC.

Te patriæ dux ergo vindicem voco
et selere materno labantis Angliæ.
Te, te poli qui jura pcipitis Regis
Et vos corruscū testor agmen cœlitū
tantū Britonū pristinū quæro decus
Acris gravi medela confert vulneri
Regina nunc abest: suis afferre opem
captis nequit, remove jam tutò licet

A Rege cunctas patriæ labes suæ,
 Quin dormientem comprimere Riveriū,
 intraq tecta claudere hospitem decet,
 Sin fugerit, tū consciū probat metus
 mox famulæ illius petas claves domus
 qua nup hospes se Riverius abdidit
 Sin abnuat, Regis imperiū urgeas
 nec ullus inde servus erumpat foras,
 sed sedulò claudantur intus singuli
 nostrisq verbis advove clā servulos
 (horreret admisso licet nondū die
 nox atra) nostrū sepiant corpus tamen
 quod luce prima nos nepotem adibimus.

BUCK.

Regis propinquos si coerces vinculis
 cæcoq captos claudis audax carcere,
 Illico tumultū plebs ciebit mobilis
 Juditia dum non recta sortiris: reis
 et criminis parū nocentes arguas.

GLOC.

En dignitatem principis lædunt sui,
 et nobilem violare sanguinem student
 lacerare quærunt Angliā discordiis.
 Longa Britonū classe sulcavit mare
 Marchio Graiorū frater: in nostrā ne-
 cem
 tot milites armare crudelis potest?
 profundere atq principū longas opes.

HASTING.

At vinculis si patruū premi suū
 Heros videbit Graius, is rapida manu
 Stipabit Eduardū: tremens Britaīia
 parabit arma: seditio miseros trahet.
 Ardore belli conflagrabunt omnia
 nostrarq populus strage purgabit scelus.

GLOCEST.

Aditus viarū munit assiduis vigil,

Irrumpat hinc ut nemo Northampto-
 niam,
 nostrūq prius ad regem iter pverteret,
 Post quā leves discussit umbras Lucifer,
 Nudamq jubebit fugam Phœbea fax,
 nos statuimus Regem priores visere
 ut grata principi fides sic luceat.

BUCK.

Intende nervos viriū, vinci nequit
 generosus ardor, mentis et nullus labor
 curam fatigat anxiam sumi ducis
 Nunquam fidem fallā.

HAST.

Polus tristi prius
 jungetur orco, sydera natabunt aquis
 amicus ignis fluctib⁹ sævus erit
 vincet diem nox: quam meam damnes
 fidem.

RIVER.

Nescio quid animus triste presagat malū,
 horrent timore membra: cor pavet metu
 Demiror hi claves quid hospitii petant,
 quæ tanta cecidit temporū mutatio
 Ultro prioris noctis onerabant dapes
 An jam retentū morte mulcant im-
 proba?

Mihi sunt amici: non amet fucos fides
 Vacillat animus, hæret, haud placet sibi.
 Si fugio, nullus est fugæ tutus locus:
 Si lateo, sceleris conscius demens ero
 en animus ullos innocens negat metus,
 manere certū est: quicquid evenit, fe-
 ram.

Duces adibo: causa quæ sit audiam.

GLOCEST.

O Regis hostis, impiū atq audax caput!
 tu nobiles mulctare suppliciis studes?

et insolentes seminas discordias

EDUARDUS.

tu principis nutum ad necem nram vocas? Gnatus mihi conspectus est, mi patre,
tuisq demens regna misces litibus.

postquā sedes modò barbaras mutavimus

Præstabis istud credis nefandū nefas! habeoq tantis gratiā vobis parem.

RIVER.

BUCK.

Præclare princeps, tale de me nil putes, Tibi beatū firmet imperiū deus.
hoc absit (oro) crimen a nostra fide.

ED. REX.

GLOCEST.

Tuam simul laudo fidem, dux inclyte.

Tace scelestū Regis exitiū tui
patiemur ultro sanguinem nostrū peti?
perdes Britonū solus excelsū decus?
at vos atro mulctate raptū carcere.
comitesq nostrū cæteri cingant latus.

GLOC.

Natura me tuis fidelem jussibus
nescia resisti consecravit et dolos
genus struere Regale me regi vetat
cum cæteris cōmune psuadet fidem
officiū. Aquas inimicus ignis incolet.

RIVER.

Quo me trahitis. Quam jubet pœnā
potens
fortuna? quæ nunc me manent miserū
mala?

sulcabit astra navis et sævo mari
ignota quercus surget, oblitū tui
si quando falsa corrumpat fides.

si morte mulctet, jure damnet publico
Nam quæ salutis spes relinquitur mihi?

Vitā tuis ponā libens bellis, tuis
infestus hostib⁹ mori cupio piè.

EDUARD: REX: DUX: BUCKING: DUX
GLOCES: SERVUS REGIS.

Quæ te supbe Graie, vel fratrem tuū
ambitio tenet, et Riveriū patruū
dum principem vobis studetis subdere
En pessimis miscetis Anglos litib⁹

EDUARD:

Florensq deridetur ortus sanguinis,

Amore captus patriæ preceps iter
quamvis facio, dum Wallicas muto sedes
lubens tamen relinquo Stonistratfordiā
quod huc ferunt properare nunc Glo-
cestriū

Cur usq Dorsetti minatur Marchio

nobis, in arcem irrupit audax Belini

Prædatur inde Regis opes rapida manu

Et classe longū oneravit ingenti salū.

ED REX.

quoniā tot unus non capit procures locus.

Quid Marchio patravit uterinus mihi
nescio: fides suspecta avunculi mei

BUCK.

Cinctus suis Eduardus huc confert
gradū,

Graiiq fratris (crede mihi) nunquā fuit.

GLO.

generosa quos beant avorū stemmata
præite, plebei sequantur ordines.

Immo tuas tanti latant aures doli,

Rex inclyte, secretū magis pugnat scelus.

GLOC.

Te pduellionis esse aio reum

Rex vivat æternū Britanus inclytus.

Scelestē Graie, teq sceleris consciū

Vahanne nuntio: proditorem patriæ

SER. REG.

pfide voco Haute* simul: squalenti car-
cere

Quorsū nepoti nuntius patrui venis.²

SER. GLO.

abdite statim, patriæ graves penas luant.

Ubi mordet impransū fames Glocestriū

SERVUS.

Ducis onerabant lauta mensam prandia

Puerū misellum, lachrymis rigat genas
tristia videns ad vincula correptū fratrem.

Oculis perrat sedulus cunctas dapes,

GLOC.

misitq selectos cibos Riverio,

Te liberam⁹ serve famulatu tuo

animoq jussit æquo ferre singula,

nec te vollumus hære lateri principis

nil rebus illius esse formidabile.

tu principi fidelis stabis comes

SER. REG.

Num respuit benigna demens munera.

Regisq te ppetuus adjunget labor.

SER. GLO.

SERVUS REGIS, SERVUS DUCIS GLOC.

Quem longus usus ferre psuasit malū

SERVUS REGIS.

Fortuna quoties cura tristis intonat,

Regni paterni pondus imbellis puer

Vitæ cupit solamen afflictæ minus,

Non sustinet, suisque victus virib⁹

ubi gratias pleno refundit pectore

tandem ruit: tuetur hostes intimos

Deferre Graio lauta jussit fercula

Munita nomine sacra majestas suo

quem fregerat non cognitus prius dolor

parare dum tristem luem clam cogitat

nec asperos dedicit minor casus pati

ambitioq Regni pva suspecti fides

ut blanda fractū verba confirment ducis

nec principem sinit anxiū quiescere.

et turbidā pmulceant mentem dapes,

Secreta solii pugna. qui loco stares

At jussa me tanti viri decet exequi.

minore tutior. nec amissi premet

SER. REG.

Sceptri metus, vel dissimilis avorū honor.

An fronte simulatus latet blanda dolus

Qui clara torquessydera altitonans pater,

ut impitis alta figat vulnera?

tuisq pingis ignibus cœli globos,

An sorte nos mutata felici beat

Britanniæ potens defende principem

Fortuna, miseros carceris solvens metu?

ut jura verus reddat hæres Angliæ

Faustus cadat tantis procellis exitus.

Quis huc minister advolat celeri pede?

Quo nunc adeo generose pcipitas gradū?

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SER. GLO.

ANCILLA REGINÆ, ARCHIEP. EBOR.

Misit nepoti nobilis Riverius.

REGINA.

SER. REG.

Duci ne tu minister illi carceris.

ANCILLA.

SER. GLO.

Ego Claudianæ fidus astabā comes.

Qui vindices faces potens torques manu,
mitisq rebus collocas fessis opem,

* Sir Thomas Vaughan and Sir Richard Hawte.

miserere jactatae Eboracensis domus.
 Quis est malorū finis? heu! heu!
 quamdiū
 Regina victa luctibus diris gravat?
 Quæ possidet ferox Erinnis Regiam.
 Tortos vel angues Megara crudelis vi-
 brans
 Luctūq̄ majorem prior luctus vocat
 Et vix malis Regina tantis sufficit.
 Quis me p̄ auras turbo raptam devehet
 ne tot misera tristes querelas audiam
 mæstæ domus luctusq̄ matris lugubres.

ARCHIEP. EBOR.

Lett his servants
 be about him
 wh hoods.

Nondum fugata nocte sol
 reparat diem,

Nec deserit fratri vices

Phœbi soror

vel pulsa cælo contrahit lumen vagū
 nox sera: Quorsū noctis umbris par-
 cere
 quæris, celere solamen, imēnsū malū
 desiderat: æger non patitur animus
 moras

Let yem bee
 knocking in the
 pallace as re-
 mooveinge.

Mentem placare turbi-
 dam matris para.

Sed quis tumultus? tur-
 ba quanta Regia

Effare tanti nocte, strepitus quid velint.

ANCILLA.

Splendens honore antistes Eboracensiū
 Diros tibi renovare me casus jubes
 post quā Luna fessis suaserat,
 et cæca nox horreret, amisso die
 Increbuit aula, vinculis Riverium
 duris premi et Graiū nepotem: tū locus
 quis principem capiat, tenere neminem.

Postquā paterent tanta reginæ mala,
 animus tremore concitus subito stupet,
 Solvuntur (heu) labante membra spi-
 ritu

Postquā trementes misera vires colligit,
 en, talibus mox astra pulsatur vocibus
 O dura fata, parcite: heu quod voluitis
 Quantū scelus spiratis? an pœnæ pla-
 cent,

In hoc caput jaculare vindices faces
 Irate pater: inocens quid admisit puer?
 quid meruit parvus quid infans p̄ditur?
 una ruina concutis totā domum

Non sustinet labante mox collo caput
 Largo madescunt imbre profusæ genæ
 cor triste magnis æstuat dolorib⁹.

cultū decorum regiæ vestis procul
 removet, et eximii rubores muricis
 Quieta nunquam constat, huc, illuc,
 fugit,

tolli jubet iterūq̄ poni corpora.
 Et semp impatiens sui status, citò
 mutatur, et cœlū quærelis verberat

nunc filiū gemit, suorū nunc luem,
 curamq̄ serā, tanta sentiunt vulnera
 dempti satellitis. [reclamat anxia]*

Mox illa asylo purpurā servos jubet
 aurūq̄ fulvū rapere, supellectilem
 et quas habebat regia excelsas opes,
 Et ne leves obsint moræ vehentib⁹.

hinc brevior ut pateret ad templū via
 interna jussit p̄forari mœnia

Regis, quàm asylū clauditur patiū
 Charūq̄ demens filiū tenens sinu,

et quinq̄ mater filias vocans fugit
 sacras ad ædes. Interim tremens metu

* All bracketed words are supplied from the University Library MS.

qualis leonis faucibus vastis premi
fugiens timet, dum præda poscitur, fera.

REGINA.

A curtaine being drawne, let the
queene appeare in y^e Sanctu-
ary, her 5 daughters and
maydes about her, sittinge
on packs, fardells, chests,
cofers. The queene sitting
on y^e ground wth fardells
about her.

Eboracensis urbis excel-
lens pater.
Ergo deesse quid malis
nostris potest?
aut fata vincere nostra
quis potuit miser?
Frustra timemus jam vi-
dere quæ horruit
magnæ domus (heu) reli-
quæ parvæ sumus.

tantūq̃ miseros templa tutantur sacra
Durū parant funus propinqui sangui-
nis:
nec quis tenet regem locus, servi sciunt.
An non perimus: ulla spes manet
domus?

ARCHIEP. EBOR.

Metus remitte, pone curas anxias
Erroris istud omne quodcunq̃ est malū
Quicquāne gravis animos levat miseros
dolor?

Quin mitiūs de reb⁹ istis cogita.

Mihi nup̃ ubi suadet soporem cæca nox
me suscitāt somno sepultū nuntius.
Hastingus heros misit, hic narrat mihi
traxisse Northamtoniæ moras duces,
ubi subditis stipatus hæret rex suis.
Pectus mihi quisquā timore luderet,
nam cuncta tandem sorte fœlici cadent.

REGINA.

Ille, ille nostri durus hostis sanguinis
Hastingus, ille principi exitiū parat:
En, vindices mater deos supplex precor,
Dirū caput flām̄is nefandis obruant.

ARCHIEP. EBOR.

Laxa furentis turgidos animi motus,
et siste prudens impetus mentis graves
testor deorū numen, astra qui sua
torquent manu, si filiū præter tuū
quenquā coronant, proximo statim die
fratri huic suo decora regni insignia
trademus; en magnū sygillū nunc tibi,
quod mihi tuus quondam maritus de-
tulit,
reddam tuo quem nunc tueris filio.

ARCHIEP. SOLUS.

Rector potens Olympi, et altitonans
pater

Ergo placidam sana quietem patriæ,
ut tractet hæres sceptrā puerili manu
Ne dura regnū pœna victori cadet
belliq̃ spem fingunt novā Lancastriæ,
dum cæde se litabat hostis impia.
Sed quid facis? quæ mentis oblivio capit?
Cuiquamne te magnū sygillū tradere?
cui detulisti? fœminæ? quin semp̃ fuit
invisa, tum fidem duces ludent tuā,
dum magna Regni cura temere pro-
ditur.

Num fœminæ credis? facile resistitur
Et in tuū vis sæviet solū caput
Nunc ego mittā qui sygillū clam petat,
ut non meam duces levem damnent
fidem.

SERVUS GLOC. CHORUS PROCERU⁷ TU-
MULTUANTIU⁷ CIVES, HASTING⁹ HE-
ROS, ARCHIEP. EBOR.

SERVUS GLOC.

Jam quamlibet defendit excubitor viā
totamq̃ densæ Thamesim sulcant rates,

ut nemo prumpat ad asylū profuga.

Nil Claudiane dux sacrā metuas fidem

Quin matris ad templa surripiunt

opes

Let artificers
come running
out with clubs
and staves.

Quos hic tumultus conci-
tatis improbi?

Quo pellit insanos Eliza-
bethæ furor?

PRIM⁹ PROC.

Urbs, urbs, Cives, ad arma, ad arma.

SERVUS.

En arma doliis vehuntur abdita

quib⁹ necem ducibus rebelles clam pa-
rant.

2⁹ PROCER.

Some armed, with
privy coates
with gownes
throwne over.
Some unarmed.

Quodnā malū tantus tu-
multus parturit?

3⁹ PROCER.

Onerata navigiis Tamesis
horruit aqua.

4⁹ PROCER.

Regina fugiens arma multa simul ve-
hit?

5⁹ PROCER.

Quidnā parat regina crudelis malū?

6⁹ PROCER.

At arma feriant, si minentur, non ve-
hant.

7⁹ PROCER.

Dii feminæ tam triste vindicent nefas.

8⁹ PROCER.

At te deus pusille princeps, muniat.

ARCHIEP. EBOR.

Regni potentis nobilis procerū cohors.

An rumor audax credulos ludit, metus

Spargens novos? vel crescit in luctus
vetus

malū? furensq̃ repetit agnitū prius

Ambitio thronū? et poscit in prædā sibi?

Præceps moras tumultus haud patitur,
leves

Supplex ad aras sternitur mater tremens.

Regina regnū suspicatur filii

plures atro clauduntur heroes specu

Quorū fides regis tutelā meruit

Imbecillis regis ætas admittit nefas,

Scelusq̃ facile concitat timidū licet,

Sanū statim expedire consiliū decet,

Donec quis errat qui dolus patat magis

sed clarus huc Hastings heros advolat.

HASTINGUS.

Non vos latebat, chara civiū cohors,

Rex me quibus est amplexus amorib⁹.

Arctius et ejus colere chara pignora

cogunt benigni tanta regis munera.

Quorū nisi vitam mea luerem nece,

ingrata foedaret magis nulla nota

Lædi doleo rumore pacem futili,

varioq̃ turbari Britannos murmure :

Hospes video tumultuari subditos

per tota raptare volantes mænia.

Quorsū metu vexare vano pectora

juvat? Ora quicquid mentiuntur gar-
rula,

pspecta mihi fides Glocestria satis fuit,

En, ducit alacri Regulū pompa modo, ut

tenerū corona cingeret fulva caput.

At dura quos premit proceres custodia

Lacerare probris profidi Glocestriū

quærunt ducem: cæcoq̃ frigent carcere

litem sacratus dū senatus poneret

Unū precor supplex (patres) sententia

ne nostra mentem posterā perverteret,

ne publico lites vigerent funere

Ad arma ne nos vir rebellis concitet
 Justissima licet bella suadere queant.
 Horū feretur causa semp justior.
 Armis suis quicunq claudant prin-
 cipem
 dum mœnib⁹ Regalis adventat puer,
 urbs principi pacata gratuletur suo.
 REX EDUARDUS, PRÆTOR LONDINENSIS.

EDUARDUS.

Ubi barbaras sedes mutavimus feræ
 gentis, revertor sospes ad patrios lares
 Urbis supbæ clarus hic pollet nitor,
 Regniq splendet majus inclyti decus.
 Urbs chara, salve tanta: nunquā gaudia
 post tot ruinas Asiæ Argivis nunquā
 Optata patriæ regna et Argolicas opes
 cum bella post tam longa primi vise-
 rent.

Vix hospiti tot lustra tam lætū tibi
 redditū licet tantis miser naufragiis
 ereptus esses, dux Cephaberū parant
 Quam cressit amissæ voluptas patriæ
 hospes diu postquā carebas, et suos
 negant aspectus longam iter mihi.

PRÆTOR LOND.

Illustre patriæ decus rex inclyte
 en læta profudit cohors se civiū
 ut gratuletur principi multū suo
 sol nostro ut alter luceas felix polo
 hæresq patris jura Britannis dares
 cives deū pulsabit anxius prece.

DUX GLOC.

The King goeing about the stage. Eduardus en rex vester,
 o cives mei,
 honore fulgens regio, en potens puer
 chare Britannis principem vides tuū,
 virtute præstantem fidelis abdite.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

HASTINGUS HEROS.

Regina in ædibus squalens sacris sedet
 Duris propinqui comprimuntur vinculis
 Tutorq declaratus Angliæ modo
 suffragiis Glocestrius nostris fuit.
 Magnū sygillū præsuli Eborū demitur
 Hunc Claudianus jure potens vulnerat,
 quod prodidit levi sigillū fœminæ
 Fœlix beabit cuncta sors, hostes jacent
 et Pontefracti, jam manent tristem
 necem

Properate fato, mox graves pœnas
 luant.

Sed quid cesso sacrū senatū visere.

DUX GLOCEST. DUX BUCK. CARD.
 EBOR. EPISC. ELIENS. STANLEIUS
 HASTING⁹ HOWARDUS, LOVELLUS,
 BARONES.

GLOCEST.

Illustris o procerū cohors, quos Anglia
 gens nobilis peperit, nil tandem movet
 tam triste reginæ scelus? tantam pati
 infamiam generosa mens adhuc potest?
 Malitia tam diu latebit fœminæ?
 En, gnatū asylo inimica captivū tenet,
 ut querulo rebellis agitet murmure
 proceres Britanniae, atque duris vulneret
 verbis, tumultu turba concito. Quasi
 fides

incerta tutorū sit, anxius quibus
 senatus Eborū ducis curam dedit
 Nec parvulū hostis amotus procul
 solū tenetur, aut bene notatus cibus:
 Trahunt magis moderata puerū ludicra

Aetas suis æquata deliciis placet.
 Nunquā seni colludet iūnistus puer,
 fratrisq̃ ludo frater instabit magis.
 Solere parvis magna sæpe crescere
 Quis nescit? ingens regis esset dedecus
 Nostramq̃ damnet non levis fidem labes,
 Dum fama Gallis profuga obgannit,
 sacras
 quòd fugit ad aras principis frater metu.
 Citiùs nihil volare maledicto potest:
 Opinio firmata nec statim perit.
 Ergo viri mittantur assensa sacro
 quorū dubia nunquam fides regi fuit,
 Matri minùs suspecta, cognita patriæ
 satis,
 ut filiū sacro solutū carcere, fratri suo
 restituat. At tuam fidem
 tantū negotiū requirit (Cardinis
 honore præstans Archipræsul inclyte)
 Præstare si tua non gravetur sanctitas.
 Hoc regis ingens flagitat solatiū,
 salusq̃ fratris, certa patriæ quies.
 Sin detinet regina gnatū pertinax,
 nec matris infoelix amor morem gerit:
 Suprema regis jussa luctantem premant
 Malitia constabit, odiū, protervia
 Quæ mentis est opinio nostræ, lubens
 audi (favente namq̃ spiritū deo)
 Nunquā meos urgebo sensus pertinax,
 sed facile flectet sævior sententia.

DUX. BUCKIN.

Quem solitudo principis non com̃ovet,
 procerūq̃ deflectens honor, aut patriæ
 Salus diu jactata? dū claustris sacris
 gnatū premit vesana mater, dedecus
 Ingens puer sejunctus affert principi
 Nec tutū erit carere fratre parvulo,

Vulgus probris futile lacescit improbis,
 quasi nulla regis cura magnates tenet,
 Non solū prolis mater ortū vendicat
 suisq̃ tantū stulta delitiis putet
 nasci: vocat regni decus: patriam statim
 curare dulcis matris oblitū jubet.
 Quòd melius hæc suadere Cardinis pater
 Antistes excellens potest, assentior
 Sin pavida amoris mater ignorat modū,
 vi filiū sibi jubebit eripi.

HASTIN. HEROS.

Quorsum sacris hæreret ulnis parvulus?
 fratri triumphū Regis aut cur invidet?
 Sin filii tremebunda periculū tremit,
 At hic paternū sepiet frequens genus
 Hic à sacro jussus senatu tutor est,
 Regisq̃ curabunt amantes subditi.
 Tum mutuū fratrum vocat solatiū
 proterva mater sin recusat mittere
 Cardinis illū præsul ereptū avehat.

CARD.

Ut fratris aulā frater oblectet simul,
 aut gratus Angliæ meus prosit labor,
 meisq̃ recuso æquale viribus nihil.
 Gnatū sacra sin mater æde continet,
 solusq̃ fratrem rex suū non impetrat:
 promissa templo jura nunquā rumpere
 tamen decet, sanxisse quem divū Petrum
 primū ferunt, mox prisca firmavit fides,
 et longus ordo principū pepigit: bonis
 multis sacra pepcisse pacta constitit,
 nec ullus Isther audet Alanis feris
 præbens fugam violare, nec rigens nive
 tellus perenni hircana, vel sparsus
 Scythæ
 Nemo sacrilegus diis datam rumpit
 fidem.

At Regulo fratrem dabit matris sinus,
nec filii invidet parens solatio.
Sin fratris aula fratre ppetuò vacet,
et filiū mater sacro carcere tenet,
Nihil meus damnabitur castus labor,
solusq matris impedit cæcus amor.

DUX BUCKIN.

Quin matris impedit magis protervia
Audebo vitam pignori deponere
nullam timoris vel sibi causā putet
vel filio, nemo lubens cum fœmina
pugnabit: optarem propinquis mulie-
brem
sexū simul: perturbat Angliā minus.
Quibus odiū peperit scelus tantū suū,
Non quod genus suo trahunt de san-
guine,
Sin chara nec regina nobis, aut sui
essent propinqui: Regis at fratrem tamen
odisse quid juvat? genus enim nobile
junxit propinquos: at nisi invisus sibi
Honor esset, et minetur infamem notam
Nolis, suū nunquā negaret filiū,
Suspecta enim nunquam fides procerū
fuit

Suū sibi proceres relinquent filium,
Sibi si loco mater decoro [manserit]

[DUX GLOC.]

Nunc ergo vobis filiū si deneget,
quorū fides sibi satis est cognita:
Immanis hæc erit protervia fœminæ,
Non frigidaē mentis pavor. Sin adhuc
timet
Infausta mater, quæ timere umbrā
potest,
tantò magis cavere matris amor jubet
Suspecta ne furtū sacrū gnatū suū

ad externos regina mittat. Millies
promissa templo jura præstat frangere,
tantū senatus dedecus quam perferat.

Aliq nostrūm luderent pulcrū caput
spectare qui fratrem cadentem principis
possumus: ergo filiū matri suū

Templo solutum vi decebit eripi,
ne jure simus exteris ludibrio.

Nec ego fidem lubens asyli læderem,
cui robur ætas longa struxit plurimū;
Nec primus olim privilegiū suū
Templis dedissem, Arisve nunc paci-
ferer,

Si pertinax in debitores creditor
sæviet et illis vincula minetur horridus,
adversa quos fortuna damnavit sibi
oppressit ære aut prodigū alieno mare
ut corpus ereptū ara tueatur piū
sane impiis et civibus, vel furibus
quos nullus unquā continere metus
potest

Sicariisq parcere, an non impiū
Sin pacta asylo jura tantū protegent
Iniqua quos fortuna vexat: furibus
cur sacra? cur sicariis? cur civibus
Nequā patent? abundat (heu) malis
sacrū

Nunquid deus patronus impiis erit?
Num jura Petrus ista pepigit furibus?
Aliena prodigos rapere pius locus
movet sibiq rapta furto credere
onusta spoliis deserit conjux virū:
Ludens maritū furta templo condidit
Erumpit hinc cædi frequens sicarius,
tutūq patrato locū sceleri putat
Ergo benigna sacra demi furibus
nec jus asyli violet, et gratū deo

Sanctūq̄ erit, quod pontifex mitis nimis
princeps ne pactus est misericors nescio
quis, non satis prudens tamen, quod
læderent

nunquā supstitione ducti posterī,
Sed sua sacris promissa servemus, nihil
Ducem tamen tuentur inclusū sacra
Injusta damna, jus vetat, natura, lex,
Nec principem moramur aut Episcopū
Contraq̄ vim quisquis locus tutus satis
Indulta sacra leges impediunt minus
si dura veniam suaserit necessitas

At quæ premit tristis ducem necessitas?
Regi fidelem Regiū probat genus,
psuadet insontem mali ætas nescia.

Cur impetret dux innocens sacrā fidem?

Alius sacrū infanti lavacrū postulat

At pacta sacris jura quisquis impetrat,

Imploret ipse mentis impulsu suæ.

Quid innocens poscat puer? quid
meruit?

Matura nunquā ferret ætas carcerem:

Horreret aras illico iratus puer

Aliena si prædatus huc quis advolat,

corpus tuentur sacra si cedit bonis,

hæc pontifex transferre, vel princeps
nequit.

EPISC. ELIENS.

Ut pacta templo jura, creditorib⁹

erepta servant debitorū corpora

acerba quos latêre forsā sors jubet,

divina lex psuasit: indulgent simul

decreta pontificū sacra miseris fugā

Aliena cedent æra creditoribus

tantū: labore rursus ut crescat suo,

curaq̄ damnū reparet assidua prius

Carcere solutus debitor excussis bonis

In nuda quis sæviret atrox tergora?

DUX BUCKINGH.

probabitur hæc sane mihi sententia

Uxor virū linquens ad aras si fugeret:

non pace Petri hæc eripi templo Petri

potest? puer lascivus exosus scholæ

hæret sacris: hunc pedagogus nunc

sinet?

at is tremet virgam, timebat hic nihil.

Indulta novi sacra vires pueris nihil

sit ara consiliis patrona dum lubet.

huic sacra denegantur pacta, debile

quòd nescit ingeniū petere nec integra

merere vita patitur, aut tutus malis

princeps egere potuit, haud lædit sacra

Is quisquis ut prodesse possit, eximet.

STANL. HEROS.

Quòd expedit Regi, Britannis Angliæ,

ut fratris aula frater una luderet,

hærerere posthac mens dubia non potest.

Mulcere mentem matris opto molliùs:

hunc fortè sano ducta consilio dabit,

Sin filiū proterva mater detinet,

sacrisq̄ deneget parere jussibus,

suo ducem fratri satelles liberet,

ludoq̄ puerū armata restituet manus.

HOWARD HEROS.

Concessa matri filii incunabula

ætasq̄ fluxit ludicra deliciis suis

Nunc chara reliquos poscit annos patria

questus graves Matris nihil moror

si filium negat solutū carcere

sacro, fratri illū liberabunt milites.

DUX GLOCEST.

Uno senatus ore matri nuntiū

te poscit antistes, sacrū jussū expedi

Te præsuli comitem dux Buckinghamiæ

Jungas, et Howarde præstans stemate
Amoris at si mater haud ponit modū
natūq nobis surripere demens studet:
Mox eriment robusti asylo milites,

frustra q prolem planget
ereptam sibi

After they bee
come downe
from the
seates.

Nunc te negotiū grave
antistes vocat

Responsa matris proximi
morabimur.

ELIZABETHA REGINA, ARCH. EBOR.

HOWARDUS HEROS DUX.

ARCHIEP. EBOR.

Mater potens illustre regina caput
nunc ore quamvis verba dicantur meo,
non esse credas nostra: decrevit frequens
procerū senatus, et Glocestrius simul
Protector, ut suadente natura licet
hæreret uno matris amplexu puer,
ætasq prima cum parente promptius
versetur: haud sinit tamen regni decus,
Maculas honorem filii demens tui
Denuo suis turbata sedibus pax ruit
Britannia falso dum metu pavida sedes
squalens asylo, si tenetur carcere
conclusus unā frater alter principis,
dulci sui fratris carens solatio.
Odium fratrum plebs suspicatur illicò,
Sacras ad ædes quod fugit metu puer.
Ergo tuū reddes solutū carcere
Gnatū, tuos e vinculis sic liberas
et principi magnū creas solatiū
et gestiet securā Nobiliū cohors.

REGINA.

Summo galeri honore præcellens pater,
Quod fratris in domo simul fratrem decet
manere, non repugno: quamvis tutiūs

uterq dulci matris hæreret sinu,
Quorū tenera adhuc timere ætas jubet.
Et cum minus tuetur ætas junior,
tum morbus hunc premebat infestus diu
curamq matris grande periculū vocat
Tantò magis minatur ægroto tabes
recidiva, nec vulnus secundū fortiter
Natura prius oppressa fert nec se satis
potest tueri. Quam frequens operam
dabit

Matrona scio, quæ filiū curet meū
sedulò, mihi tamen meū decet magis
Gnatum relinqui cū melius illū scio
nutrire, cujus semp ulnis parvulus
hæsit, nec illū mollius quispiā potest
fovere, quā quæ ventre mater sustulit.

ARCHI. EBOR.

Negare demens nemo, regina ah potest,
quin filius melius tuæ relinquitur
custodiæ nunc matris amplexu puer
ut vivat, hæroū inclyta optaret cohors
simul decoro si maneres in loco,
utriq sin natura vitam consecras
sacris tuā, et posthac piæ studet preci
devota mens; at fratris aula luderet
frater, puer, templo solutus, nec sacro
carcere piū matris suæ furtū hæreat.
Prudenter matris ulnis eripitur puer,
nec usq matris garriet petulans sinu
Infans, ut alat sæva regem Wallia,
et barbaros luceret inter filius
nup fuit contenta majestas tua.

REGINA.

Contenta nunquam: cura non eadem
tamen
tenebat utriusq matrem filii.
Jussit nihil timere regis tunc salus

Huic membra multo lassa morbo desident.

O vix labantis tollit artus corporis
Quæ tanta gnati cura patruū tenet?
Si filiū imatura fata absorbeant,
et fila chara avidæ sorores amputent
Suspecta mors ducem tamen Glocestriū

reum arguet, nec fraudis effugiet notam.
An lædi honorem regis aut suū putet,
hoc si loco morabitur tutissimo?
Suspecta nulli fuit asyli fides.
hîc incolere cum matre filiū sinant.
latêre templo tuta decrevi magis,
quàm cum meis diri timere carceris
pœnas; asylo quos latêre nunc malim,
quàm vinculis dedisse vestris dexterā.

HOWARD.

Hos aliquid ergo patrasse nosti conscia?

REGINA.

Patrasse nec quicquā scio, nec vincula
quorsū premant: sed non levis timor fuit,
ut qui colorem non mirantur carceris
hi mortis omnem negligant causā simul.

CARD.

Movetur ira: de suis posthac nihil.
Parcet tuis agitata causa judici,
nec tibi minatur aliquis heroū metus.

REGINA.

Imò, timere quid vetat manus pius,
cum vita non tuetur inocens meas
An hostibus Regina chara sim magis,
tristis malorum causa quæ fui meis?
Matrive parcet juncta Regi chara stirps?
Meos propinquū non minus laudat genus
cum frater hic sit Regis, ille avunculus
Quin filius mecum morabitur simul,

Mens nisi aliud solertior psuaserit
Nam suspicor procerum magis tristem
fidem

quod absq̃ causa filiū avidè flagitent.

CARD.

Hoc suspicantur matris at sinū magis,
ne forte gelidus corda pstringens metus
ad externos relegare cogat filiū.

Sin patruo negare filiū juvet,
Manus tibi violentas exprimet,
seroq̃ justis pulsa viribus dabis,
Non hunc asylo pacta jura muniunt,
quæ nec dedicit imbellis ætas poscere,
et vita nil timere jussit integra.

Lædi fidem promissam asylo non putant
si filiū sacris solutū liberant,
sacramq̃ vim minatur vitæ tibi
Est talis amor erga nepotem patruī
ut principis turpem fugā tremesceret.

REGINA.

Amore sic teneri nepotis patruus
ardebat amens, nil ut horreret magis,
quàm ne suas pusillus evadat manus
nepos. fugam suadere matrem filio
putat, tabes cui longa discessum negat.
Aut quis tueri filium locus magis
potest asylo? quod Caucasus nunquā
ferox

Imanis aut violavit olim Thracia.

At sacra merere iñocens nescit puer,
Nunc ergo frustra parvulus templū
petit.

Præclara Tutoris consulit carū caput
Furem tuentur sacra nequaquā piū
at parvulus non indiget puer sacris
Cuivis timere vita prohibet integra,
metūq̃ vacuū jussit esse nescia

ætas mali: faxit deus tandem præcor^e
 ut corde pellat jure conceptū metū
 Hæreret templo turpiter gnatū putat,
 Protector (at protector horū sit precor,
 nec in suos crudelis hostis sæviat)
 An frater unā fratris ut ludat domo?
 Lucisse morbus jam vetat tristis diu
 pestisq̃ languens: an deesse parvulo
 possunt, quibuscū prima gestit ludere
 ætas, pares honore nisi dentur modo
 Regum supbo junctus atq̃ sanguine?
 quorū minùs concors ea esse ætas solet,
 falsò sibi promittit illustris cohors
 Fratrum duorū mutuū solatiū
 Ludit sui securā juris æmula
 Natura dū fraterna fingeret odia
 pueris lites magis placent domesticæ
 binumq̃ vulnus sentiunt statim fratrū
 turbata pectora, atq̃ se minus posti
 possunt: magis lusore quovis gestiet
 quam frater cognatus puer, et statim
 admissa sordescit voluptas, nec diu
 domesticæ placere delitiæ possunt.
 At sacra non poscebat nescius puer?
 Quis ista sibi secreta dixit nuntius?
 Tu quære, quærat Claudianus, audiet
 At non negasse finge: sine parvulū
 non posse, sine ardore asylū linquere
 Manebit invitus tamen: templū mihi
 si posco solū, bona tuebitur simul.
 Nemo Caballū sacrilega sacris eripit;
 templo puer latere securus nequit?
 Quin filiū matri pupillū detulit
 Britania lex, posessa si nulli bona
 accepta referat: jura matri suū
 mandent pupillū: quæ suos vis sacris
 Inimica tutrici pupillos auferet

cum matre virtus fugeret hostilis manus?
 Eduardus inimicis suis linquens miser
 extorta manib⁹ sceptrā, ad aras mox sa-
 cras
 fugi gravida, rex ortus in lucem ibi fuit,
 primosq̃ natales sacros nactus puer.
 Fuit timor non parvus hostibus patris,
 Dubiāq̃ fecit pacis incertæ fidem
 utriq̃ asylum præbuit tutā sedem,
 donec patris gnatum reversi amplexibus
 Templū relinquens læta traderem⁹ fides
 tam certa regiæ sit utinā suæ!!
 Quæ sit timoris causa nec quisquā roget
 mecum sacris manebit ædibus puer
 Quicumq̃ pacta jura asylo rumperet
 precor sacra fruatur impius fuga
 nec invidio duris opem hostib⁹ sacrā.

CARD.

Quid agimus? ira cæcā mentem vellicat
 et pungit interdū ferox Glocestriū
 non flectitur preci pectus iratū levi
 pugnare verbis non juvat, jussus sacros
 suū senatus differo, quibus times
 parere frustra; grande suspicionis est
 tormentū: acriter errore torquetur suo
 decepta. Si regina charū patruo
 mandas nepotem, et ceteris quos Anglia
 proceres suos gens nobilis jactat diu.
 Charā mihi vitā tibi pro filio
 Nunquā timebo pignori deponere
 Sin filiū nobis tuum mater negas,
 rursus tibi psuasor haud posthac ero,
 et filiū coacta deseres tamen.
 Tremescit anceps cogitationū: Vincin?

REGINA.

Concussit artus nostros horridus timor,
 torquetq̃ vinctus frigido sanguis metu

Quid agimus, animū distrahit dubius
pavor

Hinc natus urget, fortius illinc patruus

Testor deū verū, atq̃ quicquid possident
Cæli beatū conjugis manes mei,
Non aliud Eduarde in meo nato mihi
jam quæro, quam tua sceptrā regali po-
tens

gestaret aula, jura Britannis daret,

Regisq̃ lætū vivat æternū genus

Quid fluctuaris? ergo prodis filiū?

et sponte quæsitū neci mater dabis

An non tuorū injussa terrent vincula?

Sin cogitet protector Anglorū decus

En, possidet natū priorem principis,

contentus illo sit: non poscit istū

patria

Is quærit unū, utrunq̃ mater postulo

unum dari rogo, duos cui debuit,

At hujus horescis nihil demens minas?

procerūq̃ vim tantū feris? natū tamen

amittis, et tuo perire vulnere

vides tuos, properare Cardinis pater

matris quærelæ, nec moras parvas facit

statim vicinā vim minatur patruus,

promissa asylo jura nec prolem tegunt,

Nunquā fugæ miles viam celeri dabit,

Armatus omnes occupat hostis locos.

Aut quæ capit fidelis amotū sedes?

Obscura Cardinalis haud fides fuit

sempq̃ sancti authoritas erat patris

Huic filiū manda tuū, Quin eripi

sinu videre filiū mater potes?

patrisq̃ funus ultimum regis domus.

Horrenda fulminet ferox Glocestrius

potius, feram, patiar, maneat gnatus

modo!

Erras, utrosq̃ pdis et gnatū simul
tuosq̃ ferre nec Glocestrensem potes.

CARD.

Dum cæca vires ira colligit, in tuā
præceps ruinā armatur infelix amor.

Cur patruo charam nepotem denegas,
cui cura major Angliæ cōmittitur?

meritò nos inertiae damnas simul,
et esse stultos arguis, quando nihil
horum timemus, quale tu demens times.

Cùm nos tamen Glocestrio junxit duci
assidua regni cura, nec magis fuit
pspecta cuiquā vita Richardi ducis.

REGINA.

Tam stulta nunquā, mentis aut inops fui,
vos, esse stultos ut reor cunctos, fidem
vestrāmq̃ suspitione læderem mea.

Acumen ergo desidero simul et fidem,
quorū alterum si desit, in nostrū caput

ruet luemq̃ patria magnam parit,

nil sacra naturæ moratur fœdera

Regni cupido insana: nobilis furit

Ambitio fratrum cæde, nec maculā timet?

Veterū parū mentita psuasit fides.

Romana fraterno madebant sanguine
moenia: suo sin regna fratri parcere

haud

verentur; an frustra nepos patruū timet.

Si regii diversa fratres incolant,

erit salus utriq̃, servemus alterū,

utrumq̃ servabis: duos defendere

unius in vita potes: nec tutū erit

ædibus iisdem vivere ambobus simul,

Mercēs non ponit una singulas

Mercator in navi, procella quem frequens

jubet timere, nec marari turbines

rabidi solent frustra: licet mihi conscia

recti, loco servare sancto filiū
 me posse sperem, dura quamvis intonet
 crudelis horrendūq patruus fulminet,
 En filium vestris tamen manib⁹ simul
 vobis in illo mando fratrem, quos pie
 servare vos decebit. à vobis ego
 tum mater illū denuo repetam, caro
 quando omnis suū ante judicis thronū
 posthac simul clangente sistetur tuba.
 Tremebunda scio quæ vestra splendet
 fides, spatiosa quam sit dexteræ potentia,
 testata tot rebus simul prudentia,
 Nihil ut meis deesse tutandis queat
 suspecta sin vobis potestas vestra erit,
 Illum mihi vos p deos relinquit
 p regis Eduardi throni castam fidem
 Quantoq me nimis timere dicitis
 Tantū timere vos minùs, decet parū
 O dulce pignus, alterū regni decus,
 spes vana matris, cui patris laudes ego
 demens precabar frustra, avi longas dies
 tibi patronus adsit tot procellis arbiter
 mundi deus, tutoq portu collocet
 impulsa vela, mæstæ matris accipe
 infixæ labris oscula infœlix tuis.
 Is novit unus rerū habenas qui tenet,
 quando dies lucebit altera, tuis denuo
 cum nostra labris imprimuntur oscula,
 Jam quod timebis id genus dedit tuū
 Si vulnus haud statis miser, matris tuæ
 imitare luctus: sin negat lachrymas tibi
 generosus animus; at suos planct⁹ tamen
 concede matri, flere novimus priùs
 En, sume fletus matris, è misero patris
 quicquid relictū funere: an quicquid
 potest
 flebilius esse regis Eduardi nece?

at alter Eduardus tamen erat, qui po-
 tens
 supba regni sceptræ gestaret patris,
 hic finxit ora gnatus Eduardi minor
 Dicendus at magis meo ex utero meus
 Tum turma suffulsit meorū nobilis,
 nec morte fatum fregit una singulos
 Nunc dira fratrem Carceris custodia
 avulsit: ipsum possidet regem fides
 metuenda Richardi: reliquias en patris
 solas: in hoc fuit una spes lapsæ domus,
 in quo simul nunc auferentur omnia.
 Quis te manet fili exitus tristis? quib⁹
 heu fluctib⁹ una inŏcens exponitur?
 si dura parvū fata quærunt, ultimū
 domus tuæ funus, petam mater simul
 viventis oculos ad mea claudā manu,
 et matris in sinu puer pereas. vale
 fili vale, matris vale solatiū.
 Qualis remota matre crudelis leo
 prædam minorem morsibus vastis pre-
 mens

raptavit ore; talis sinu meo
 crudelis avulsit nepotem patruus.

HOWARD.

En candidas profusa lachrymis genas
 variis tenellos filii artus implicet,
 amplexibus suprema spargens oscula,
 nec plura singultus sinit anhelans loqui.
 Hæsitq medio rapta gutture egredi
 vox jussa, nec reperit viam infœlix amor.
 Quid matris adeò chara vexas pectora?
 post terga discedens relinquit filiū.

CARD.

Noli timere nobilis princeps, simul
 cum fratre colludes tuo; regis domū
 nil suspicare matris orbatus sinu.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

CATESBEIUS, DUX BUCK.

CATES.

Plagis tenêre lætus imbelles feras
 Glocestrius triumphat: in manus suas
 optata cæcidit præda; tuta fraus loco
 versatur; obscuro tenetur carcere
 nepos uterq; decora regni jam libet
 spondere sibi, soliumq; fratris mortui.
 Qualis feras odore longo sentiens
 sagax canis, postquã vicinã prædã percipit,
 cervice celeri pugnat, et presso vias,
 scrutatur ore: talis omnib⁹ modis
 optare dextris sceptrâ fratris dimicat,
 regnoq; sperato prope Britannia inhiat.
 Regni futuri jacta jam sunt semina:
 procerũ cohors irata Reginae nequit
 pferre stirpem poscit ad pœnã ferox
 dum lite pugnant anxii, clã pdere
 dum cogitat, quicunq; cœptis obstrepant.
 Duce absq; Buckinghamio, sed nectere
 dolos suos veretur, et fraudes timet.
 Jussit ducis mentem supbã incendere
 Et concitare prolis odiũ regiaẽ,
 ut sceptrâ parvis excidant infantib⁹,
 patruiq; Buckinghamius fraudes juvet,
 Regnumq; dux insensus acquirat sibi.
 Ut suspicentur interim proceres nihil,
 hi de creando rege jussi consulunt.
 Catesbei, quid cessas parere duci thronũ
 Huc ferre Buckinghamiũ video gradũ:
 animo tumet supbus: huic nectam dolos.
 Flos Angliæ, præclara progenies Jovis,
 Et maximũ quassæ Britanniæ decus;
 Quid otiũ securus alis, imemor

propriæ salutis? quale vulnus accipit
 collapsus imperii status, si concitus
 temere furor juvenilis opprimat insciũ
 Ætatis haud mulcetur ira fervidæ.

DUX BUCKING.

At si quis excelsa potens aula, levis
 Imunis imperio deæ suæ potest
 jactare fœlicem statũ haud fragili loco,
 Excelsus id Buckinghamus heros potest
 Quodnam sed omen istud ambiguus
 jacis

Dubio ore carceris nigri lecto specu
 an hostis in nostrum caput frustra ruit.

CATES.

Locus sed omni liber arbitrio tacet.

BUCK.

Nudate turba servuli vestra latus.

CATES.

Nil timet generosa magnanimi indoles,
 Se posse vinci, magna virtus dum negat
 præmia ferunt fastus sui Riverius
 heros, Grausq; primus hic gradus mali
 Rex sceptrâ puerili manu quassans
 furit,

Minatur olim non multas fore suas
 injurias, nec dura fratris vincula,
 nec avunculi tulit sui; mater comam
 lacerata vindictam petit, minor genu
 quicquid propinquus sit, sibi fieri putat
 Nunc ergo prudens ista tecum cogita:
 Nam si pepersit hostib⁹ manus tuis,
 et traxerunt matris propinqui spiritũ,
 Nunquã tuas cessabit in pœnas furor
 At si timori spiritũ evomant tuo,
 iramq; justam sanguine extinguant suo
 Regem timebis, scelere dum vincet scelus
 domusq; cognatæ fremat diram luem.

BUCK.

Furor brevis pueri statim restinguitur.

CATES.

At ira præceps est magis pueri levis.

BUCK.

Minuet dies, vehemens quod est ruet
illico.

CATES.

Nunquam sinit parentis imensus dolor.
mori: incitant matrem suorum vincula
Et filium matris quærelæ.

BUCK.

Criminis

pars istius Glocestrius fuit.

CATES.

Furor

satiatur ultione. Sontem negligit
punit scelus.

BUCK.

Ducis potest authoritas
ferociam pueri minuere.

CATES.

Dum puer

est.

BUCK.

At suum semper timebit patrum.

CATES.

Quenquam timere nescit imperii decus.

BUCK.

Quod nos tueri salubre consilium potest.

CATES.

Quod principi necem vestram solum
vetat.

BUCK.

Pulsabit usque matris ira filium?

CATES.

Nocere mortuus nihil gnatus potest.

BUCK.

Mali medela sola tollere principem.

CATES.

Vinci nisi scelere novo scelus nequit
Quoddam scelus honestum necessitas
facit.Plagis tenetur capta dispositis fera
Quasi vinculis uterque servatur nepos
levi peribunt Claudii nutu ducis
periere jam jam, si tibi nunc consulas
Glocestrium munit satelles clam ducere
mores notat secretos excubitor tuos
qualem tuorum minimè falsam putes,
adversus illum fortè si quicquam pares
Nihil timendum si vides, time tamen
incerta multorum fides: constans nihil:
Inimica crede cuncta: turbatus solet
simulare multa vultus, et finget dolos
Fratrī Thyestes liberos credens suos,
mistum suorum sanguinem genitor bibit.

[BUCK.]

Quid nunc, cur hæres quodne consilium diu
Vesane torques: Carceri hæreas datos
an poenitebit? hoc inertis est viri.
Hinc regis ita terret: an puerum times?
An foeminam? nam fata cognatos premunt.
Versantur illinc odia splendidi Ducis
cujus potestas summa, quem cuncti tre-
muntQuæris salutem? tutus hinc eris magis
confide sumis, et fidem præsta Duci.

CATES.

Properata Regem fata si vita eximant
parabit hæres sceptrā Richardus sibi
Tu sola jactatæ columnia patriæ
ambire regnum ope dux tua Glocestrius
facile potest: utrique vitam munies.

BUCK.

Nunquā meo ludet cruore regius puer!
Cujus minas satiabit ereptū caput
Jāctura parva principis, vitam suā
servare si posses. parum pueros decent
decora regni: matris hoc regnū invidæ
haud regis esset, cujus impulsu in necem
solū suorū armatur iratus puer.

DUX BUCK. DUX GLOCEST. CATES-
BEIUS.

BUCK.

O Claudiane rector, Ebori domus
spes una, nec non periculi consors mei
nobis gravem tuus parat necem nepos.
Casus suorū mæstus Eduardo satus
plangit, minasq̃ fletib⁹ miscet graves
Abdenda vinculis opaci carceris
infausta proles Regis, an nra nece
suæ domus litabit ultrices deos.

GLOC.

Horrere vindicis potentiæ faces
cogunt trucesq̃ regis irati minæ
salubre præcipitare consiliū jubet
Quò longius serpit malū robustius
feri solet, brevisq̃ consiliis mora
datur.

BUCK.

Medela tristis ingenti malo
paratur: en facilè scelus vinci nequit
Sempq̃ minatur ira cæca principis:
vindicta sceptro armata pugnat acerimè.
Testor deum verū, sumūmq̃ cælorū
decus,
quodcunq̃ consulas, sequor vitæ ducem.

GLOC.

Tremulos p artus horror excurrit vagus

Juvenile novi regis, ingeniū, ferox
indocile, flecti non potest? frangi potest.
Si patiamur, exitiū parat nobis grave.
redimere vitam vinculis regis licet,
At heu pudet fraterna regna demere
undiq̃ frequens ridet Lancastriū genus,
lapsamq̃ gaudebit domū æmuli sui.
Consulere sed vitæ quia proprie juvat,
nec patriā decet onerare luctib⁹:
fraterna posco sceptrā jure sanguinis,
vestræq̃ fautores salutis vos voco.
Cœptis tuā si spondeas nostris fidem,
Juro supremos qui tonant cœlum deos,
natus meus solamen unicū, tuā
gnatam maritus uxorem ducet sibi.
Quod vendicas Herfordiensis eris comes,
aquis carebit Thamesis, æquor piscibus
partes prius quàm pfidus linquā tuas.

CATES.

Nunc ergo cœpta vota demens p̃fice,
primūmq̃ Regulos ad arcem transferas
famulosq̃ substituas novos nepotibus,
dicto tuo quos audientes autumas;
Et nulla deinceps ad Regem pateat via
populi strepitū ad tuos transfer lares,
et subditorum averte regi lumina,
calcentq̃ tua posthac clientes limina.

GLOC.

Quin Angliæ proceres latère fraudem
convenit
dum rapta nostris sceptrā manib⁹ cade-
rent.

CATES.

Adhuc corona regiū cingi caput
non posse dimissi docebunt nuntii:
tuoq̃ jussu confluat procerū cohors
ut magna celebrentur comitia Britanniae.

dum cogitabundi suū capiunt iter,
et urbe nudati manebunt virib⁹,
et arma meditantes priusquā jungerent,
Incerta cū sit invicem fides sibi,
erepta puero sceptrā tutus posside.

BUCKING.

At nobilem non fallet Hastingū dolos
Stanleius heros urbe quoq̄ confidet,
Antistes Eliensis astum intelligent.
Si clam coire sepatim senserint.

GLOC.

De reb⁹ Angliæ gravissimis ut consu-
lant

coire proceres singuli jussu meo,
ne nostra cœpta intentus anim⁹ occupet.

BUCKING.

At quis tui simul comes consilii erit?
Res magna paucis expediri non potest.

GLOC.

Quem non metu posessa sceptrā com-
priment

Deesse nostro autoritas voto nequit.

BUCK.

Pervince multis præmiis vulgus leve
donisq̄ cumula plurimis, qui partib⁹
ut hæreant tuis facilè duci queant.
vincere pecunia quos nequit, coget
timor.

CATES.

Difficile procerū animos statim cognos-
cere.

GLOC.

Quasi publicis de reb⁹ anxius nimis
quos suspicor sollicitus usq̄ consulā
dum multa proponā dubius, et volvimus
secreta regni, mens patebit abdita
Hastingus unus principi palā studet,

et debitos differt honores regulis:
hic gratus Anglis et potens multū mea
juvare sceptrā, vel mori prius decet.

CATES.

Is principi favebat Eduardo nimis
nunquā potest promissa convelli fides.

GLOC.

Tentare p̄versam decet mentem magis
Forsan virū frangas reluctantem metu,
ego interim rebus Britanniiis consulā.

CATES.

Quid nunc agis Catesbeie? quin tibi
consulas:

nunc avoca astus animi, nunc fraudes,
dolos,

Totum Catsbeiū. Thronū si particeps
fraudis Ducis procuret Hastingus: fidem
tibi derogas, minusq̄ posthac creditur,
si spiritū p̄emtus inimicus exprimat,
quasi p̄tinax amor colat pueros minus:
præesse solus tu potes Lecestriæ
successor Hastingi: duces credent
magis:

bene est: pereat, ut nostra crescat
gloria

Infausta dirus rumpat ensis viscera.

Studere fingam Regulis durū nimis,
flecti nec ulla p̄tinax posset prece.

STANLEIUS, HASTINGUS.

STAN.

Pectus stupet, dubiòq̄ p̄culsū metu
agitatur, huc illuc rotatur, nec potest
se evolvere: ominatur aliquod mens
malū
divulsa quid consilia sibi locis volunt?
dum pars in arce, pars alia prætorio

deliberat: novit tonans pater ille quid
disjunctus heros mente versat callidè.
Nervos vel imperio inhiare, vel necem
nobis, vel insidias struere regi quæat,
Hoc quicquid est metuo nimis.

HAST.

Ponas metū
Illustre Stanlei genus, nec torqueat
suspitio mentem vana: nihil in nos grave
patrare possunt, quamdiu meus simul
Catesbeius adsit (inde qui nunquam solet
abesse) quod velut ore prolatum suo
absens licet non audio.

STANL.

fides et adultera
non rarò tecta fronte blanda abscon-
ditur.
Virtutis umbra turpe pugnat vitiū,
falsumq; vultū haud exprimunt pauci
dies.

HAST.

Cumulata meritis firma constitit fides.
Jussu meo Lecestri sumē colunt,
Multūq; Northamtoniis potens valet.
rerū mearū sumā in illo colloco.

STAN.

Serū est cavendi tempus in mediis malis,
libido regni cæca nullā vim timet,
Imbellis ætas regis obruitur statim,
In nosq; secretū nefas post sæviet,
quoscunq; participes timet sceleris sui,
in nuda præda pfidis sumus hostib⁹.
repetamus at patrios lares celeri gradu
ubi sepiat suis clientes viribus.
Incepta fortè pfidus metuet furor.

HAST.

Frustra timemus prosperam sortem satis

verbis benignis alloqui, blandi Duces
solent, mihiq; plurimum semp student:
Et ipse populi vota, rumores, metus
cōmunicavi Catesbeio dudū meo
Torquebit alios cura magna principis
quærunt ducem cives, nepotem neg-
ligunt.

Quòd ista me celavit, haud æque fero
fugare lubet? nos arguet reos fuga,
atq; revocatos ira pderet magis.
Tutos manentes vita servat inocens.
Sin nos malū maneret, alterius velim
scelestas mens, non nostra damnaret fuga.
Fraus ista (crede) nulla quam demens
times.

Rude prius in cœlū chaos mutabitur,
prius astra terris hæreant, flamine salū,
quam fallat astrinctam fidem Catesbeius.

STAN.

Mox exitus tantis malis fidem dabit.

DUX GLOC. CATSBEIUS, HOWARD:
EQUESTRIS ORDINIS.

DUX GLOC.

Spes concutit mentem metusq; turbidā,
trepidumq; gemino pectus eventu labat.
Imago regni semp errat ante oculos
mihi,
et usq; dubium impellit ambitio gravis
turbatq; pectus: flāmā regni concita
nescit quiescere: sceptras nunc tantū
placent.

Non desinā, dum sumā votorū attigi
Multum exagitat incerta nobiliū fides
cui nostra certus consilia credam haud
scio:

Nec sunt loco tuto sitæ fraudes meæ.

HOWARD.

Quid pectus anxiū tumultu verberas?
 nescit timere quisquis audet magna:
 jam
 regnū petis; fortuna fortes adjuvat.
 ars prima regni posse te cives metu
 retinere: qui cives timet, rebelles excitat.
 Audebit omnia quisquis imperio regit
 et dura tractat sceptrā regali manu.

GLOC.

Pectus nihil pturbat ignavus metus
 Excede pietas, mente si nostra lates.
 Tuetur ensis quicquid invitū tenes.
 Aperire nunc ferro decet fraudi viā,
 mactetur hostis, quisquis obstabat mihi.
 HOWARD.
 Quid Pontefracti vinculis captos tenes
 matris propinquos, nec mori tandem
 jubes?
 Indulta vita cæteris animos dabit,
 et ultro pœnas mite supplitiū vocat
 Ferro perempti spiritum infestū ex-
 primant
 firmes amicos, cæteri metu labant.

GLOC.

Hostes simul perire præsentes volo,
 obstare quos sceptris meis novi sagax,
 et unus omnes occupet pariter metus.
 Quorū dubia studio resistit mens levi,
 Illos prement mox dura captos vincula.
 Quo flectit Hastings animū.

CATSB.

Tantū in tuū
 caput.

GLOC.

Meis adjutor esse ptibus
 renuit.

CATSB.

Prius profundat arctus Ithiciū
 fretū et rapax consistet aqua Siculi maris,
 Noxq atra terris ante splendorem dabit.
 Fraudes abominatur ferox quassans
 caput,

Et semp Eduardi fidelem filiis
 fore spondet, hostem regis hostib⁹ gravē.

GLOC.

Quid arma possunt regis irati, sciet,
 iramq nostram sanguine extinguet suo.
 Discant parere principi metu sui,
 At qua via mactabo vesanū caput?

CATSB.

Conjugis amore captus insanit Shori,
 Flāmas libido nec furentes continet.
 Hanc arguas capiti veneficiis tuo
 mortem struere: causam suæ sin pellicis
 amore cæcus, et furore fervidus
 tuetur infoelix patronus; consciū
 sceleris nefandi suspiceris illico,
 et proditorem patriæ incusa suæ:
 mox amputet securis infaustum caput.

GLOC.

Proceres in arcem confluunt jussu meo
 statim favere quos Regi scio
 palam opprimam, reumq criminis arguā
 satelles abscindet bipenni mox caput
 nec sentiet senatus insidias stupens.

CATSB.

Sin abstinet sacris comitiis callidus
 heros, novus quærendus est fraudi
 modus.

GLOC.

At illico, invise inclytum Howarde
 caput,
 blandisq vocibus morantem concita

sacris abesse comitiis noli pati.

CATSB.

Solumne poscis diræ Hastingū neci?

GLOC.

Stanleius heros, atq Cardineus pater,
Præsul Eliensis comprimentur vinculis,
animum ut fidelem carceris donet specus.
Sin impotenti ptinax animo abnuat
quisquam nec Hastingi monet tristes

lues:

ferrū secabit triste noxiū caput:

Infida strictus ensis eruet viscera.

Res et profecto stulta nequitiae modus.

HASTINGUS HEROS, HOWARDUS, HASTING⁹ MILES CALLIGATUS.

HAST. HEROS.

Mirror quid huc eunti equus humi turpiter

prosternitur, deus omen avertet malū

sed vana sortis quid movent ludibria?

Et dura Stanleius tremebat somnia.

visū sibi aprū nuntiat somno caput,

lacerare dente, mox fluit humeris cruor,

mihiq demens consulit, turpem fugam

Lasciva nos fortuna gestit ludere

ridetq turbatos levi casu viros,

quibus tamen nihil minatur invida.

HOWARD.

propera nobile Hastinge caput, celera
gradū.

HAST. HÆ.

Fœlix ades tandem sacrate diis pater,
secretas aures accomoda paululū mihi.

HOWARD.

Omitte tandem: quid sacerdotem diu
affare? confessore nil adhuc opus,

nihil sui securus infœlix videt

mox quàm sibi sacerdote damnato opus
erit.

HAST. HER.

Hastinge, nunquā excidit menti dies
olim nefanda, tristes et nimis, istius
quando sub arcis mœnib⁹ totus tremens
diræ metu necis, ultimò te viderim?

HAST. MILES CALLIGATUS.

O nominis decus unicū tibi, et genus
illustre, nunquā tam gravis casus mihi
aut tristis excidit: tibi nullū tamen
(Diis gratia) malū tum necis lucrū fuit
Æquata sors utrisq fuit.

HAST. HER.

Imo magis

hoc diceres, secreta mentis nostræ si
cognosces: quod singuli posthac scient,
At nemo adhuc. Oh Hastinge nunquā
quod sciem

vitæ magis dubius fui quam illo die
Nunc temporū mutata series. ad
necem

hostes trahuntur Pontefracti isto die
nostram cruore suo quietem sanciant.
Nunquā magis securus ex animo meo
Hastinge, vixi, nec metu magis vacat
jactata nullis fluctib⁹ vita.

HAST. MILES.

Id deus

faxit.

HAST. HER.

Quid hæres.

HAST MI.

Id precor.

HAST. HER.

Scio satis.

HOWARD.

Quin rumpas heros nobilis segnes
moras :

Nam te diu senatus expectat sagax.

De reb⁹ ut tot consulant nobile caput.

Descendit: heu nescit miser tristem sibi
luem parari. Ah quid nimis pueris
faves ?

Te te fefellit falsa Catsbei fides,
captusq; plagis præda retineris miser.

DUX GLOC. DUX BUCK. HAST. HER.
EPISC. ELIENS. SATELLES.

DUX BUCK.

Quam magna regni cura tutorem premit,
Ducemq; vexat Claudianū, quis patres
Ignorat, hunc solum intuetur Anglia,
Suisq; reb⁹ poscit authorem ducem.

Vestrā seorsim selegit prudentiā
quorū fidele consultant canū caput
Et ut procuret anxius negotia
celebrare comitia regis anxius studet:
Quò regiū diademate caput cingeret,
ut gratus esse mortuo fratri queat,
cujus sepulti filiū exornat piè.

GLOC.

Veneranda o patrū cohors, et maximū
Potentis imperii decus: faustū deus
indulgeat nunc rebus istis exitū.

Nec somniator ego nimis tardus fui,
qui tam frequenti serus adsū curiæ,
Somnus negotiis consultor est gravis
meis.

Tantumne mane lectulo elapsus senex
Eliensis antistes venis? senem quies,
Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortū tuū
decora fragra plurimū producere.

EPISCOP. ELIENS.

Nil tibi claudetur, hortus quod meus
producit: esset lautius vellem mihi,
quò sim tibi gratus.

GLOC.

Quid imperii status,
Salusq; regni poscat, et patriæ decus;
vestris adhuc jactate consiliis patres:
Abesse cogunt paululū negotia:
nec sit molestus fortè discessus, pcor.

HAST. HER.

Operam nayare maximam, patres, decet,
ut dum gerit rex sceptrā puerili manu,
pellamus omnem fortiter discordiā,
quæ scissa nup regna diu exercuit,
Hoc flagitat securā patriæ salus,
clariq; poscit mollis ætas principis,
et ultimo fides sacramento data
Regi sepulto: majus hoc nullū fuit
Regni satellitiū. Ergo procures si
invicē

consentiant, florebit hoc regnū diu:
Sin invicem dissentiant brevi ruet.
Purgare tandem patriam macula decet,
et scelere nosmet liberare pessimo.
Sed ecce retro dux venit dubio gradu:
quassans caput torvo supcilio furit.
Duro labellū dente comprimit ferox,
et pectore irato tegit dirū malū.

GLOC.

Quas destinatis his patres pœnas, suis
Qui nunc veneficiis mihi exitū parant,
qui sum supbo regis ortus sanguine,
Tutorq; declaratus hujus insulæ.

HAST. HER.

Quas patriæ pferre debet proditor
Nec moror honorem, nec excuso decus.

GLOC.

Sensus mihi omnes fratris uxor fascinat.

HAST.

Verbis stupentes triste dimittunt caput

Justas luat regina pœnas pessima.

parū tamen placet, quod aures hæc meas

adhuc latebant: fraude captivi mea

erant propinqui matris: hodie jam meis

hi Pontefracti capite plectuntur dolis.

GLOC.

Comitata modò regina Shori conjuge

Suis venifica cantibus me prodidit:

Fluit tabo corpus, oculi somnū negant,

Stomacho invidet lentū tibi fastidiū,

Venas hiantes deserit pulsus cruor,

exangue brachiū exaruit, officiū negat.

HAST.

Heu, frigido cor palpitat tremulū metu.

Num pulcra destinatur morti pallaca?

pereunt amores: concubinā conjugis

Regina nunquā consuleret usquā sui.

Timent loqui. Securus alloquar ducem

Si fecerint gravissimas pœnas luant.

GLOC.

Si fecerint? itane mihi? si fecerint?

quū dico factū: quod tuū luet caput,

Sceleste proditor.

Let ye Protec-
tor give a blow on
ye counsel-table;
and let one of ym
of ye gard break
in thereat with
his halbt and
strike ye L. Stan-
ley on ye head.

SATELL.

prodi, proditio.

GLOC.

Te perduellionis esse aio

reū.

EPISC. ELIENS.

Percussit (hic) clarū Satelles Stanleū

An occidit, stillans rigat genas cruor.

GLOC.

Vos pduellem date neci, servi, statim,

veritate

Sacra morituro mox sacerdos finiet

Juro sacrū Paulū, prius non prandeo,

Pœnas quàm mihi pendat abscissum

caput.

Patremq Cardineū, Eliensem præsulem,

Dominum Stanleium coerce vinculis:

Sceleris pœnas Shora pellex impudens

damnata psolvēt, jubente iudice.

HAST.

Quis nostra digne conqueri potest mala?

heu, quas miser voces dabo? quæ lachri-

mis

nostris Aëdon exhibet luctus graves?

O machinator fraudis et diri artifex

sceleris; meorū prodidit fallax amor,

blanda q tectū fronte secretū malū,

cur invident severa fata vitam: in mea

quid morte tam potens erit versutia?

suūq cumulat gaudiū luctu meo?

Sed parce demens lachrymis. Testor

sacrū

heu numen adversum mihi: simul voco

quocunq defugistis intus inferi

terris opacis iñocens morti trahor;

Simplex fides non intrat aulā nec pie

Dedit supba pompa vivere, in meā

statim

Fortuna pœnā mutat inimicas dotes.

GLOC.

An luctus attonitos muliebris comōvet?

tantas moras suadere lachrymæ queant?

non abripitis hunc? impio ferro caput

auferte. Quid cunctamini istū perdere.

HAST.

Gaudet dolor sua fata multis spargere

nec solus in pœnam placet: vestras colos

sævæ sorores impetrat: ludunt genus

mortale cæca fata : præmonstrant malū
vitare, quod vetant tamen. Perteritus
somno nihil Stanleus hæros com̄ovet.
Heu visus est lacerare caput utriq̄ aper
frendens cruento dente, longus defluit
cruor p̄ humeros : insignia dederunt apri
nomen Glocestrio : ter lapsus insidenti
equus

cecidit, senatū dum nefandū viserem.

GLOC.

Isti malū sibi quærunť satellites
qui dum moras faciunt inanes fletib⁹
demetere cessant impiū ferro caput.

HAST.

Hei mihi ; salutis nulla spes ? nunc ad
necem

trahite, quib⁹ fortuna jus in nos dedit.
quid lachrimis miser moror ? pio manus
cruore spargite. Ultimū solis vale
cœleste jubar proditum reparans diem.
Vale cohorte nobilis nitida soror
Phœbi quieta : longa jam nox obruet.

DUX GLOC. CIVES LONDINENS.

NUNTIUS.

GLOC.

Cives properate : hic adestis prope licet,
Serò nimis nobis, in arce quos modo
Hastings impiiq̄ consortes sui
sceleris pmissent, Deus si non opem
tulisset idq̄ licet diu celaverint
astu : ante decimā solis (ut sit) istius
pcepimus metuq̄ subito p̄citi
quæcunq̄ casus arma dedit (ut cernitis)
miseri induimus, ipsiq̄ jam opprimuntur
aut

Virtute nostra, gratia vel Cœlitū.

magis doli hujus principis in pessimos
ac sceleris authores redundabit malū.
Nunc ergo vos jussu vocati estis meo,
imane quia constaret omnibus nefas,
p̄ vos ut inotesceret quærentib⁹.

CIVES.

Jussus fideles exequemur sedulò
O ptinax scelus mendacio cædem tegens
blanda q̄ tantū fronte contentū malū ?
quis nescit imanes dolos sævi ducis,
dubitatq̄ captū fraude nobilem virū ?
suū scelus plerunq̄ in authorem redit,
prius in alios postquā crudelis sæviit.

NUNT.

Coruscus Hastings hausit ensis spiritū.

CIVES.

Ut gesta res est, quæso paucis expedi.

NUNT.

Postquā ad locū durus satelles traxerit,
ad astra tollit heros lumina :

Ex ore casto concipit Deo preces

Quæcunq̄ nostra contumax supbia
supplitia meruit (inquit) ô numen
sacrū,

utinam meo jam jam luatur sanguine.

Vix ultimas moratur carnifex preces
quin solvit illico ense corporis obicem.

CIVES.

Extinguit Hastings suorū ingens favor,
animusq̄ lætis credulus rebus nimis,
nec triste suspicatur integer scelus,
authore donec miserè amico plectitur.
Sed hic gradum confert ad arma
serviens,

Quid civib⁹ clamare quærit publicè.

SERVIENS AD ARMA.

Cœptis nefandis hic scelestus proditor

Hastings, horrendi caput primū mali
Et turba p̄juro gerens morem duci,
struxere tectos principis Glocestrii
vitæ dolos, altiꝫ Buckinghamii,
Ultriꝫ dum sacro senatu consident:
Ut sic ruinosæ pemptis Angliæ
Rectorib⁹, sedis supremæ culmina
Scandant supbi sumā, celso vertice.
quamvis inepti, qui ruentis maxima
Regni gubernarent Britanni pondera.
Quis nescit Hastingsum parentem prin-
cipis

traxisse secū? turpiter quis regiū
nescit malis foedasse nomen morib⁹?
Splendore vel spoliasset regnū pristino
dictis suis, factis suis, turpem virū?
Quis nescit Hastingsi libido p̄dita
quot virginū passim pudorem p̄didit?
Lectiꝫ rupit conjugalis fœdera,
amplexus infames adulter pellices.
Nam Shora pellex nota scortū nobile,
hujusq̄ cædis p̄ticeps et conscia,
Hunc nocte polluto suprema lectulo
accepit amplexu parū castè suo
Ut morte pœnas jure pendat maximas,
turpem gravi qui scelere vitam pol-
luit.

Ne si diu dilata damnati foret
mors traditoris, marte funesto suā
jurata poscat turba demens principem
Quæ pœna festinata fallet singulis,
Dirosq̄ in tantū tumultus comprimet.

CIVES.

Præceps agendi magna p̄turbat modus
foetumq̄ festinans parit serū canis.

CIVIS ALTER.

Hæc scripta sunt alto prophetæ spiritu

Nam tantulo quī tanta possent tem-
pore
vel cogitari dicta, vel sic exprimi
Pulcræ mihi sanè videntur literæ,
pulcrèq̄ depingi videtur chartula,
et pulcra postremò loquendi formula,
Illud tamen mirū videtur maximè,
tam pulchra tam p̄vo parari tempe.

CIVIS.

En Shora tremulū cereum gerens manu,
Induta pœnas linteo infames luit,
Regum inclyta meretrix tyranno dat
duci
pœnas, pater descende Jupiter, et thoro
tam grata pignora nunc tuo rape: nam
tuā
Lædam vel Europā, puta deserere polū,
Oh misera, me miseret tui, piget, pudet:
(Licet impudica mulier, et minus
proba)
Privare vita dum nequit Dux Claudius
spoliare forma quærit iratus tibi.

PROCESSIO SOLENNIS.

CHORUS.

Preces Deo fundamus ore supplices,
Ne sit nota polluta mens adultera.

1. Fidem tuere conjugū,
Lectum probro libera,
Defende privatos thoros,
Furtiva ne lædat Venus.

2. Quemcunq̄ facti pœnitet
Purga solutum crimine,
Exempla sanent posteros
Furtiva ne foedet Venus.

EPILOGUS.

Quas dirus admovit Richardus machi-
nas,
quantisq regnandi libido luctibus
affecit afflictam videtis patriam,
Ut celsa regni scandat altus culmina

Frendens aper, regni lues, Glocestrius,
Illustris Hastingsi cruor defunditur,
quòd regulis vivus faverat pvulis,
Regno repugnantes novo Riverius,
Vahanus et Graius repressi carceris
horrore, læthali præmuntur vulnere.

THE SHEWE OF THE PROCESSION.

A Tipstaffe

Shore's Wife in her petticoate, haveinge a taper
burninge in her hand.

The Verger

Choristers

Singinge men

Præbendaries

The Bishope of London

Citizens.

FINIS.

ACTIO SECUNDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. PALMAR, Dux Glocestrensis
 Mr. STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamiæ
 Mr. BAYLY, Lovellus Heros
 Mr. ALMY, Prætor Londinensis
 Mr. WEBSTER, Fitz Williā, Recordor London, ut vulgo loquūtur
 Civis amicus Shawi
 Mr. CLAYTON, Doctor Shawe
 Ds. MORRELL, Civis prim⁹
 Ds. FRAUNCE, Civis secundus
 Mr. SMITH, Hospes
 Nobilis
 Servus unus et alter Buck:
 Foggs
 Fagge
 Ds. REMER } Duo Epis. } Muti.
 Ds. METHEN }

ARGUMENTUM.

Postquā hos omnes in potestatem suā Richardus dux Glocestrensis rede-
 gisset, quorū erga regem fidem metuebat: quorum Hastingū nobilem morte
 affecit, cæteros in carcerem conjecisset, in id studiū sedulò incumbit, ut citò
 sui in Regni injustam possessionem veniat. Itaq̃ ut Londinenses fraude
 induceret, ut ultro cum cæteris nobilibus regnū sibi deferant, Regis ortū,
 fratrisq̃ sui ducis Eboracensis parvuli damnavit, Regem Eduardum fratrem,
 non ita multò antè defunctū, adulterii p̃ ducem Bucking: in Curia Prætoris
 accusavit, neq̃ sui ipsius matri Ducissæ quondā Eboracensi pepercit. Tandem
 delatam sibi Majestatem, quam tantopere inhiebat, ægre ut videbatur assu-
 mens soleñibus comitiis coronatur.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

DUX GLOC. DUX BUCK. LOVELLUS
HEROS.

GLOC.

Illustris heroū propago, Ducū genus
insigne Buckinghamiorū, particeps
nostriq consilii Lovelle nobilis:
Quin rumpimus segnes moras strenuū
decet
fore, magna quisquis cogitat, res nihil
habet
Isthæc periculi: audire decet haud
amplius
quis influentis dona sortis respuit?
Regem potest creare Buckinghamius
honor ducis erat semp hic amplissimi:
virtute te natura firma roborat,
et corporis vestivit anxia dotibus.
Tibi rursus aciem inclusit ingenii pa-
rem,
Nec te magis Minerva quenquā lumi-
nat.
Sequi decet, natura quo præstans vocat:
tantū potest excelsa Buckinghamius
Tolluntur hostes ecce suspecti mihi,
omnesq diri carceris vincula premunt,
Regis favor quos armat in regnum
meū
Jubere cunctos voce licet una mori
Hastings interemptus heros occidit:
Stanleus heros continetur vinculis

Et Eliensem Episcopū carcer domat.
reliqui jacent, tetra specu clausi, meis
quicunq cœptis impii favent parū.

BUCK.

Puerum levem regnare? fortunæ jocus
lasciva ridens sceptrā miscet litibus:
Virtus suo succumbet infans ponderi.
Tuo cogita quosnā struis regno dolos:
Nunquā tuos jussus relinquā ptinax.
res expedire magnas nescit illico.

GLOC.

En ipsa temporum jubet securitas
audacter aggredi prius quæ consulis,
animis oportet prævidere singula,
res arduas nec aggredi temere decet.
Quis exitus rerum futurus cogitat
Sapiens prius. [Gerenda cuncta providè.]

LOVEL.

Quicquid timendū, juncta consilia ex-
plicent
En temporis nimium premunt angus-
tiæ,
quo regiū caput corona cingeret:
Nunc ergo cunctis impandū publicè,
Ut non sacris statim cōmitiis confluant
Regni moras psuadet occasio gravis
ne cingat antè caput corona Reguli,
quam luceat secunda Novembris dies
Hic destinatus est dies solennibus
dum cogitant mora tarda quid velint
sibi
Patrios lares procul relinquentes suis.
dum viribus nudati adessent, Nobiles

Incerta dū dubios opinio torqueat,
mutuāq̄ suspicentur incerti fidem,
agitata mente consilia nec digerant
suam priusquā vim rebelles jungerent :
tu rapta pueris sceptrā tutus posside
Mox nomini devicta succumbet tuo
invidia, dū ferro repellat principem.

BUCK.

Ferat licet decepta nobiliū cohors
animusq̄ prudens ferro tentaret nihil :
ad arma junget ptinax populi furor,
motuq̄ cæco rapitur, in præceps ruit,
quocunq̄ fertur : verba convenient feris
injustè factis : victanec cedit metu
concepta rabies temere, qualis
ferro Mæander funditur rapiens, pati
Neque scit resistantem sibi, et dirū fre-
mit.

LOVELL.

Mulcere blandis plebis ingeniū ferox
deceat, sequitur lubens, et ultro pellitur
At quem suorū civiū favor beat
inter suos, nec parva micat authoritas,
tractare molliū rudem mentem potest,
tuū psuaderi regnū civibus,
Urbs Angliæ præclara Londinū tuis.
Inducta votis si faveret, vicinus :
errore capti cæteri cedent pari :
Possessa regna facilè ferro munies,
At quis color regni probetur civibus,
ne decepti captos sagaces senserint ?
irata se plebs graviter illudi feret.

BUCK.

Infausta gens tot lassa vincitur malis :
stragemq̄ majorem minantur parvuli
Lasciva regna : Anglia novas lites ti-
met :

et matris haud cessabit in pœnas furor.
Tua regna luctus auferent teterrimos,
qui natus es regū supbo sanguine,
tantamq̄ regni sustines molem sagax.

LOVELL.

Istum facile plebs sentiet callida dolū,
causamq̄ regni credet injustam fore.

GLOC.

Quidni dolis facilis patet nostris via
Palā fratris damnentur infames thori
pudica sceptrā non ferunt probrū :
spurios vetant regnare jura filios.

Amore postquam rex flagraret Luciae
ætate tam calcante dum notas prius
iterum Venus furtiva delicias petat
et libido sævis nec modū flāmis dedit,
temere spondit Luciae regni thoros,
illāq̄ participem sui regni vocat.

Experta sæpe Venus parit fastidiū
sordent amores Luciae tū principi,
Nec furta lecto quærit obscuro impro-
bus.

Decepit animū conjugī obstrictū suæ,
et possidet Regina promissos thoros.
Tum Lucia locū pulsa pellici dedit,
adhuc rapaces nil timens fati minas
Hinc filios generi suo infames pater
genuit adulter (vulnus Angliæ grave)
Nec adhuc thronus maculā tulit solū
patris :

Lectū priorem lusit impudens amor.
Nostri parentis Eboracensis ducis
Thalamis ducissæ turpe mentiti viri
Vestigiū secretus invenit comes,
Coitus nefandos nec dolus tegere po-
test

Socium tædæ sciunt, pudetq̄ criminis

foedæq matris foeda proles rex fuit,
 Eduardus, ignoto deceptus filio
 incesta sceptrâ detulit falsus pater
 Diversa fratris ora patrem denegant,
 moresq degeneres fratri meus pater
 vultus habebat, talis aspectu fuit,
 Imago dissimilis fratris stuprū docet:
 Amoris hæres turpis, haud regni fuit.

BUCK.

Et jure vendicas: dolos quid quæri-
 mus?

fatetur æquitatis istud plurimū.

Iter patet cœptis: Quid utendū arti-
 bus?

quomodo ista turbæ verba constabunt
 levi?

aut cujus in tantis dolis sequêris fidem?

GLOC.

Nil frigidus cor torqueat tremulū me-
 tus.

Quæ non secreto vincitur prælio fides?

Civem potentem facile Londinū dabit,

Et qui dolos tegere sagax nostros po-
 test,

animosq blandus cōmovere civiū,

Multisq vincere Londinenses premiis

Inter suos Prætor valet plurimū

vanos honores ambit et fluxas opes,

multūq avaræ mentis instigat furor

Reddet fidelem spes honoris improba

et pellit usq longa num̄orū sitis:

LOVELL.

Falsis sacris nihil fallacius fuit.

plebem facilè mentita ludunt numina

Animus statim devotus impetum dabit.

Si præco scripturæ fidelis, dū sacra

insculpit aurib⁹ piis oracula,

divina vel præcepta populo psonet,
 Cōmemoret olim fraude deceptos thro-
 nos

Lectiq probrū, vulnus et claræ domus.

BUCK.

Vir literis insignis est Doctor Shaue

Prætori eadem matre conjunctus frater

Hunc laude ditarunt frequentes literæ:

Fucata cives sanctitas mirè allicit,

cujus tamen menti facilè labes sedet,

hoc munus exequi fidele qui potest.

GLOC.

Aliquis meorū accersat urbis Londini

Prætozem, honore inter suos magno
 virū,

sum̄isq tinctū literis fratrem Shauīū.

Ubi Prætor animos civiū demulcerit,

Et nostra regna civib⁹ psuaserit:

hos convenit pleno senatu te alloqui

Miratur illustrem ducē vulgus rude

Fulgore populus captus attonitus stu-
 pet,

lapsūq cælitus deū putat sibi.

Vultu tuo plebs victa succumbit statim

dulci veneno mox stupentes opprime,

ut filios pari insequantur et odio,

Promitte libertatis alta præmia,

urbem beabit lecta civiū quies,

et fine nullo crescet im̄ensū decus,

si vindicent lecti stupro infamem domū,

et sceptrâ nobis jure reddant sanguinis.

LOVELL.

Dum predicet coitus nefandos et fra-
 tris

novos amores, matris et probrū tuæ,

domusq regis dedecus sanctus pater,

donec tuarū præco laudum maximis

virtutib⁹ decorat intentus Shaus
Quasi cœlitus repente lapsus advola.
Te principem divinitus creari
populus levis putabit, atq̃ spiritu
ductū sacro, dictasse te Regē Shaū
credet levemq̃ distrahet mentē stupor.

DUX GLOC. PRÆTOR LOND. DOCT.
SHAA.

DUX GLOC.
Præclare prætor urbis illustrissimæ,
et sancte præco, diisq̃ sacratū caput.
en, magna molimur futura comoda,
et maximā regno quietem quærim⁹
Hujusq̃ laudis magna vobis pars erit
quos novimus regno precari prospera,
uterq̃ votis anxius si pareat
Nunc ergo vestrā posco secretā fidem,
tam magna quib⁹ arcana regni pandim⁹
Honorib⁹ magnis fidem pensabim⁹
largisq̃ fidos præmiis ditabimus.

PRÆTOR.
Protector illustris, propago splendida
Regis, tibi lubens fidem conservo meā.
Quod impas, fidele munus exequar.

GLOC.
Contrita mutuis cædib⁹ Britannia
heu terret, et majora suadent vulnera
infirmi pueri sceptrā, matris et furor.
sceleri mederi quis facile demens potest?
deponat animo justa qui Regis timet,
et malè parebit regis imperio pudor,
viro potenti vera laus non contigit
Fortuna quos impellit, invitos malè
vetatq̃ sæpe facere quod cupiunt piè,

Justus facile erit, cui vacat pectus
metu.

Suadent mihi decora regni nobiles,
regnare quem regalia jubent stemmata.
Vos civiū suadere mentib⁹ velim
in urbe, quorum fama tanta splendide
celebratur, ut mihi sceptrā regni de-
ferant.

PRÆT.
Quo jure tu Regnū nepotis vendicas?
ne temere plebs irata turbas concitet,
ubi senserint spoliātū honore principem.

GLOC.
Talia tuis clam sparge Prætor civib⁹.
Lecti stuprati natus incestus fuit
Eduardus olim frater, alienos thoros
dum matris amor avarus admisit, ducis
atq̃ soboli falsos nepotes miscuit.
Facti probrū pudibundus invenit comes,
stuprūq̃ secretū fatentur famuli
Imago dissimilis patris nothū vocant
moresq̃ degeneres fratris: me filiū
legitimè imago nota psuasa ducis,
iidemq̃ mores patris et voces pares
neq̃ tulit hanc solū labem infelix
genus

Majore dedecore domū infamem gravat
matrem secutus frater Eduardus suā
Nam conjugali Luciae junctus fide,
repudia sponsæ nunciat amator novus,
thalamisq̃ primis ludit injunctā fidem
Elizabetha serò regali face
uxor secunda, juncta principi fuit.
Possidet iniqua mater alienos thoros,
fædosq̃ patri filios pellex tulit.
Dum populus ista cogitat secū, statim

in curia cives tum dux inclytus
 corā docebit ista Buckinghamius
 Procerūq quæ sit omniū sententia
 Splendore populus raptus insignis viri,
 me fortè principem suis suffragiis
 clamabat, et regem vocabat Angliæ
 Hæc cruce Pauli sacra fundens dog-
 mata

populo simul divine præco edissere
 Sed turpe probrū matris invitus quasi
 pstringe nostrā cautus offensā gravem
 metuisse fingens; laudib⁹ ubi nos tuis
 copiosus ornabis; subito quasi cœlitus
 Princeps datus Britanniae, laudes meas
 Stipante pompa intercipiā, miraculū
 dum creduli meditantur, illico nominis
 spes falsa seducit facilè, nunc exequi
 vos expedit fideliter quod jussimus.

DR. SHAU.

Mox tua fidelis impata psequar.
 nunquā meā damnabis incertā fidem.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

CIVIS PRIMUS. CIVIS SECUNDUS.

CIVIS 1M⁹.

Quòsne scinditur Britannia litib⁹
 Luctusq cumulat luctib⁹ fatum grave?
 dirum premit recens malū? pene
 modū
 severa fata nesciunt. Nunquā domus
 Irata plena cædib⁹ pacabitur?
 hæresve nullus sceptrā impune geret?
 At jam nihil stirpem timent Lancas-
 triā
 Erepta ferro regna: jam novū scelus
 infausta sibi domus parat, quantā luem

præsagit assuetis malis animus? fides
 Est nulla regni, nec suis parcere potest
 ambitio demens. Glocestriū ducem
 ambire regnū murmurat secreta plebs
 Patruī nefas crudele, tetrū, parvuli
 latent in obscuro nepotes carcere,
 en Comitiis de certo ascriptus dies.
 Glocestrii tantū ducis frequens Cliens
 attrita pulsat limina: illic emicat
 illustris aulæ splendor, istuc confluunt
 mitiora quisquis supplici implorat
 prece.

Quicunq Regis nuda calcat limina
 Et principis servus fidelis viseret
 illū minū edocta vulnerat cohors.

CIVIS 2⁹.

Charū caput, duræq sortis p̄ticeps
 fidelis, heu, quā nos premūt casus
 graves?

fessam repetit en turbo sævus Angliā,
 viresq triste reparat amissas malū.

CIVIS 1M⁹.

Effare quæ cives manent lassos mala.

CIVIS 2⁹.

Brevi scelus complectar horrens impiū,
 dum reb⁹ otiosus intentus novis
 vagarer, et cōmune regni gaudiū
 revolve præceps ecce fertur impetu
 insana plebs, cæco frequens cursu ruit
 Denso statim miscebar agmini stupens:
 Ad templa rapimur: dubias aures por-
 rigo:

Expecto sacra: cogitabundus steti
 Divinus ecce præco scandit pulpitu,
 quem literis lucere clarū jactitant,
 sordere fœdis moribus, doctor Shaa.
 Mox è sacris sic orsus est oraculis.

SEMEN BEATUM THORUS ADULTER DE-
NEGAT

PROLES NEC ALTAS SPURIA RADICES
DABIT.

Postquā diu regni decus quā vulnerat
Lecti probrū præmonstrat, et falsæ
faces:
thori fidem quantū beabunt numina:
Lectiq̃ decepti scelestos filios
peccata testantes patris quantū horreant:
bona falsus hæres quamvis occupat pa-
tris:
furtū tamen mox prodit ignotū deus,
suoq̃ restituit sua hæredi bona.
Qui possidebat regis infandos thoros
fidemq̃ lusit conjugalē pelluca
Elizabetha falsa mater, impio
declamat ore quodq̃ primū Luciae
promissus olim lectus Eduardi fuit
Ergo thoros hæc possidebat Luciae
Injusta mater Elizabetha, liberos
et polluit macula suos adultera.
nec filios mentita fœdabat fides
solū regis patris; polluta mater arguit
spureosq̃ natales, suis dum liberis
adulteros furtiva miscuit Venus.
summi ducis, falsūq̃ patris filiū
diversa suadent ora solus exprimit
Richardus effigiem patris: regem vocat
vultus ducis: Nunc ergo jure vendicat
amissa patris regna. Mox Glocestriū
ad astra laudibus ferebat: Regis
quod splendor hic lucebat, hic verus
nitet,
vultus patris, virtus frequens quantū
beat

hunc intueri jussit, hunc solū colī
omnes stupent vultumq̃ demittunt, fre-
munt,
mox intuentur invicem, venit Glocestrius
suas laudes serus amittit: comes
stipabat ingens. Ubi ducem vidit Shaus,
Rex Angliæ, quasi lapsus esset cœlitus,
En (inquit) en chari Britanni, en prin-
cipem
hunc intueri rursus, hunc colī jubet
Periisse quasi frustra blanditias pudet
jam tum priores, dux prius cū abfuit
hæc vera imago patris, hic vultus ducis,
Nescit mori pater Richardo sospitus.
Stipante pompa, spiritus altos gerens,
p̃ densa pumpens virorū, civib⁹
spectanda præbet ora dux, alto sedet.

CIVIS 1M⁹.

Quis hujus at sermonis eventus fuit.

CIVIS 2D⁹.

Postquam Shaus periisse laudes cerne-
ret,
populū nec acclamare lætis vocib⁹
Rex vivat æternū Richardus: (nam stu-
pet
tum populus, admiratur infandū nefas)
cœpti pudet, seroq̃ cognovit scelus:
reparare vires quærit amissus pudor
frustra prius spretāq̃ virtutem timet:
En civiū vultus miser fugiens, domū
subducit ipse se clam. At hic quid vult
sibi
in curia corona tanta civiū.

CIVIS 1.

Coire cives prætor hic jussit suos.
de rebus ut nos consulat gravissimis
Propago Buckinghamiorū nobilis.

CIVIS SEC.

Avertet omen triste propitius Deus.

DUX BUCK. PRÆTOR LOND. NOBILIS,
SERVUS UNUS ET ALTER BUCKING-
HAMII.

DUX BUCK.

Amore vestro ductus (ô cives mei)
de reb⁹ alloquar hodie gravissimis.
Sunt ista patriæ decora maximè,
vobis nec auditu seorsim tristia,
Quos nunc beat fortuna lætos undiq
Quæ namq vestris expetita sæpiùs
votis, diuq frustra defessis erant
sperata tempora, prætio quæ maximo
parasse, vel labore sumo non piget,
oblata vobis gratis adsunt omnia!

Si tanta, tamq optata quæ sunt quæ-
ritis,

tranquillitas sæcuræ vitæ, liberū
dulcis tutela, salusq conjugū.

heu quis priùs tot explicatis sæculis
vos pculit metus gravis? Nam p deos
cælumq quicquid possidet, quis tot dolis
tantisq tutò pfrui suis rebus
potuit? quis esse liberis solatio?
quis in suis regnare solus ædib⁹?

Mens horret illam psequi tyrannidem,
p ima quæ grassata regni viscera
exhausit ædes neq pestis invida
insontibus novit pcere. Quid explicem
exacta quanta sunt tributa sæpius?
extorta vi, quanta visa luxui?

Nec grande civis ferre vectigal potest
Exhaustus, mulcta crevit imensum levis,
pœnaq gravis pcussit offensū brevem.
meminisse Burdetti arbitror (cives mei)

cui, quod jocatus est lepidè, demi caput
Rex jussit indignè, nefas judex licet
horreret nefandū, locusq nobilis
urbis senator qui diu vestræ fuit,
heu quam graves ppressus est pœnas
miser,

viris quòd illis ipse multa debuit
quos intimè rex invidebat impius?
Non est necesse ut psequar
adesse pene neminem vestrū puto
qui tam cruenti tempis non sit memor,
metusq non sit ipse conscius sui,
quem vel nefandus regis injecit furor,
vel civiū tot improborū ingens favor,
Rex namq ferro nactus imperiū grave:
hunc victor iratus decora lædere
regni putabat impiè, qui sanguine
affinis esset aut amoris vinculo
conjunctus his princeps, prius quos oderat
At huic malo quem majus accessit malū
vitæ dubius hærebat, haud belli exitus
Qui vexat incertus modo: sed (quod
foedius)

urget tumultus civiū esse maximus
qui tum solet, cum nobiles odio invicem
tacito ardeant, nec optimates acriùs
se maximis exulcerabūt litib⁹
Quam, sceptrà cūm gestaret infesta
manu

Eduardus, intestina tandem prælia
sic æstuabant undiq? ut tristi nece
pars interiret maxima civiū,
hæc, hæc fuit tam foeda strages omniū,
qualem vidit devicta nunquā Gallia:
Hæc præpotens exhausit Anglorū genus
hæc pristinis spoliabat illos virib⁹
Sumant tot urbes tanta clades omniū

dubia minatur pax pares bello minas
Num̄os luunt domini, atq̄ agros quis-
quis tenet

Mactatur, irā principis quisnā fugit?
Jam nemo non timore languebat miser,
nec ulla non plena periclis erant tempa

At at quis illi charus esse creditur,
cui frater odio erat suus? confidere
quib⁹ potest, cui frater esse pfidus
videtur? aut quib⁹ pepercit mitior,
fratri suo qui toties damnū intulit?

At quos colebat intimus, nihil moror:
honore vel quales decoro pinxerat.
quis nescit uñā plus potuisse pellicem,
regni viros quā totius primarios?

Invitus ista sanè vobis affero:
Sed nota quæ singulis quid attinet
tacere, quo non impulit libidinis
im̄anis æstus, amoris et cæcus furor?

Quæ virgo paulo pulchrior? quæ fœmina
plus cæteris decora, matris è sinu.
quam non mariti vel rapuit amplexib⁹?
ubivis at licet tyrannis ingruat:

hujus tamen quæ cæteris sensit minas
urbs nostra, cujus potius ornasset decus,
quòd prima regni sedes est, et præmia
defensus olim sæpe princeps debuit.

Majora benefacta vivus spreverat,
nec mortuus referre gratiā potest.

Alter en eodem restat ortus sanguine,
rex gratior suis futurus subditis,
qui quæ meritis refere vestris debita,
votisque respondere possit affatim.

Nec animus illa (credo) vestris excidant,
doctus sacrorū præco quæ sparsit priùs.
Nunquam fidem fefellit interpretes dei:
patruū sacerdos fratris ad regnū vocat,

Glocestriū regnare quia jussit deus
nec sceptrā patris tractat impurus
nepos,

aut polluat regni decus lecti probrū
Richardus hæres fratris unicus fuit:
huic civiū decrevit et procerū cohors
magnanima, supplex ut rogaret patruū,
Regni velit decus tueri principis,
sumeret onus pollentis hæres insulæ.
facturus est ægrè, scio: regni labor
deterret ingens, certat invidiæ rapax:
Ingrata pacem sceptrā nequaquā colunt.

Quantis cietur fluctib⁹ fallax decor?
mihi crede (cives) non potest tantū
puer

onus tueri: pulsat aures vox sacra,
Infausta regna levis quib⁹ puer præest.
Fœlix acumen invidū decet thronū,
ætasq̄ plena, patrā qualem vides,

Si chara vobis ergo civiū salus,
aut si juvent optata pacis fœdera;
tam fausta procerū vota laudetis simul.
uno creetur ore rex Glocestrius:

tantum laborem promptus assumet
magis,

Si vox fatiget vestra nolentem priùs,
mens ergo quæ sit vestra, palā dicite;
Altū quid hoc silentiū? plebs cur
tacet?

PRÆTOR.

Vix forte populus aure dicta concipit.

BUCK.

affabor illos ergo rursus altiùs,
Elapsa sunt iniqua (cives) tempa:
pax alma tandem sorte fœlici viget,
Nisi suo demens quis invideat bono,
Aut nescit uti, dū premebat Angliā

Eduardus atrox sæviens vultu truci,
Insula quib⁹ jactatur usq⁹ fluctib⁹?
Non vita tuta civiū, nunquā bona
sunt clausa cuiq⁹, dissipatq⁹ singula
luxus, nefandi tum libido principis
Quæ virgo fuit intacta? Quæ conjux

labe
carebat injusta? licet quicquid lubet,
misera fuit cunctis potestas civib⁹
sed Londinensib⁹ longè miserrima,
illis licet benigna psuasit locus.

Sed unus est, pericula qui tot vindicet,
Dux ipse regio creatus stemate,
quem singuli colunt, Glocestriæ decus:
Regnare quem leges jubebant patriæ,
hæresq⁹ solus Regiæ manet domus.

furtiva proles matris injustæ, patris
frustra sibi vendicat thronos adulteri
Vir nup⁹ ista vos docebat optimus
dum sacra vobis præco fundit dogmata
divina nullus ora damnabit pius.

Hinc nobilis comota Magnatū cohors
et magna civiū corona, supplices
Orare statuunt patruū, ut hæres suū
capessat imperiū, decus nec patriæ
falsus nepos corrumpat. Id faciet lu-

bens
si sponte id vos exoptare senserit.

Clamore mentem publico ergo effun-
dite

Ye Mayor and others goeing to ye Duke. Quid hoc? adhuc tacet?
Mirū nimis.

PRÆTOR.

Unus solebat ore jussus publico
De rebus alloqui cives magnis suos
Hinc forsitan responsa quærenti dabunt
Effare cives, urbis interpret tuæ.

FITZWIL. RECOR.

Quàm sorte foelici cadant magis omnia
quàm fratre quondā rege, quis demens
negat?

Mihi nec est necesse singula psequi
memoravit hæc dux omniū clarissimus.

Estis duorū facile testes temporū.

Quantū prior premebat ætas, postera
quam grata lucet, quem latet? cupit
magnanimus heros ergo nunc cognos-
cere,

regnare num Glocestriū placet ducem:

Quod singulos statuuisse constat ordines,

Regemq⁹ procures Angliæ verū vocant.

Vir ille quis, quantusve sit, quis res-
ciat?

Quo jure poscat hæres imperii decus,

Admonuit omnes doctus interpret dei

et arte qui pandit polū, doctor Shaa:

Edatis ergo voce mentem Rounding the
publica. Mayor in ye
eare.

DUX BUCK.

Est ptinax nimis istud silentiū

de rebus his (amici) longè maximis

vos alloqui, non jure queror concitus,

Amore sed comotus, ignotū bonū

vobis adhuc referre quòd cupio lubens.

Hoc singulis erit salubre civib⁹.

manifesta mentis signa precor edite sta-
tim.

SERVUS UNUS ET ALTER.

Rex vivat æternū Richardus.

PRÆTOR.

Aula levi tota susurrit murmure,

Cives tacent, spectant retro quæ vox

fuit

mirantur, acclamant nihil regnū duci.

DUX BUCK.

Vox hercule læta, clamor atq̃ maxi-
mus,

dum nemo voce contrà quicquā mur-
muret.

Vox ergo civiū una cum sit omniū
pariter mihi comites (precor) cras jun-
gite

Præcemur una supplices ducem, velit
Nomen deinde sustinere principis.

NOBILIS.

Heu quid genas fletu rigas miser, do-
los

Weeping behind juvato nefandos plan-
ye Duke tourn- gere haud pcis tibi.
ing his face to-
wards ye wall.

Furtū piū si lachrymarū,

sed tamen

læthale. Solus fata mundi qui vides
tremende pater, insontib⁹ miseris ne-
cem

averte, tristem sed sequor comes ducē.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

DUX BUCK. CIVES.

BUCK.

Let ye Mayor
come first ac-
companied wth
citizens, then
the Duke wth
other nobles:
they assemble
at Bernharde's
Castle.

Veneranda civiū cohors,

quos affatim

Urbs possidet præclara

Londinū, en sua

jam quisq̃ sponte contu-

lit faustū gradū,

et quilibet confluit ordo civiū,

ut dempta sceptrâ Adulteris nepo-
tib⁹

Glocestrio gerenda reddant patruo

Ne regiā mentita proles inquinet.

Sed tu prius nostri ducem adventus
mone

Ne tantus anxīū tumultus illico

pturbet, Illū supplices cives petunt

quos Angliæ torquent graves casus,
sui

dignetur aditū subditis fidelibus,

de rebus illū maximis dum consulunt

Ingens onus regni labor, nec allicit

Statim bonos blandū venenū, quos fa-
vor

vexabit intestinus æternis minis

En delicatas eligunt fraudes domos,

et nulla cingunt tela principem satis,

cautūq̃ licet, at sermo popularis pre-
mit.

Sed ista quorsū psequor? Quod si piū

onus coronæ cura comendat gravis

nihilq̃ suspectū facit illū fides

at illū metuo deterreat, nepotib⁹

vivis adhuc, infame regnū patruī.

honore plenus est: latere dux cupit

a turbidis semotus invidiæ

malis

Aditum negat Protector

(o cives mei)

His servant re-
tourneth and
secretly report-
eth to ye Duke
whome he send-
eth againe.

Tantāq̃ turbā suspicatur, nisi prius

Adventus hujus causa quæ sit, audiat.

Quod magna procerū turba supplex

consulit

cinctusq̃ multo cive prætor, nuncia.

Domesticū torquet malū, quod aurib⁹

tantū suis sollicita mandabit cohors.

At nos Glocestriū rogemus supplices

Rogamus [inani] reluctantē prece

Ut sceptrâ regni justus hæres occupet

Sed nunc duob⁹ cinctus esse Episcopis,

apparet in suā domo princeps pius :
ah, sola dux divina foelix cogitat.

CIVES.

O fraude pugnax pjurax audacia
colore dum ludet alieno, nil timet
secura : sed nescire cæteros putat
tectum malum, sibi blanditur nefas.

DUX BUCK. DUX GLOC. CHORUS
CIVIUM.

BUCK.

Te civiū profusa flagitat cohors
excelse præses, ut tuā de re gravi
præsentia alloqui liceret. Afferunt
ignota regno bona, decus magnū tibi
Non audet eloqui jussus pios tamen,
Id nisi licere voce testaris tua.

GLOC.

Quicunq mens jussit, licebit dicere
publica juvat decreta scire civiū.

BUCK.

Diu nimis ppressa plebs tyrannidē,
lætatur hæc luxisse tandem tempa,
se pristino quib⁹ timore solveret,
vitaq grata sit sua securitas.

De rebus ergo dū coiret publicis
statumq regni plena civium cohors
tractaret, hæres unicus, regni decus
ut vendices, sanxere sacris jussib⁹ :
nec sceptrā prolem fratris impurā fe-
runt,

injusta quam matris Venus suæ pre-
mit,

Nunc ergo turba civiū frequens adest,
ut voce supplex publica multū petat,
ut pristino cives timore liberes,
regnum et sagaci debitū tractes manu.

GLOC.

Quām vera cives sanxerint, licet sciā ;
fratris tamen manes veneror olim mei,
nec in meos ferox nepotes patruus
demens ero, verbisq nec populus feris
pulsabit iratus, thronū quod ambiā
Fratris mei, nec exteræ probris simul
gentes lacescent, si dolis patruus meis
Nepotib⁹ regnum scelestus auferā,
aut sceptrā tollam dubia cognati laris
Potius latebo tutus invidiæ malis,
nec cæcus animū pulsat ambitus meū.
satis premunt sceptri propinqui mu-
nera,

vos attamen mihi dixisse non piget.

Cogit potiùs amor referre gratiam

Nec vos nepotem obsecro colatis nunc
minùs

cujus magis privatus imperiū ferā,

Regnare qui puer licet novit parū

Laborib⁹ meis adjutus is tamen,

Regni decus puer satis tuebitur :

Viguisse quod nup magis nemo negat

tutela postquā tanta regni traditur

veterata cessat ira, franguntur minæ

bonoq languent pulsa consilio odia

partim, Dei sed maximi nutu magis

Nil sceptrā damnes regis (ô civis
probe)

debet mihi nomen placere subditi.

BUCK.

Da pauca rursus alloqui (ô dux in-
clyte)

regnare non sinant nepotes subditi :

summi vetant procures : vetat vulgus
rude

Regnū student purgare adultera labe

sin justa regni sceptrā spernas ptinax.
At posse flecti nobilem sperant prece,
qui regio splendore cultu gaudeat.
de rebus hisce quid ergo statuas, au-
diant.

GLOC.

Quod invident regnū paternū liberis,
doleo, fratris qui honoro manes mortui
Utinam queant nepotis imperiū pati!
Sed regere populū nullus invisum po-
test

Hæc quia video statuisse consensu pari,
regnumq̃ spuriis auferunt nepotib⁹

Cum jura regni solus hæres vendicem
quod filius relictus unus sum patris,
cum sit necesse civibus cedere meis :

Vota sequar : en, regna posco debita :

votis creari subditorū principem

Magis reor. Curā Angliæ accipimus,
simul

Et Galliæ rex gemina regna vendico
Sanctiūs habænas Angliæ princeps regā
Magis pacata civiū quies monet.

Tum nostra discet fræna victa Gallia :

hæc Angliæ subacta ditabit genus

Cujus miser si gloriā non quærerem

utinam sorores filum rumpant pfidæ.

CHORUS.

The Duke and no-
blemen go in to
the Kinge, the
Maior and Ci-
tizens departe
away.

Richardus rex, Rich-
ardus rex, Rich-
ardus rex.

CIVIS.

Quærit colorem triste virtutis scelus
pudet sui deforme vultus vitiū.

Heu quis secretos nescit ignarus dolos?

Et mille patrui machinas? quis sibi
prius

Promissa fratris regna fraude non vi-
det?

Dolis petitū publicè regnū negat.

Inventa damnat sceptrā ficta sanctitas,
Qualis negat bis consecrari pontifex.

qui sacra tamen ambit colenda forsitan.

Talis sua rex sponte compulsus gerit

erepta pueris sceptrā. Sed decet magis

Spectare tantas plæbeos tragædias,

Quicquid libet, regi licet, nec legibus

Semp piis nec vota metitur sua,

Crebro iuvat nescire, quod scias tamen.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

DR. SHAWE, CIVIS AMICUS.

CIVIS.

Cur sic pigro miser gradu moues stu-
pens,

Dubiusq̃ sese pes in incerto tenet?

corpus cupis referre progressū licet?

Hæret animus, ponisq̃ nolentem pedem

Quid triste consiliū diu torques? modū

Nec invenis? quid civiū vultus fugis

Insane? vince quicquid obstitit, expedi

Mentem tuā, teq̃ restituas tibi.

DOCT. SHAW.

Heu mihi animus semet scelere plenus
fugit.

vetat quæ scire pectus oneratū malis,

mentisq̃ conscia pavor, dolor æstuat,

animus non potest venenū expellere.

Scelerisq̃ mordet sæva conscientia

Quis, quis coëgit dæmon adversus mihi,

foedare stupro regis Eduardi thoros?

heu mihi tuos Eduarde natos prodidi,

et ore nuntio nefando adulteros:

tuā coronā possidet jussu meo

Richardus; hei mihi, voce foedavi mea
natos tuos: mendatiis sacra miscui
et ore scripturas immani pollui.

CIVIS.

Cur triste poenis gravib⁹ infestus
graves?

nutritus alias colligit dolor faces,
renovatq durū molle sanari malū,
Frænos capit prudens dolor, et ex-
tinguitur,

vincit dolorem, quisquis eximere cupit,
et pfidū sanare conatur malū.

DOCT. SHA.

Præceps monentem mens fugit, redit
statim

concepta frustra concilia repetens, sequi
cogit scelus priora, virtutem timet,
Accendit ipse semet infestus dolor,
lapsasq vires integrat, nunquā meas
cessabit in pœnas scelus, nunquā quies
nocturna curis solvit, alit altus sopor.
Noctu diem voco, repeto noctem die,
semp memet fugio, non possū scelus.

CIVIS.

Malū nequis sanare.

D. SHA.

Si possim mori.

CIVIS.

At dedecus demi licet magnū potest.

DR. SHA.

Nisi turpis hæret usq vestigiū labis.

CIVIS.

Mors sola maculā demere infandā po-
test.

DR. SHA.

Fœdata nescit vita crimen ponere.

CIVIS.

At pœnitenti sera parcunt Numina.

DR. SHA.

Sceleris novi mater prius natū scelus.

CIVIS.

Sanare cessas, qui nimis vulnus times?

DR. SHA.

Sanare non potes facilè vulnus grave.

CIVIS.

Nulli parcet quisquis haud parcit sibi.

DR. SHA.

Prius ipse crimen solus accusa tuū.

CIVIS.

Absolve te quem iudicas ultus satis.

DR. SHA.

Nemo satis ulcisci scelus dirū potest.

CIVIS.

Crimen nimis iudex acerbis vindicas.

DR. SHA.

Nisi mordet acre, fœda sordent vulnera.

CIVIS.

Dum cogitas severa, nil curas reū.

DR. SHA.

Dolor doloris est medela: nescit pœre
cœlū crimen vidit nefandū conscia
tanti fuit dedecoris et tellus vaga.

Ruina mentis fœda tam me disparem
fecit mihi, ut memet nil fugiam magis,
et factus infœlix mei sum pfuga,
animusq serū corporis divortiū:

precatur anxius, necat quisquis jubet
vivere: quisquis mori jubet vitam dedit.
tantū potest placere quicquid dis-
plicet.

de me viri quid loquuntur fuitiles?

CIVIS.

Te sceleris arguunt nefandi consciū.

DR. SHA.

Sed quid tumultus civiū istuc convolat ?

CIVIS.

Ubi civium regnare jussu coeperat
princeps Glocestrius: loco primū studet
rex prius ab illo subditis fari suis,
Ubi voce lex Anglis loqui viva solet.
Nunc ergo ad aulā comigrat Westmin-
steri.

Rex ut prius legū peritis imperet:
Ne prava mens legū minas adulteret,
discescit infelix, pati nec civiū
vultus potest: huic verba pandā principis.

DUX GLOCEST.

Juvabat Astreæ locatū sedibus,
et hoc tribunali tremendo Minois,
auro caput sepire primū fulgido,
Justaq cives lege regere patriæ
Rex providere debet id potissimū
ut urbiū columna lex firmissima
in curia dominetur æquali potens.

vestrū domare pectus haud metū decet,
quorū superbū claruit titulis genus:

Non cæca regnat ira vinci nescia

Nunc ense fessum miles exonerat latus:

Omnes amoris vinculo jungere juvat,
contempta nec patrū jacebūt stemmata;

Vos laudo patres jure doctos patrio,
qui continetis legibus rempublicā,
ne jurgiis lacerata mutuis Anglia

languescat: amplo vos honore psequar,

et mente cives gaudeāt lassa licet,

e sordidis qui nutriuntur artib⁹,

nec causa vos agitata judici premet,

nec fera clangor bella pstrepat tubæ:

Nam concidunt res prosperæ discordiis:

Hinc falsa mens vultu minatur integro:

Hinc omne fluxit civitatib⁹ malū.

Sedabit hos fluctus amor, pietas, fides:

his vinculis foelix coheret Anglia,

quæ nec furor contundet domesticus,

Nec robur hostiū potest infringere

Odii recentis pereat omnis memoria.

Statim mihi Foggū satelles liberet,

supplex asylo qui metu nostro latet.

Sit finis iræ, nec minas jactet furor,

Sumo laborat impetu mens impia

à subditis vultu benigno conspici.

Heu quàm velim fides vigeret aurea,

tantum vetustis nota quondā sæculis,

aut quæ fucos experta virtus non fuit.

Mox sit deorū numen adversū mihi,

si lingua mentis fallat interpret suæ.

Noli timere (Fogge) concedas propè

sociemus animos: pignus hoc fidei

cape,

conjunge dextram, et me vicissim delige.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

HOSPES, CIVIS.

HOSPES.

Domesticum narras malū, tetrū, grave

Imensa regni moles invidiæ capax

quantis cietur fluctib⁹? victū licet,

potuisse vinci non sibi credit tamen.

Graves procellas concitat regni fames,

Dum cæca quassavit libido principis

Quot urbiū projecta sunt cadavera?

Qualem maris salsi secantem gurgitem

puppi benignam turbo concussit gravis

et volvit horrens concitū flatu fretū,

dum latera scindit, et geminat minas:

Talis premit vehemens statim mutatio.

Affare (quæso) cur frequens huc con-
volat

populus, notatq proximos oculis locos?
Theatra stupidus spectat usq splendida
et singulis sternuntur omnia fulgidis,
regale spendat atq soliū principis.

CIVIS.

Hospes fidelis mihi, coronâ cingitur
Rex Angliæ Richardus: assensu pari
cujusvis hæres approbatur ordinis.

HOSPES.

Hoc sparsit olim rumor ambigu⁹.

CIVIS.

Locus

Hic maximis datur comitiis, imminet
hora.

HOSP.

Bona dū pius creatur rex: mala,
Si nequior: rex si bonus sit, civiū
salus:
rex si malus sit, civitatis pestis est.

CIVIS.

Qui regio natus supbo stemate,
duos nepotes principes tutor suā
suscepit in fidem patruus: en Angliæ
rex ipse conventu creatur maximo.

HOSP.

Ubi reguli duo? nefas regere patruū
hi dum supsint.

CIVIS.

Hoc facit regni sitis:
in arce regni carceris cæci luem
patiuntur.

HOSP.

O scelus!

CIVIS.

Sed principis tamen.

HOSP.

Magis hoc nefandū.

CIVIS.

Propter imperiū simul.

HOSP.

Pietas decet regem, nec impio licet
parare regnum pretio.

CIVIS.

Semp tamen
imperia constant pretio bene quolibet.

HOSP.

Nunquam diu male pta succedunt.

CIVIS.

Satis

semel est regere.

HOSP.

Statim labi duplex malū
foelicitas brevis labor regni gravis.

CIVIS.

Prout lubet, regendo minuitur labor.

HOSP.

Crescit magis odiū.

CIVIS.

Hoc metu restinguitur.

HOSP.

Potius fide.

CIVIS.

Quin deme tantos spiritus
Lacerare dictis principem diris grave
est,

statimq suspectos sibi mori jubent.

Jam parce dictis: tempori decet obsequi
nuper nimis blande salutat obvios:
abjicere se cogit mens mali conscia,
regemq vultus pene servilis docet.

Hinc liberavit Cardinalem vinculis,

Et Stanleium emisit solutū carcere.

Hujus timebat filiū Lancastriæ,	HOSP.
Ne sæva patris vindicaret vincula.	Nudi duo feruntur enses cuspidē
At Eliensem præsulem clausū domi	nullo.
retinere Buckinghamiū jussit Ducem.	CIVIS.
Sed regis adventū sonat clangor tubæ	[<i>Hiant Codices.</i>]
Comites, Ducesq, Marchiones, Præsides,	HOSP.
præire torquibus mirantes cernimus.	Quidnā loquuntur sceptrā?
HOSP.	CIVIS.
Effare (civis) nitida quid calcaria	Pacē.
aurata signant, quæ comes manu gerit.	HOSP.
CIVIS.	Quid Globus,
Sunt Bellicæ virtutis hæc insignia.	Cujus sup crux elevatur verticem?
HOSP.	CIVIS.
Baculū quid.	Monarchiam.
CIVIS.	HOSP.
Eduardi fuit regis pii	Ecce alius vagina conditū
id illius nunc memoria pferant.	et arte sumā fulgidū gladiū gerit
HOSP.	itemq magnū.
Sed absq cuspidē gladius, quem fert	CIVIS.
caput	Sumā dignitatis est
nudus, quid indicat?	honore sumō spatha.
CIVIS.	HOSP.
Clementiā.	Quis locū
HOSP.	splendore mediū maximo, radiis quasi
Aure ⁹	nitidis micans, rubroq tinctus murice
Clavus, quid?	tenet.
CIVIS.	CIVIS.
Officiū Comestabilis Angliæ	Iste fecialis est sui ordinis
Equitum magister publico hunc coetu	primus atq regis ipse nomine.
gerit.	HOSP.
HOSP.	Virgula quid alba præ se fert ducis?
Enses quid à dextris feruntur prin-	CIVIS.
cipis	Hanc sumus Angliæ Archichamerinus
et à sinistris fulgidi duo simul?	gerit.
CIVIS.	HOSP.
Sunt arma justitiæ : scelus cleri	Quid alba Reginæ columba denotat?
simul	CIVIS.
Laiciq puniunt salubri vulnere.	Notat avis inōcentiā nihil nocens.

THE SHEWE OF THE CORONATION.

Trumpetts

Choristers

Singing-men

Præbendaries

Bishopps

Cardinall

Heralds

Aldermen of London

Esquires, Knights, Noblemen.

Gilt spurrs borne by the Earle of Huntingdon

St Edward's stafe, Earle of Bedford

The point of y^e sword naked. E. of Northumberland

The great mace. Lord Stanly.

Two naked swordes, E. of Kent. L. Lovell

The grete scepter. Duke of Suffolke

The ball wth the crosse, E. of Lincolne

The sword of estate. E. of Surrey

Three togather. The Kinge of heralds

The Maior of London with a mace

On the right hand the gentleman usher

on the left hand,

The King's crowne. Duke of Norfolke

The Kinge under a canopy betwixt two Bishops.

The Duke of Buckingham wth a white staffe caringe up the King's traine

Noblemen

The Queen's scepter

The white dove wth a white rod

The Queene's crowne

The Queene wth a circlet on her head under a Canopie

The Lady Margaret bearinge up the Queene's traine.

A Troupe of Ladies
 Knights and Esquires
 Northren Souldiers well armed.

Duringe the solemnity of the Coronation
 lett this songe followinge be songe wth
 instruments.

Festū diem colamus assensu pari
 quo principis caput corona cingitur.

Decora Regni possidet
 Regis propago nobilis
 Illustre principis caput
 fulva corona cingitur.
 Nunc voce læti consona
 cantū canamus principem.

Regnū premebat dedicus
 Libido Regis polluit.

TERTIA ACTIO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. PALMER, Richardus Rex
 Mr. STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamius
 D. SHEPARD, Elizabetha Regina
 D. TITLEY, Filia Eduardi regis major.
 D. PILKINGTON, Ancilla.
 Mr. STANTON, Epis. Eliensis
 Mr. FOXCROFT, Brakenburius præfectus arcis.
 Mr. SNELL, Tyrellus generosus.
 Mr. ROBSON, Ludovicus medicus
 Mr. GARGRAVE, Anna Regina uxor Richardi
 Mr. SEDWICK, Nuntius primus
 D. HILL, Nuntius secundus.
 HOULT, Nuntius tertius.
 Mr. BAYLY, Lovellus heros
 Mr. ROBINSON, Catesbeius.
 Ds. MORRELL, Nuntius quartus
 Nuntius quintus
 Mr. HICKMAN, Henricus comes Richmondiaë,
 Mr. DIGBY, Comes Oxonii
 Mr. HILL se : Dux Norfolciensis.
 Mr. LINSELL, Rhesus Thomæ Wallicus
 Ds. HARRIS, Nuntius
 Mulier
 Alia mulier
 Anus
 D. HARRISON Hungerford
 Mr. ROBINSON Burchier
 Miles } equestris ordinis
 Mr. HODSON, Stanleius heros
 Mr. CONSTABLE, Gent. Filius Stanlei Dominus
 Strange.
 Centurio
 Braa servus comitissæ Richmond.

REDFERNE, Dighton carnifex, a big sloven.

Mr. DUCKET, Comes Northumbriæ

MUTES.

The yonge kinge and his brother lyinge dead on a bed.

Foure daughters of King Edward.

Souldiers unarmed and armed.

[ARGUMENTUM]

FUROR.

Quorsum furor secreta volvis pectora
 minasq spiras intimas, nec expedis
 faces tuas ? scelus expleas Glocestriū :
 Glocestrios invise rex olim tuos :
 et sceptrā jactes, prætiū sane necis,
 dubiosq regni volve fraterni metus.
 Decora spectant ora Eboracū stupens
 miretur excelsū decus vulgus leve.
 Quorsū moras trahis lenes ? totus miser
 fias, magisq sæviat nefas breve.
 Aude scelus mens quicquid atrox cogitat,
 Regnūq verset ultimū Regis scelus.
 Nondū madebant cæde cognata manu :
 nondū nepotes suffocantur Regiū
 et frustra poscas neptis incestos thoros :
 imple scelere domū patris tui : illico
 discat furor sævire Buckinghamius :
 macta tyrannū, deme sceptrā si potes :
 sed non potes : pænasq dignas pferes
 tanti tumultus. En venit Richmondius,
 exul venit, promissa regna vendicat,
 regniq juratos prius thoros : age,
 stringantur enses, odia misce, funera
 dirāq stragem : impone finem litibus
 En regnet exul, rex nec auxiliū impetret,
 tuaq cadat (Henrice) Richardus manu.
 Actum est satis : parcā furor Britanniae
 posthac, novasq jam mihi quæram sedes.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

BRAKENB. ORDINIS EQUESTRIS, TI-
RELLUS.

BRAK.

O rector alme cœlitum et terræ decus,
quisquis gubernas, parce Brakenburio
Clemens furorem siste duri principis,
pœnaq̄ certam libera gravi fidem
Horrere nunquā cessat imperii sitis,
curis nec usquā solvitur ægra ambitio.
Regni metu Richardus æstuat ferox,
injusta sceptrâ possidet trepida manu,
novasq̄ suspicatur insidias sibi.
Stipante dum magna caterva rex suâ
inviseret Glocestriâ, famam occupans
incerta sortis cogitans ludibria,
quàmq̄ facili injusta ruit impetu po-
tentia,
regniq̄ ludibriū nimis statū tremens,
dum spiritu vescatur ætherio nepos:
mox ut suo reddat dolori spiritū
geminus nepos, et sanguine extinguant
suo

Regni metū pueri, ferox patruus studet
Nuper Johannes Greenus intento sacris
Mihi, traditas à rege literas dedit
Parare tristem Regulis jubet necem.
Et principib⁹ adferre crudeles manus
quos vinculis præfectus arcis comprimo.
Solutus potest mactare Brakenburius
natos tuos Eduarde? solus pdere

stirpem tuā? mandata regis exequar.
Lubens tibi Richarde promptus servio.
Necare stirpem fratris, ah, pietas vetat.
Intus jacent squalente miseri carcere,
Solutusq̄ captivis ministrat carnifex.
O principis dirū nefas, tetrū, ferox.
Inter metū animus spemq̄ dubius vol-
vitur,
mentemq̄ distractā tumultus verberat.
Nunc regis horreo minas: notus mihi
animus satis vetat timere: conscius
nihil mihi, quò fata vellicant, sequor.
Quid in tuū Richarde subditū paras?
crudele quid spiras? quid atrox cogitas?
Pius fui: cruore regem pollui
nunquā manus meas: quid incusas?
fidem
tuebar: ulcisci bonū iñmensū paras.
Testor deorū numen iñocens eram
insons eram. Solumne regnū non ti-
met
maculā? quid aulā ptinax fugis pudor
humilemq̄ casā quæris? aulā deserat
quisquis piè vivet: micans splendor ni-
mis
Sortis beatæ lumen impedit piū,
Et turpiter collisa mens impingitur
sin fata me morentur, adveniā lubens
tibi de tuorū cæde tristis nuntius
Eduarde, pcusus miser ferro simul
A rege sed Tirellus huc quid advolat?
an non perimus? heu metu cor pal-
pitat

Quā, quā parant pænā gravē fido mihi?

Ferrē libenter quicquid est, ruā licet.

TYRELL.

Ignava mens, quid jussa regis exequi
dubitas? inanes et metus fingis tibi?

Haud leve timebit, tristis quisquis co-
gitat.

Quid principi Tirelle gratari times?

rex imperat: erit iñocens necessitas:

magna anxiū cura Richardū liberas,

et longa te regis beabunt præmia.

Principe suo Eborū domus contenta
erit,

prolesq; regiæ spiritū inimicū expuant
pro mortuis pugnare quis stultè cupit?

aut principum demens tueri cogitat
exangue corpus? quicquid est auden-
dū erit.

malus minister regis anxius pudor

Equestris ordinis decus Brakenburi,

regis parentis adulterū vivit genus?

BRAK.

Tantū moratur ultimū vitæ diem.

TYRELL.

Nihil horrescis tremendā principis?

BRAK.

Sequar lubens, quocunq; fata me vo-
cant.

TYRELL.

An non decet mandata Regis exequi?

BRAK.

Nunquam decet jubere regem pessima.

TYRELL.

Fas est eos vivere, quos princeps ode-
rit?

BRAK.

Nefas eos odisse quos omnes amant.

TYRELL.

Regni metu angi Principem nū æquū
putas?

BRAK.

Scelere mederi vulneri scelus reor.

TYRELL.

Constare regnū illis nequit viventibus.

BRAK.

Illis mortuis invisum erit.

TYRELL.

Ars prima sceptri posse te invidiā pati.

BRAK.

Quem sepè casus transit, aliquando op-
primit.

TYRELL.

Regnare non vult esse qui invisus timet.

BRAK.

Invisa nunquam imperia retinentur diu.

TYRELL.

Tua interest vivat puer vel occidat.

BRAK.

Parū nisi ut occisore me non occidat.

TYRELL.

Tua ecquid imbelles timet pueros ma-
nus?

BRAK.

Qui castra non timeo, scelus tamen
horreo.

TYRELL.

Hanc iñmemor regi reponis gratiā.

BRAK.

Quod in scelere nullā repono gratiā.

TYRELL.

Nil sævientis principis iram times?

BRAK.

Generosa mens terrore nunquā con-
cidit.

TIRELL.

At multa rex tibi minatur horridus
 En serus alto jungitur Phœbus salo,
 Nudumq̄ lustrandū sorori deserit
 cœlu? ergo sume regis ad te literas,
 claves ut arcis illico mandes mihi,
 hac nocte regis exequi jussa ut queā.

BRAKENB. TYRELL, JOHAN:

DIGHTON.

BRAK.

O cæca regnandi libido, ô scelus
 Regis furentis triste nimis, ô patruī
 Nefanda sceptrā, quæ suorū sanguine
 madent. Propinquæ vos manus heu de-
 struunt,
 ô nobiles pueri, pupillos opprimunt
 Hostemq̄ dare genus vestrum potest.
 Amissa postquā regna cognovit puer,
 et possidere rapta sceptrā patruū:
 Sic fatur infœlix lachrymis genas ri-
 gans
 ab imo pectore trahens suspiria,
 Regnū nihil moror: precor vitā mihi
 hanc patruus ne demat. Heu quis
 Caucasus
 lachrymis potest, aut decus Indus
 pcere?
 Nunquā deinde ornare se miserū ju-
 vat:
 Nullo solutæ vestes diffuunt nodo.
 Imago semp errat ante oculos mihi
 tristis gementis principis, nec desinit
 pulsare mœstum animū quærela Reguli.
 Sed huc refert Tirellus infaustū gradū.

TIRELL.

Cædis fidele munus intus occupant

Vastusq̄ Dighton, et Forestus carni-
 fex.

Mortem morabor principū dū pferant.

BRAK.

Uterq̄ fato cessit inimico puer?

TIRELL.

Vivunt adhuc, illis tamen necem pa-
 rant.

BRAK.

Aliter placari regis ira non potest?

TIRELL.

Regem metus non ira crudelem facit.

BRAK.

Effare quo rex ore responsū tulit
 quod ense nunquā cæderent meo.

TIRELL.

Ut ista primū novit, ingenti statim
 stupore torpet, sanguis ora deserit,
 totusq̄ cineri similis expallet simul
 suspiria imis efflat è p̄cordiis,
 lævaq̄ cordi proximū feriens latus,
 regale subitò deserit soliū, furens
 graditur citatis passibus, quassans ca-
 put,

tacitoq̄ secum dirus im̄ungit sinu,
 ubi sanguis è fornace veluti denuo
 proruit adustus, fervidis torret genas
 rubetq̄ totus, puniceo velut mari
 im̄ersus, aut minio fuisset plitus.
 Oculi scintillant flāmei obtuitu truci
 velutiq̄ setis horret erectis coma.

His tanquā Orestes accensus facib⁹ fuit
 Nam de suorū cæde convellunt pares
 utrumq̄ furiae: discrepant uno tamen.
 Agitatur umbra matris ille mortuæ:
 gravi nepotū ast ille vivorū metu.
 Et graviter in te exarsit ira turbida,

responsa rex qua nocte pcepit tua :

Coram tacendæ functionis assecla
ingemuit et in hos mæstus erupit sonos.

Proh, cui quis ullā sanus adjunget
fidem?

Ubi gratus animus, quove pietas ex-
ulat?

Terras relinquens scelere pollutas latet
Viris nec ullis jam licet confidere.

Quos ego velut gnatos parens enutrio
si quando tristis urgeat necessitas :

Hi me pentem deserunt, violant fidem,
meoq jussu prorsus audebunt nihil.

Respondet illico principi astans assecla,
At proximo stratus cubili vir jacet
(audacter istud audio nunc dicere)
id esset arduū nimis, quod is neget
unquā subire, placeat modò tibi.

Quū rex ab illo tū quis esset quæreret,
me dixit : ad cubile rapitur illico,

ibi me fratremq offendit in lectū datos.

Rex tū jocosè, Tam citò (inquit) vos
thoro

componere juvat? tū seorsim me vocat
panditq mentis triste consiliū suæ
de Regulorū celeri et occulta nece.

Ego quis moneret intuens, qualis simul
ipse fuerim, lamentata nec regis ferens,
meā ultro regi tū lubens opem tuli :

Quocerca primo mane mihi literas de-
dit

ad te notatas, quas mea ferrē manu :

Jussitq claves turris excelsæ mihi
ut traderes, quò Regis exequar

Fidele mandatū nocte comissū mihi.

DIGHTON.

Uterq suffocatur exanguis puer.

BRAK.

Hei mihi, p artus horror excurrit va-
gus.

TIRELL.

Quo sunt perempti genere læthi par-
vuli?

DIGHTON.

Cū triste coelū stella lustraret vaga,
serasq gallus cecinit umbras pvigil :
en, dum nepos uterq lecto sternitur,
dulcesq somnos caperet geminus puer :
cubile nos intramus occulto pede,
fratresq subito stragulis convolvimus,
sumis volutos virib⁹ depressimus,
Ubi plumea clauduntur ora culcitra,
vocemq prohibent pressa pulvinaria :
mox suffocantur adempto uterq spiritu,
quia perviū spirantibus non est iter,
En, ambo cæsi lectulo strati jacent.

BRAK.

Videone corpora Regulorū livida ?
funestus heu jā cæde puerili thorax
Quis lachrymas durus malis vultus ne-
gat?

Hei mihi, perempti fraude patrui ja-
cent.

Quis Colchus hæc? quæ Caspiū tangens
mare
gens audet? Atq sedis incertæ Scy-
tha.

Nunquā tuas Busiris aspersit ferox
puerilis aras sanguis, aut gregibus suis
epulanda parva membra Diomedes de-
dit.

TIRELL.

Bene est : fratris Richarde nunc soliū
tene

securus, et decora regni posside,
 Sepelite tetri carceris gradu infimo :
 satis profunda fossa fratres contegat,
 et saxeo mox obruuntur aggere,
 de morte passim sparge rumores vagos,
 quod fata sponte trina condulsit soror,
 Periisse subita morte finge regulos.
 Sunt Regis hæc mandata, cura sedulò,
 Jam sume claves [ptinax Brakenburi.]

BRAK.

O sæva nostri temporis credulitas
 ô regis animus dirus! ô mens barbara,
 secura turbans jura naturæ ferox?
 Tune inñocentes principes, pueros pios
 monstrū procustos, tune mactasti tuos?
 ô terra, cœlū, mœstūq regnū Tartari,
 scelus videtis triste? Sustines nefas
 tantū, trisulco horrens Saturnie fulmine
 Acheronte toto merge Syderiū caput
 radiate Tytan, pereat et mundo dies,
 Quis quo suo generi hostis infestus
 fuit,
 adeo ut cruentet cæde puerili manus.
 Jam Nero pius es? scelere materno
 madens
 nefande Pelops cæde, majus hic nefas
 Sola teneros Medea mactat liberos.
 Jugulare civem semp indignū fuit
 privare luce fœminā tetrū nimis :
 at inñocentes, parvulos, infantulos,
 (qui vita quid sit, non p ætatem sciunt)
 spoliare vita, facinus horrendū nimis.
 Quid parcet aliis qui suos ferox necat?
 qui nocte pueros mulctat atra inñoxios,
 quos summa charos cura comendat sibi.
 Heu, heu, quib⁹ jactaris Angla flucti-
 bus?

Discede pietas, et locū quærat fides,
 en longa sanguinis sitis regno imminet.

REGINA, ANCILLA.

REGINA.

Eheu recenti corda palpitant metu
 gelidus per artus vadit exangues tre-
 mor,

Nocturna sic me visa miserā territant,
 Et dira turbant inquietā somnia

At tu pater qui clara volvis sydera,
 et igne flāmiferū vago regis jubar,
 omen nefandū averte, funestū, tetrū.

Jam cuncta passim blanda straverat
 quies,

somnusq fessis facilis obrepsit genis
 vidi minantem concito cursu heu aprū
 natosq frendens dente laniavit truci
 utrosq sævus mactat. Ætheriæ potens
 dominator aulæ, fata si quid filiis
 dirū minantur, in hoc caput crescat
 furor,

matremq prius jam fulmen irati petat.

ANCILLA.

Quando vacabit tempus ullū cladibus?
 modūq ponit matris attonitæ dolor?
 Nam triste matri nunciū demens taces?
 totas an animus gaudet ærumnas suas
 tractare, longos et dolores claudere?
 O regio quondā tumens fastu, potens
 Regina.

REGINA.

Misera voce quid media stupes?
 exire jussus non reperit viā sonus?
 fuisq turpes lachrymis genæ madent.

ANCILLA.

Sævit cruento dente frendens aper.

REG.

quicquāne sceleri restat.

ANCIL.

Ah, gnati tui.

REGINA.

Audire cupio miseras statim meas.

ANCIL.

Heu ambo scelere suffocantur principes,

Labefacta mens succumbit : assurge :

hei mihi,

rursus cadentem misera spiritū leva.

spirat, revixit, tarda mors miseros fugit.

REGINA.

Regnare nunc sceleste patruē potes, ni-

hil

timebit imbelles ferox pueros furor.

scelesta vibres sceptrā : adhuc unū deest

sceleri tuo, jam sanguinē nostrum pete,

tui furoris misera testis haud ero.

Quem defleā infelix ? propinquos ? li-

beros ?

anne malis superesse fata quem si-

nunt

tantis ? Ego meos mater occidi, latus

Eduarde quando comite nudavi tuo,

et tunc asylū deseris dulcis puer.

Te, te, precor supplex mater genib⁹

minor,

qui vindicas flāmas vibras tonans pa-

ter,

et hunc vibrentur tela pjurū tua,

Spolies Olimpū irate fulminibus tuis,

et impiū cœli ruina vindicet.

ANCILLA.

Quin placida cogites, animūq mitiga,

mentemq sana turbidā curis leva.

REGINA.

O patruī monstrū nefandū, quale nec
Dirus Procustes novit, aut Colchos
ferox.

O Cardinalis impiī fallax fides,
cui filiū vesana mandavi meū.

O filii charissimi, ô liberi,
quos patruī crudelis ensis eripit,
suo nec unū sufficit sceleri nefas
vestrumq matri funus invident mihi.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

DUX BUCKINGHA : EPISC. ELIENSIS.

BUCK.

Venerande præsul Eliensis insulæ,
depone mœstitiā : prius liber licet
nunc ædibus captivus hæreas meis :
nam te meæ cum crederet fidei ferox
Princeps, parū promitto sæverū fore
Parem tibi potius amicū possides
Jam pristinæ vitæ status reminiscere
et non quis es quis fuisti cogita.

ELIENS.

O me beatū (pace quod dicā tua)
carcere quòd isto liberū me sentiā
Sed fata quid non graviter incusem
mea ?

Quod mentis initiū benevolæ desinit
virtus sed animi rebus afflictis tui
solamen est quæ non potentis respicit
tam copiā, quàm quæ voluntas indigi.

BUCK.

Gratū est voluntatis tuæ indicatiū mihi,
Adversa quamvis singula videntur tibi :
Cum sic amicè me colis indignū tamen,
conabor, ut quæ voce jactentur mea,

hæc vera tandū expertus affirmes fore,
Nec fata damnes dura, quin potiùs
probes,

tantū nec æstimes malum, te liberū
Non esse quantū est gaudiū vita frui
duras tyrannus regni habenas dū tenet

Quin capite quod non plecteris lucrū
puta :

vitā dedit, dum non adimit audax fu-
ror.

Quot cædibus cruentat insanas manus?
Quot destinavit ad necem mentis furor?
dicere nequeo, nec verba sufficiunt
mihi :

dolor tacere jussit. O nullo scelus
credibile in ævo, quodq̃ posteritas ne-
gat.

Patruus nepotes patris heu regno ex-
pulit.

Tantū exuit regno? necem miseris de-
dit.

Frænos dolor vix patitur, ulcisci cupit.

ELIENS.

Præclara suades, inclytū durū genus.
Hoc patribus percrebuit olim pristinis,
IMPERIA SCELERE PARTA SOLVUNTUR
STATIM.

Tanto medelā vulneri nisi feceris,
quæret lues secreta regni vulnera.
Perdere tyrannū laus vel hostem æqua-
lis est.

BUCK.

At sceptrā tutus ut regat potiùs velim
(cujus furor paucis nocebat forsitan)
quam sede dimoveri pulsū regia
Nec talis est, ut in suos sic sæviat :
Stimulo coëgit ira, quæ nescit modū

Cujus tamen regno scio prudens caput
consulere, pax florebit æqua civibus.

Laudandus ergo, cura quem regni te-
net,

et cui suorū civiū chara est salus.

ELIENS.

Superbus eructat animus, nec continet
sese, secretā miscet irā laudibus.

Sic principes illi cautus odiū concita,
ut te tamen sequi puteris nunc magis
stultū est diu occultare, quod prodas
statim

Nullā mihi fidem dabis certò scio,
diversa modò si vellem juvare tibi.

Testor deū, si non fuissent irrita
Vota mea et Eduardo quod obtigit duci
Stetisset Henrico, stabile regni decus,
Henrice, partes non reliquisset tuas.
Sed cū secus tulere fatorū vices,
sceptraq̃ regi deferant Eduardo, magis
quæ voluerā Henrico remansisse inte-
gra :

non sic furore pcitus miser fui,
ut mortui patronus illudar pius.

Calcare victorem quis audet invidus?
Post ego sequens victoris arbitriū sa-
gax,

in gratiā receptus illico fui,
vivoq̃ nunquā fefelli tibi : tū fidem
Eduarde liberis precabor, et tuis
decora regni sceptrā : longas Angliæ
tractent habenas regis orti stemate.

At quæ deus contexuit, retexere
non est meū : sed qui fuit regni modò
protector, is nunc regio fulget throno.
Cohibebo me : quin sacra præsulem vo-
cant

senem magis, non studia regni: jam tantum tumet frons tibi, gerit cornu
meis nihil

doctus malis satis: at preces decent Satis (inquit) hoc inermis et novi fera,
modò. Sin esse cornu dixerit frendens Leo,

BUCK.

De rege fatus obmutescit: audio
lubens, sagax de rege quidnā cogitat.

Quin perge pater, egressa verba ne pre-
mas,

animiq tutus vota psequere tui.

Hinc non modo periculi nihil, sed gra-
tius

votis tuis mox comòdu eveniet tibi.

Consultor eris in rebus incertis mihi:

Quod cogitabā, a rege cūm precib⁹
meis

impetro tuā domi meæ custodiā.

Alterius esset fortè carcer tibi magis
molestus, hic te liberū potiùs puta.

ELIENS.

Factis parem habeo gratiā (dux in-
clyte)

at non placet tractare gesta principū

Hic sæpe blanda tecta fronte fraus latet

Quæ dicta sunt bene, sæpe torquent
non bene,

curamq fabula suadet Æsopi Phrigis.

Legem tulit princeps talem feris leo

passim necis pænā minatur horridus,

Cornuta silvas bellua nisi deserat

tantū tumens vesana fronte bestia

Jussus tremens regis, parat miserā fugā.

Fortè properanti vulpes occurrit sibi,
causāq mirabundus exquirat fugæ.

Sylvam fugio: Leonis (inquit) horreo
mandata: Ridet vulpes, affatur ferā,

Falsò times demens, nihil de te Leo

puto:

Subridet, omnia sorte felici cadent.

BUCK.

Nihil time, leo nil nocebit rugiens,
aper ne dente vulnus infliget tibi.

Nil audiet princeps eorum, quæ tu
mihi

Narras secretus.

ELIENS.

Hercle aures si suas
hic sermo pulset, ipse nec sumat male:

Nil tū timerem, forsitan grates daret.

Sin mala (quod auguror) potiùs af-
fectio

interpres esset, veritatis nec penditur:

utriq verba grande conflarent malū.

BUCK.

Hoc quicquid est audire mens avida
cupit.

culpam lubens præstabo quamlibet,
haud time

tantū meis morem geras votis pater.

ELIENS.

Nihil herclè dico, sceptrā quando pos-
sidet

Protector, hæc quo jure princeps ven-
dicat,

Præcarer at suplex tamen, quod pa-
triæ

salus requirit, cujus ille frena jam
moderatur, et pars ego fidelis extiti,
dotes ad illas addat ut clemens deus

(his licet abundat, laude nec nostra indiget)

Quod in tuo numen benignū fusius
sparserit honore, dotibus abundat magis

regniq tractet meliūs habenas sui.

Cohibebo me : hæc tacere me decet magis.

BUCK.

Miror quid hæret, voce quid media
stupet?

Quin seriò cum patre tremulo collo-
quor?

Venerande pater, animū quid incertū
tenes?

seseq vox egressa continet statim
dum fundis interrupta, concludis nihil

et crebrò spiras. Qua fide regem colas
neq scio, neq tuus amor in nos quis
fuit

nostras quòd ornas præco virtutes (licet
in me reperio laudibus dignū nihil)

id me magis nunc mentis incertū tenet
sed tuā odio ardere mentem suspicor

vel amore ductus ista cæco concipis,
vel obstat ut audias vanus timor,

vel impedit pudor senem parū decens,

Effare : honorem pignoro dubio tibi

tuti recessus, surdus audiā.

ELIENS.

Quid est
Promissa cernis, dux nimis fastu tumet,

avidus honores haurit, odit principem
secretus huic aperire mentem quid

times?

aut regis exitiū paras, vel dū faces

accendas irarū duci, tuā fugā.

Captivus ex quo Regis arbitrio tuus
fueram (liceat hac voce pace uti tua)

Quanquā molesti carceris sentio nihil,
libris levabam pectus attonitū malis,
sententiā dedici revolvens optimā,

quod nemo liber nascitur solū sibi

Victurus, at partem parentes vendicant,

partem propinqui, maximè sed patria

debet parens cōmunis allicere piū.

dum mente volvo, debitū patriæ juvat

præstare, cujus (heu) statū dum

cogito;

quantū micabat summa regū gloria,

tantū tyrannus nunc iugo premit gravi:

Regni ruinā sceptrā promittunt sua.

Sed magna miseris non deest spes civi-

bus

dum corpus aspicio tuū, pulchrū decus,

ignis acumen, vimq dicendi parem,

sumas opes raramq virtutem ducis,

præ ceteris cui chara patriæ salus

patriæ labanti gratulor, cui contigit

heros mederi quis malis tantis potest

qui regni habenas tractet æquali manu,

quas nunc tyrannis opprimit Glocestria.

Retineat ille nomen antiquū, novū

parum placet, quod jure sceptrā non

tenet.

Nec invideo regnum, pios si non honor

Mores simul mutasset effrænis ducis,

novamq mentem nomen acciperet novū,

O gravia passū nobile imperiū Angliæ

graviora passurū, tyrannus si imperet

Imanis usq scelera quid psequar?

Agnosco qualem stravit ad regnū viā

En optimatū cæde fœdavit manus,

obstare votis quos putabat improbis.

O sacra regnandi sitis, quò animos
trahis
mortaliū? scelestus at p̄git furor,
quantūq libuit audet, sceleris haud
modū
ponit, patravit majus et fide scelus.
Ætasne credat ulla, matrem filius
quòd damnet insanus probri solus suā?
Impius inurit criminis falsi notā,
fratresq geminos spurios falso vocat,
nec non nepotes impia notat labe,
stirpemq fratris damnat ambiguā sui.
Hoc est familiæ nobile tueri decus.
Sed cur queror? nū sceleris hic finis
fuit?
gradus mali fuit, hactenus non stat
nefas
Jam regna fratris possidens non timet
audire majora: miser heu implet
manus
funere suorū patruus, insontes necans;
Erumpat ergo vis corrusca fulminis:
an parcet aliis qui suos mactat ferox?
sperare quis meliora nunc demens po-
test?
Majora monstra triste præsagit nefas.
Nunc ergo moveat temporū tandem
status.
Per numen æternū, p̄ Anglorū de-
cus,
titulis superbū si genus charū tibi,
succurre miseris, rumpe fatorū moras,
capesse regnū, sede pulsū deprime
tyrannū, ademptū vindica regni decus.
Nec justa dubiū causa terreat nimis,
defende cives, chara sit patriæ salus
Comes laboris haud deesse jam potest:

plebs tota defectū rebellis murmurat:
magis subibunt barbari Turcæ regnū,
quam rex suo impius cruore luderet.
Quanto magis nunc te crearet prin-
cipem,
in quo genus refulget excelsū? meis
quiesce votis, Angliæ oblatū thronum
Nec respuas, prodesse multis dū potes,
nec te labor deterreat, si quem putas
inesse; sed sit arduū: minime tamen
pro pace patriæ deserendū publica.
Quod si recusas ptinax, nec te sinas
vinci precibus: adjuro p̄ verū deū,
p̄ maximi ducis fidem, sancto simul
quondam p̄ astrictā fidem Georgio
insignis ascitus eques ordinis Garterii
quando fuisti primū, ut in nostrū
caput
sermonis hujus culpa grassetur nihil.
Hoc publicis imploro precib⁹ civiū
Sin alterius optanda sceptrā dexteræ
quæris: throno Lancastriæ pulsū ge-
nus
addas paterno, aut filiū Eduardi patris
throno superbo nobilis jungas viri.
Sic impiū tyrannus exitiū feret,
et cladibus defessa gens ponet modū,
habes meā de rebus his sententiā.
Cur sic tacet? miror: metuo multū
mihi:
suspiriū ducit: fidemne decipit?
BUCK.
Video timore distrahi pectus pater.
doloris ansā (doleo) quod tacens dedi.
tu macte sis virtute: non fallā fidem.
O magne cœli rector, et mundi arbiter,
quantū tibi devincta gens est Anglica?

qui fluctuantem sæpiùs regni statū
 Clemens deus manu benigna protegis? ·
 Jam statue tandem gravibus ærumnis
 modū,
 clementer animis spiritū inspira pater,
 ut principem quæramus auspiciis tuis,
 qui justa tractet sceptrā regali manu,
 statimq̄ rebus collocet lassis opem ·
 Reverende sedis præsul Eliensiū,
 specimen dedisti mentis erga me tuæ
 clarā satis amoremq̄ testor patriæ
 par culpa nostri, quare nil time dolos
 de rege mentis sensa prorsus eloquar,
 vires cur illi adjutor adjunxi meas.
 retinere postquā non potest fati colos
 Eduardus ejus nominis quartus, mori
 sed fata cogunt: liberis parū suis
 fui benevolus, ille quod meritis parum
 dignū referret præmiū, generis mei
 titulos nec altos æstimavit invidus
 Ergo minùs orbos tū colebā liberos
 patris inimici. Vulgo jactatur vetus
 dictū facilè regnū labi, cujus tenet
 rex puer habenas: Cœpta tū comes
 tua
 Richarde faveo, judicavi tū virū
 fuisse clementem, atq̄ nunc video ferū
 hac fraude plurimū allicit mentes
 pias,
 ut publico Protector assensu Angliæ
 renunciatus esset, et regis simul.
 accensa sic honore mens fuit novo,
 ut cū secundū possidet regni locū,
 tantū placere sceptrā cœperunt statim.
 Regni decora poscit ad tempus sibi
 teneros nepos dum complet annos de-
 bilis.

Dubitare postquā nos videt, regni fidem
 nec fallimus, spurios nepotes tū probat
 patruusscelestus: credimus tandem sibi,
 statimq̄ nostri fræna regni tradimus.
 damnavit hæredem ducis Clarentiæ.
 crimen paternū, jura avita pdidit
 Regni thronū, Richarde sic paras tibi
 ruisq̄ tandem, quò furor traxit tuus
 regnare liceat (ut lubet) jam neminē
 æquū est metuere, nullus est hostis fe-
 rox,
 obstare sceptris nemo jam potest tuis.
 At quis minister funeris tanti fuit?
 Tu, tu tyrannus natus ad patriæ luem,
 tu prole matrem sævus orbaris sua,
 nec abstines à cæde cognita miser,
 teneros nepotes patruus injustus necas.
 Quorū necis cū fama penetrasset meas
 aures, trementes horror occupat vagus
 artus, venas deserit hiantes intimus
 cruor, soluta membra difflluunt.
 Nobis salubre pollicemur inscii,
 incerta dū sit propriæ domus salus
 Mihi damnat injustū frequens injuria.
 Avita si ad justus hæres prædia
 sumiq̄ vendico munus comestabulis.
 graviter repulsā læsus ingratā tuli.
 Nunquid dabit nova, qui suū nunquā
 dedit.
 At si dedisset, non tamen gratis daret.
 Ope namq̄ nostra possidet imperii decus.
 Agnosco culpā, quū mea carens ope
 Nunquā feroci sceptrā gestasset manu.
 Fratris redundat in meū crimen caput,
 manuq̄ patriæ vulnus infixi meæ.
 Hoc expiabo si medelā fecero;
 medebor ergo, sicq̄ decrevi priùs,

justā querelā durus ubi tū respuit.
 Non amplius me contineo: dicā ordine
 quodcunq̃ mente absconditū tacita latet,
 Cum regis animū scelere plenū cernerē
 in odium amor īmutatur, ulcisci paro,
 Quem sū passus ejus aspectū statim
 tuli molestè, ferre nec vultū queo.

Aulā relinquo regiā, domū peto,
 dum cæpi iter, mea facile tunc dextera
 erepta posse sceptrā transferri puto,
 regnare postquā populus iratus jubet.
 Quo mihi placebā ludicro titulo diu,
 et justus hæres domus Lancastriæ
 mihi falsò videor, ambiens regni thronū.
 Hæc cogitanti subitò me rogat obvia
 Richmondiæ cōmitissa, redditū filio
 precarer exuli: si rex benignus annuat,
 tum regis Eduardi relictæ filiæ
 natū suū despondet ad castos thoros:
 dotem nihil moratur, una dos erit
 Regis favor, nec amplius mater petit.
 Hinc nostra pereunt regna: tū mihi
 exciderat animo filio primū suo
 matriq̃ jus patēre regni: somniū
 thronus fuit, regnūq̃ frustra vendico.
 Contemno primū vota Cōmitissæ pia.
 Mens altius dum cogitat matris preces,
 tum spiritu impulsā sacro matrem,
 bonū
 sensisse regni nesciā īmensū puto,
 Infensa si domus thronos jungit pios,
 quæ sceptrā jure dubia vindicat suo:
 æterna fieret civib⁹ tranquillitas,
 solidamq̃ pacis alliget rectæ fidem,
 hæresq̃ dubiæ certus esset Angliæ.

ELIENS.

O recta patriæ spes, salus, solatiū

respicere cœpit mitis afflictos deus.

O sancta lecti jura legitimi, Anglia,
 tibi gratulor, lætare, solamen venit.

BUCK.

Nunc tanta quib⁹ arcana tuti pandim⁹
 Matris prius mentem decet cognoscere.

ELIENS.

Jam nostra votis cœpta succedent satis
 Servus fidelis ecce Cōmitissæ venit,
 ut nos licèt lentus juvat miseros deus!
 Brai potentis servū Comitissæ, tuæ
 domine salutis gratus esto nuntius.
 Jactata pacis appulit portū ratis:
 mox natus horæ sceptrā gestabat manu,
 si jure jurando suā astringet fidem
 face velit sibi jugali jungere
 quæ nata major regis Eduardi fuit.
 Nati ergo faustos mater ambiet thronos,
 ut sede pellatur sua rex impius.

BRAA.

Tam læta domine, nuncius ferā lubens.
 quamcunq̃ vobis atq̃ prestabo fidem.

BUCK.

De rege tandem memet ulciscar probè:
 de sede malè parta triumphabit parū.
 Nunc sævus infensū inveniet aper sibi
 fortem leonem, qui unguib⁹ tantū valet
 quantū ille dente: jā scelere cumula
 scelus:

Crudelis imple cæde funestas manus:
 adhuc iniquè jura detineas mihi:
 dominare tumidus, spiritus altos gere:
 sequitur superbos ultor à tergo deus,
 Reddes coactus, sponte quæ negas mihi,
 Nuper superbus Eboraci fastu tumens,
 Cinctus corona, vestibus claris nitens
 spectanda præbet ora stupidis civibus,

diadema pariter cinxit uxoris caput,
celebratq plebs honore divino levis :
portendit excelsus ruinā spiritus.

ELIENS.

Tu tu tyrannū morte mulctabis ferox
si liber essem, vinculis nudus tuis,
meaq septus insula tota satis,
nihil furentis horreā regis minas :
nunc ergo liceat pace discedā tua.

BUCK.

Dispersa perdit turba vires debilis,
unita fortiū minatur hostibus manus ;
morare paulū, milites dū colligo :
defendet armatus tuā miles viā.

LODOVICUS MEDICUS.

Comitissa mater læta Braii nuntia
postquā sui nati de nuptiis acceperat,
ut regis Eduardi priori filiæ
si sacra lecti jura sponderet comes
Richmondus, speraret amissū thronū,
adire reginā jubet celeri gradu,
tentare mentem sponte quasi pulsā
mea :
ut qui peritus arte medicorū fui,
foedera medelis sacra miscerem meis,
Lectumq promissū comitis Richmondii.
Nunc ergo Lodovice, jussus exequi
decet fideles, vince matrem, ne thoros
comiti negaret conjugales filiæ.

EPŪS ELIENSIS FUGIENS.

Deserere nolens cogor hospitium ducis
turbata magnū consilia suadent metū.
Nunc ergo consulā mihi celeri fuga.
Quām nunc manus miser hostiū sævas
tremo ?

sed cautus incedā, insulā petā meā,
sulcabo salsa nave mox et æquora,
hospesq tutus bella spectabo procul.
Te, te potens mundi arbiter supplex
precor,
ab hoste servū protegas sævo tuū.

LODOVICUS, REGINA.

LOD.

Regina servans conjugis casta fide
lectū jugalem, siste misera lachrimas,
adesse spera jam malis finem tuis.
Parumper aure verba facilis percipe
vacato nostris precib⁹ : inveni modū
quo trux tyrannus debitas pœnas luat,
tractentq rursus sceptrā felici manu
tui nepotes, rege dejecto truci :
procerū sibi, plebisq concitat odiū
Richardus, invisū eximere regno stu-
dent.

Jam vulgus insano crebescit murmure,
quām ferre possunt gravius imponi
jugū,

an sceptrā speremus benigna principis ?
neci nepotes patruus infantes dedit.

Querela civiū frequens pulsat Jovem
amare nequiunt, quem execrantur pub-
licè

servile collo populus excuteret jugū,
si notus hæres esset imperii sibi.

Richmondia (nunc exul) Henricus
comes

hæres familiæ certus est Lancastriæ :
huic filiæ sociare si thalamos jubes,
nullus de regni jure hæres disputat.

REGINA.

Quod pepulit aures nuntiū lætū meas ?

quid audio? nū misera mens est credula? Utinā cruorē capitis invisi deo
hæc facilè credunt quod minis miseri libare possim! multa mactatur Jovi
volunt. opima magis arasve tinxit victima
Sed quod volunt, fortuna contumax quam rex iniquus [aut tyrannus im-
vetat. pius].

Prona est timori semper in pejus fides. Violenta nemo imperia continet diu,
Regnat tyrannus, exul Henricus comes, sperare tanti sceleris quis demens po-
est vulgus anceps, dubius et populi test
favor regnū salubre, vel fidem tutā dui?

Quæ filiæ facilis patet meæ via
ad sceptrā?

LODOV.

Voto tremulus obstabit timor.

Confide causæ, civiū pugnat salus: sensi dolū, morā traho, veniā peto.
prudens familiæ consulas mater tuæ: Ægre repulsā passus imperat statim
cædis recentis imemor sobolis jaces venire? adhuc recuso; sed veniā ta-
cur sic inultā te sinis? stimulet dolor men,
cædis tuorū, et conjugis chari probrū. Veniam, Richarde, sed malo tandem

REGINA.

Spem pollicetur animus invitam tra- Et ultor adero inimicus infensus tibi,
hens. miseris Britannis pacis autor publicæ.

Dotare thalamo filiā Elizabeth velim: Fugiens asylū Marchio Dorcestrius
sed spernet illā forsā Henrici parens vim militū magnā Eboraci colligit.
illam petas; scrutare nū maneat vetus Ducem sequuntur Devoniensis Curtnæū,
domus simultas, exulis gnati potest viresque fratris adjuvat sacrū caput
Flecti malis, ut fieret ex misero potens. Episcopi Exetrensis: infesto agmine

LODOV.

Regina, peragam jussa.

REG.

Respiret deus dirus suorū carnifex pœnas luat.
consilia læta, perge non dubio gradu. Ergo tyrannū patriæ pestem suæ
trucidate, cū sit grata civibus hostia,
DUX BUCK. AD MILITES. præsidia cum sint tanta, quæ partes

Ultrice dextra, milites, sævus cadat student
cōmunis hostis ille, tum quisquis comes nostras tueri, et patriæ vitā dare,
fuerit tyranni, jaceat et pene comes. omnesq dux ferā lubens angustias,
Quid ira posset, durus expromat dolor ut hostis pereat vester ferox Nero.

Quid desidemus? arma cur cessant
pia?

cedendo vinci ut perfidos hostes putes
stultè nimis votisq pulsando Jovem
vibrentur enses, copias jungi decet;
ad arma ruite, vos ferox hostis manet:
pugnate validi, vir viro inferat manus
tollantur altè signa, bellū tuba canat,
et excitetur classico miles truci.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

RICHARDUS REX SOLUS.

O sæva fata semper, ô sortem asperā
cum sævit et cum parcit ex æquo malā
Fortuna fallax rebus humanis nimis
insultat, agili cuncta pvertens rota.

Quos modò locavit parte suprema, modò
ad ima eosdem trudit et calcat pede.
Subito labantis ecce fortunæ impetu
quis non potentem cernit eversā domū?
Heu gnatus, heu primò unicus periit
meus

(ô dura fata, et lugubrem sortem nimis)
qui clara patris regna sperat mortui.

Ut ille magni parvus armenti comes,
primisq vixdum cornibus frontem ge-
rens

cervice subito celsus, et capite arduus
gregem paternū ducit, et pecori impe-
rat.

O suave pignus, ô decus domus
Regalis, ô Britanniae fumus tuæ,
O patris heu spes vana, cui demens ego
laudes Achillis bellicas, et Nestoris
annos precabar, luce privavit deus.
Nunquā potenti sceptrā gestabis manu

felix, Britanno jura nec populo dabis,
victasq gentes sub tuū mittes jugum.
Non Franca subiges terga, non Scotos
trahes

in tua rebelles imperia, sine gloria
jacebis alto clausus in tumulto miser.
Porro exul hærens finib⁹ Britanniae
dirū parat bellū Comes Richmondius,
viresq cogit sceptrā rapturus mea.
Domi cruorem populus en nostrū petit,
incendit animos ptinax nimiū furor,
sceleris ministros armat in nostrā ne-
cem

Quidā minantem virib⁹ Richmondiū
juvare; quidā firma præsidia arcibus
locare? quidā clanculū armatos domi
servare, quidā subditos; fidem ut suā
fallant, rogare precibus infensi student
Nescire velim, cuncta simulavi lubens
dum cæca potui cœpta, concilia dolos
sentire, militūq vires jungere.

Hujus furoris cū ducem Buckinghamiū
caput esse scirem, et totius fontem mali
Vel marte aperto trahere, vel precibus
piè

allicere cepi, ne fidem mutat suā,
Dedi benignas ad ducem magis literas,
Felix ad aulā convolet celeri gradu:
Sentit dolos dux, texuit causas moræ,
stomachiq se dolore rudit premi,
Omnem statim morā jubebā rumpere.
Venturū ad hostem patriæ sese negat.
Et milites cogens suos dux pessimus,
in me nefanda bella demens comovit.
Quid facio? amicus qui mihi suū fuit
auferre regna quærit: odit maximè
qui maximè colebat: ô scelus impiū!

et dux profundo devovende Tartaro.
At plebs velut procella ventis turbida,
agmine scelesto principem neci petit:
Solutus Richardus causa cantatur mali
Quid nunc agendū restat? aut quem
consulā?

Infecta facta reddere haud quivis potest.
Si populus odit, pereor? sed populi
favor

servetur, isto macula tolletur modo,
qua nomen indui scelestus heu meū;
ut in Britannos si quid erumpat malū
damnent nihil, jam mitis, humanus,
pius,

et liberalis civibus meis ero,
et scelere vindicabo nomen impio.
Centū sacrificiis alta surgent mœnia,
curis soluti ut precibus incumbant piis:
Legesq patriæ utiles ferā meæ:
fortasse nostras populus in ptes ruet,
pietate falsa ductus: auri montibus,
blandisq verbis ducitur vulgus leve.

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS.

NUNTIUS.

Adfero ducem fugisse Buckinghamiū,
magnæq quid nunc dissipantur copiae.

RICH. REX.

Quæ causa subito terga vertendi fuit?

NUNTIUS.

Ubi Wallicorū numerat ingentē manū,
qua sylva sese porrigit Danica, viā
pandit superbus, et Sabrinā nobile
superare flumen properat, agmini suo
ut Courtneorū jungat agmen; at minas
dum spirat horrens impio dux agmine,
at non genus mortale curant Numina?

dum milites vicina spectant flumina
altasq ripas non datur adhuc tangere,
subitò gravis terrā ruina cœli verberat
divesq pluviis laxat imbres humidus
Auster, et agros altūm tegit frequens
aqua.

En piscis ignotas in auras tollitur,
Lectis jacentes arboribus hærent, agris
eversa, tecta: vagit in cunis puer
passim per agros, montibus natant feræ,
terrā diebus obruunt aquæ decem
Stupet miles, cū Courtneiorū copiis
jungere pfusus agmen haud fluviis
sinit.

At Wallicorū turba nullo præmio
invita serviens duci, carens simul
misera cibariis, statim illū deserunt:
Nullis minis gens Cambria adduci po-
test
aut precibus, ut maneat simul belli
comes,
aut pergat ultra. Præda nudus hos-
tibus
suis relictus, cepit infœlix fugam.

REX RICH.

Fœlix ad aures nuntius nostras venit:
prius labantem fausta tollunt numina.
Portus ad omnes miles undiq sepiat,
dux exteras ne erumpat ad gentes.
Comes

Richmondus quidnā parat, quærat
simul:
num cœpta linquat, an minetur am-
plius.

Princeps honorem testor, illū qui mihi
captū reducet, præmiū dignū feret.
Si servus ille fuerit, emittā manu:

sin liber, illū mille ditabo libris.
 Classis Britannū armata sulcabit mare,
 ne perfidus premat Angliā Rich-
 mondus.

Aude scelera, ne crescat malū:
 exprimere jus est ense, quod nequeant
 preces.

Quicumq̃ sceleris socius in nostras ma-
 nus
 veniet, piabit sanguine inceptū nefas.

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS.

NUNTIUS.

Captus tenetur vinculis Buckingha-
 mius.

REX RICH.

Sacris colamus prosperā votis diem.
 O mihi propitios, sed tamen lentos dies
 [*al.* deos]!
 hostis quib⁹ captus dolis sit, explica!

NUNTIUS.

Ubi Cambrio dux milite orbatū vidit,
 obstupuit illicò, atq̃ sorte tā gravi
 pcusus, animū pene despondit suū
 consilii egenus, sed sibi fidit tamen,
 Banisteri tremens ad aedes clā fugit,
 cui dux amore eximio prius favebat,
 et semp auxit dignitate plurimū:
 hujus latēre clā studebat aedibus,
 donec cohortem reparet, et belli ruinas
 nudusve mare fugeret secans Britannū,
 Comitiq̃ sese jungeret Richmondio.
 At malè deorū si quis invisus duci
 fuerit, paratū non potest fugere malū.
 Servus Banister, seu vitæ timens suæ,
 tuisve ductus præmiis, Salopiæ
 Proconsul, tum Mitton prodit ducem

Is militū stipante p̃git agmine,
 servi præhendit ab aedib⁹ sui haud
 procul,
 dum fata sylvis dira solus cogitat,
 tibiq̃ vinctū fidus adducit virū.

RICHARDUS.

Si non fides me sacra regno continet,
 tentabo mea stabilire sceptrā sanguine,
 et regna duro sævus imperio regā
 Nunc ergo dux pœnas gravissimas
 luat.

Obrumpat ensis noxiū tristis caput,
 nullamq̃ pene carnifex reddat morā.
 Regnare nescit, odia qui timet nimis.
 Non tua mihi Stanleie dubia fides
 fuit.

Comes sitit Richmondus honores
 meos.
 Gener tuus sibi sceptrā despondet
 mea.

uxor suo comitissa quærit filio
 Victrice dextra rapta sceptrā tradere.
 rapidis volabis gressibus Lancastriā:
 illā intimis reclude mox penetralibus,
 pateat nec ullū fœminæ servorū iter,
 ad filiū nullas mater det literas,
 ne patriæ demens luem tristem pa-
 ret,
 et sceptrā mihi mulier rebellis aufe-
 rat,

At Strangeū præstantem honore filiū
 fidei tuæ mecū relinques præsidem:
 testabitur puer patris constantiā
 Natura mentem fœminæ pronā malo
 dedit, dolisq̃ pectus instruxit, negat
 vires, malū ut tantū queat vindi-
 care.

DUX BUCKINGHAMIUS.

O blandientis lubricū sortis decus!

ô tristis horrendi nimis belli casus!

heu, heu fatis mortale luditur genus.

Quisquāne sibi spondere tā firmū potest

quod non statim metuenda convellat dies!

Cujus refulsit nomen Anglis inclytū modò, pallidos nunc ad lacus trudos miser.

Quid (heu) juvat jactare magnos spiritus?

Fallacis aulæ fulgor (heu) quos perdidit?

Heu blanda nimiū dona fortunæ! mare

non sic aquis refluentibus turget, aut undis

turbatus ab imis pontus Euxinus tumet,

ut cæca casus heu fortuna magnatū vocat.

Funestus heu dirusq Richardi favor quid illa deplem miser tempora, quibus

fretus meo consilio aper frendens, sibi regnū cruento dente raptū comparat?

En, hujus ictu nunc atroci corruo. Natale solū, illustre decus ô Angliæ, horrenda quæ te fata nunc manent? ferox

postquā jugo tyrannus oppressū tenet

heu, heu, miser Stygeas ad undas deprimo,

Crudelis et collo securis imminet.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

RICARD. REX, NUNTIUS, LOVELL:

HEROS, CATESBEIUS.

RICHARDUS.

Quid me potens fortuna fallaci nimis blandita vultu gravius ut ruerem, edita de rupe tollis! finis alterius mali gradus est futuri: dira conspirat manus in me rebellis, torqueor metu miser.

disrumpor æstuante curarū salo.

Richmondiensis ille pfidus comes

in transmarinis ambit (heu) regnū locis:

In cujus arma jurat turba civiū inimica: mox hujus mali tanti metu famulos cruenta morte mulctavi meos.

at fama vexat turgidū pectus magis:

thalamos jugales filiæ Richmondio

Comiti studet regina mater jungere.

O triste facinus, hostis in nostra potens

regnabit aula, meq fatis destinat.

NUNT.

Richmondiensis incubat ponto comes.

REX.

O flenda fata! Gesta quæ sunt, explica.

NUNT.

Ubi ter, quatuor, implesset October dies,

Oculis profundū mane spectantes fretū, Vagas carinas vidimus appellere.

Portū petunt Dorcestriū, quem Polū

vocant. Dubia nos turba spectantes diu
manemus illic. Nave tum prætoria
comitem ferocem novimus Richmondiae
Auxilia forsā alia sperantes manent
aliquot diebus: ut nos celsas vident
ripas tenentes, littus appellant simul
Num simus hostes, miles an charus
duci

quærunt: vafros nos fingimus vultu dolos
ibi milites locasse Buckinghamium,
ut comitis adventū maneret exulis,
dubiūq mox ad castra deducant ducis
Junctæ facilè possent phalanges vincere.
Rex maximo sepultus obruitur metu.
Hi blanda verba suspicantes, carbasa
complente vento laxa comittunt mari,
velisq pansis advolant Britannia.

REX.

Cur ludis inconstans nimis miserū dea?
nup locatū me levas summa rota,
auraq molli prosperos affers dies:
illico supinū lubrico affligis solo.
Quàm varia? quàm maligna? quàm
levis dea?

LOVELL.

Cur vexat animū cura vesanū gravius?
ubi prisca virtus? pellat ignavos metus
excelsus animus: [fortis haud novit
metum.]

Nulla periculo nobilis virtus labat.

Quorsū ducis manes tremiscis mortui?
quorsū rebelles cæteros? an non jacent
terra sepulti? pulverem demens times?
Promissus hymen, et fides Scotis data
illos fideles pacis officio tenent.
Mandata legati duci Britanno
tua deferunt, agros sibi rebellū

promittis, armis sceptrā si juvet tua.

Quem non movebunt ampla promittā
præmia

desine timere: quod satis tutū est
times.

CATES.

Si præmiis dux pertinax ductus tuis
non excitetur aliud inceptū manet.

Richmondio disjunge promissos thoros
neptis tuæ: Lancastriis si non opem
ferat domus Eborū (fremat licet ferox)
frustra minatur: differa connubiū
Richmondii, nec filiae Eduardi faces
celebrent jugales, si frui voto velis.

REX.

Rapietur illico, finietq nuptias
districtus ensis, Tartaro nubet prius.

LOVELL.

At est asyli grande violati nefas:
meliora cogita: ista non prodest tuo
medicina morbo: culpa non sanat reos,
nec est aperto scelere pugnandū scelus.
Et nuper allectus tibi populus fuit
quem plurimis dudū modis colere studes.
statim scelere pcusus inani, oderit.

CATES.

Quod impetrari mollibus precibus potest,
non est minis duris parandū, voce vel
sæva tyranni neq frigido metu.

REX.

Tædasne demens patiar invisas mihi
meoq sceptro contrahi? nunquā accidet.
Scelestā nostrū firmat impietas thronū
audebo quodvis: scelere vincendū scelus:
violare jura facilè regnanti licet.
In rebus aliis usq pietatem colas.
Stringatur ensis: Regna tutatur cruor.

LOVELL.

Regina tenera mollibus verbis potest
utrinq̃ torqueri facilè, mox deferant
jussus tuos legati ad illā, ut filias
suas in aulā adduci mater sinat.

CATES.

Si socia thalami fortè moriatur tui,
neptem statim vince ducendā tibi,
illoq̃ pacto fracta spes comitis erit.

REX.

Placet, quod inquis! potius quā regnū
ruat,
tentanda cuncta: triste consiliū tamen
dum vivit uxor: hanc decet lætho dari.

LOVELL.

Frequentet illā rumor esse mortuā.

REX.

Cum salvā fuerit illa, quid rumor po-
test.

LOVELL.

Fortasse longa oppressa curarū tabe
moriatur: utq̃ mors sit illi certior,
illico suborna qui susurret clanculū
fecunda quid non sit, fore infestā tibi.
Arcenda thalamis sterilis uxor tuis est.
Aulā beare sobole foelici decet
Regem: doloris sæva ppetua lues
matura timidæ fata foeminæ dabit.

REX.

Mactabo potiùs, ense læthali, priùs
tollam veneno, quā mei pestis throni
cladesq̃ fuerit: vosq̃ quos semp colo
faciles animi, fida Magnatū manus,
adite templū, tum meis verbis piè
matrem salutantes, colere me dicite,
vitæq̃ sordes esse mutatas meæ
contendo, quævis opprimat silentiū.

Populi favorem nequeo nācisci priùs
quam fratris ut complectar olim filias,
quorū duos miser fratres neci dedi,
natumq̃ Marchionem honore prosequar.
amplos agros promitte, magnas et opes,
si gratus Anglia exul illico venerit.

RICHARDUS REX SOLUS.

Animū tumultus volvit attonitus, rupit
regni metus, quiescere nec usquā potest,
sanare nunc malū queo solū, face
neptem jugali si maritus jungerem
Uxor sed obstat: scelera novimus prius
quid conjugem cessas veneno tollere?
aude anime, nū peccata formidas tua?
serò pudet: peracta pars sceleris mei
olim fuit maxima: piū esse quid juvat?
post tanta miserū facinora, nihil facis.
Parat animus nefanda, parva nec pla-
cent.

Regnū tuemur: omnis in ferro salus.

LOVELL: REGINA ELIZAB. REX
RICHARDUS.

LOVELL.

O socia thalami regis olim, foemina
illustris, ad te nos legatos principis
fecere jussus, ut soluta sacro carcere
aulā sequaris splendidam mater potens.
Nec moveat antè Regis imensū scelus,
quem tantopere vitæ scelestæ pœnitet:
matura sanctè suadet ætas vivere
Vitā cupit mens lapsa spurcā ponere,
serumq̃ cepit vitii fastidiū,
Dum vincere cupis, arma delectant
magis
nescit modū sibi strictus ensis ponere:

at placida victori magis pax expedit,
 quem civiū quivis tumultus territat
 Partā priūs ne perderet iterū gloriā,
 a plebe rex quæsivit ardentē coli.
 Hoc efficere priūs nequit princeps pius,
 nisi te tuasq̃ filias sancte colat,
 et splendidis illas locaret nuptiis,
 cujus necavit filios heu turpiter,
 En concidit dolore confectus gravi,
 fletu rigantur ora sceleris vindice :
 vitæ tantū corrigendæ defuit,
 honos tuarū, filiusq̃ marchio

Dorcettus heros, qui p̃ oras nunc vagus
 incognitas perrat exul. Si domū
 reversus, arma deserat Richmondii,
 florebit alto clarus imperio statim
 illustris heros, sibi patebunt omnia
 fulgentis aulæ dona: nil frustra petet.
 Nunc ergo quæras lumen aulæ splen-
 didū,

In gratiā, Regina cum principe redi
 nec regis animū sperne tam charū tibi:
 sed dulce pignus filias animi tui
 mittas ad aulā, adhuc nec obscuro
 horreant

loco, pius quas diligit rex unice.

Quid mœsta terram conticescis intuens?
 errore quid pectus vago versas tuū?

REGINA.

Ergo filiorū sanguine madentes manus?
 non liberos crudelis occidit fratris?
 nostrosq̃ conspersit thoros falsa labe?
 an non potest matri scelestus parcere,
 infame generi vulnus inflixit suo
 Sævire ferrū cessat, ubi regnat furor?
 Quisquamne putet ullū deesse nequitiae
 modū?

Sævire cum ratione num quisquā po-
 test?

Strictus tuetur ensis, invitis tuis
 quicquid tenere te scias, quicquid sce-
 lus

peperit, tuetur majus admissū scelus.
 Haud dulcis aula, cruore quæ meo fluit.
 Quas nuptias meorū meorū sanguine?
 An filiarū nuptias celebret? priūs,
 reddat sepulcrū filiorū, plangere
 funera meorū mater efflagito priūs,
 suis debetur atq̃ mortuis honor.

LOVELL.

Sepulta quid renovas odia? pectus
 premet

æterna vesanū ira? patratū liceat
 scelus expiare: quid juvat gemitu adeo
 opplere cœlū? vel lamentis æthera
 pulsare? toties vulneri quid heu manus
 adfers? medelā nec pati potes mali?

Si quisq̃ quoties peccat, illico Jupiter
 iratus ignes vindices jaculabitur:
 orbis jacebit squalido turpis situ
 et tanta damna sobole repararet sua
 nunquā Venus cunctis petita viris?
 adhuc

ferrūne terret.

REG.

Cujus ictu concidi.

LOVELL.

At melius infligens medetur vulneri.

REG.

Ad arma nova perrumpit ira sæpius.

LOVELL.

Despecta magis irascitur clementia.

REG.

Veteratus at nescit furor clementiā.

LOVELL.

Quid arma metuis, ira quando extinguitur?

REG.

Haud sanguinis saties sitim, nisi expleas.

LOVELL.

At in cruore quod est necesse sufficit.

REG.

At triste furioso necesse quod libet?

LOVELL.

At ira vana luditur sine viribus,
cœptiq̃ mox temerarii nimis pudet.
Quod si furore pectus attonitus times,
Et regis horres impias adhuc minas:
hæc sola spes relictâ: pugnandū prece:
Luctantibus nihil valebis viribus,
Sed fortius cōmota mens ebulliet,
nullamq̃ vim patitur sibi resistere.

REG.

Heu mihi mulier, heu, heu, quid infœlix agā?

animus vacillans fluctuat, timet omnia,
sperare rursus jussit amissus thronus,
Tradamne regi filias? egone meas
honore privabo? aula filias decet.

At quid facis? cui credis? insontes
tuos

mactavit, an parcit sorori? Jus idem
utriq̃ regni. Cujus heu thoro meas
Rex filias cōmendat, has qui turpiter
matre editas mentitus est adultera?

LOVELL.

Errore quorsū pectus uris anxiū?
Sin vita regis sancta nil psuadeat,
Sed hujus animū adhuc ferocem somnias

quantū tibi iratus minetur, cogita,
Hujus benigna vota si contempseris.

REG.

An morte quicquā minatur amplius?

LOVELL.

Exosa vitā filias num destrues?

REG.

O filiæ charissimæ, heu, heu, filiæ.
dotare vos thalamis beatis rex parat,
abite, vos fortuna quò miseras jubet,
et supplices ad genua patruī sternite
dedisce regnū infaustâ proles principis,
privata vos decent magis: regnū nocet:
facere juvet, quicquid necessitas jubet.
Omnia timore plena: metuendū tamen
palam nihil: nunquā preces spernit leo
timidæ feræ, nec supplices temnit sonos.
Si sors beabit fausta, jussit en parens
vos ire: sin crudele fatū pderet,
Ulciscar ipse morte eadem me simul,
meiq̃ pœnas mater incepti ferā.

Adsis fidelis particeps mentis meæ:
celeri gradu oras Galliæ mox advola,
gnatoq̃ Marchioni reditū suadeas,
dubium nil rerū exitū pavesceret,
nec horreat minas cruenti principis.
Sceleris sui regem nefandi pœnitet,
deflet cruenta miser nepotū funera,
sibiq̃ larga pollicetur præmia,
magnosq̃ honores, atq̃ liberā malis
vitam: ergo præceps vela pandat prospera,

charamq̃ rursus patriā reddat sibi.

REX RICH.

Geminas video sorores: ô faustū diem.
Compone vultum, amplectar illas arc-
tius.

Neptes amandæ, quàm libens vos osculor.

vestræ miserandam doleo fortunæ vicem,

itaq̃ sacro ægrè carcere inclusas tuli.

Quapropter hunc mutabo luctū flebilem

in gaudiū, atq̃ veste præclara induā,
vobisq̃ magnatū parabo nuptias.

Jam gaudet animus; pace sperata fruor.

Has nuptias uxoris invisū caput perturbat. Anna huc confert tristem gradū:

Concepta mente scelera vultu contegā,
ægrāq̃ verbis molliā mentem piis.

REGINA ANNA, RICHARD. REX,
NUNTIUS.

REG. ANNA.

Heu quantis curarū fluctibus æstuo?
Quid mihi horrendi præsigit animus mali?

In lugubres rumpamne suspiria voces?
et quærulīs ferā corusca sydera planc-

Quid misera faciam? fata deplorā mea?

En, rumor pcrebuit vitā oblatā mihi,
et garrula volavit fama funeris mei:
ergo vivæ mihi sepulcrū quæritur,

Et nostra lachrymis viva decoro funera,

cogorq̃ jussa mihi nunc psolvere.

Cur mihi meus minatur ingratus necem?

nihilq̃ nostros amores crudelis æstimat?

Cardinalis antistes mihi gravis pater
fletu genis madentib⁹ nunciat.

Rex (inquit) jamdudū saturavit amorē,
nec dabit amplexus, aut oscula figet
dulcia:

Te sterilem esse, Regali nec aptā thoro.
Talem regiæ conjugem poscunt faces,
Qualis liberorū possit procreare magnū
decus,

qui tenera patris sceptrā gestabit manu.

Variis animus curarū fluctib⁹ æstuat,
rumorq̃ vexat scelestus augur fati mei.

Quid faciam misera? en quærunť neci
Nostræq̃ vitæ ultimos claudere dies,
vitæq̃ rupta fila eripere sororibus.

Illustre Britanniae decus, rector potens,
quid misera merui? quid ad mortē tra-

hor:

En mortem pstrepunt garrulae voces,
et ad sepulcrū funesta turba vocat.

Si non placet thalamis fides tuis data,
aut si tuū demens honorem læsi, invida
aut manibus pudica moriar tuis,
et scelestā tuus fodiat ensis viscera,
nec populi millies suis vulnerent vocibus,

et sordidis regina civibus occidam.

REX RICH.

Nunquā miser charæ pararem con-

jugi

mortem, castasq̃ tuo cruore manus spar-

gerem.

Nec te minæ pturbent, cū futilis
erroris esse populus magister solet:
nec principi plebs novit garrula par-

cere.

Jam siste lachrymas, teq̃ cura molliùs.

En nos graves premunt curæ Britan-
niæ,
motusq̃ turbidos cives rebelles conci-
tāt;
Hos maximū decet ducem compes-
cere:
post, mutuis simul fruemur amplexi-
bus.

NUNTIUS.

Fugit manus Comes Richmondius tuas.

RICH.

Effare, carcerem cur evasit tetrū?

NUNT.

Postquā sinus complente laxos vince-
rent

Impulsa vento vela fluctus turbidos,
littusq̃ puppis tangeret Britannicū,
mandata monstramus duci statim tua.

Hujus dolor premebat artus languidos
nec rebus ullis æger animus sufficit,
Hinc jussa rerū cura Thesaurario
soli fuit, Petrū vocant Landosiū:

Huic mox agros promittimus rebelliū,
fortuna vel benigna quicquid addidit,
si patriæ restituat exulem suæ
Richmondiū, comitesq̃ cæteros fugæ.

Promissa vincunt ampla thesaurariū,
Anglisq̃ tanti gaudet autor muneris,
quò se tueri possit Anglorū potens
viribus, et hostis frangat iras invidi.
Mox concito quærit gradu comitē velox
at sensit astus callidos comes prius,
furtoq̃ se subduxit ille Parisiis.

Tum dura quos fortuna jungit transfu-
gas

comites sequuntur: at dolet Lando-
sius

prædam sibi ereptam esse, sed serò do-
let

Cæleri cupit vi prævertere elapsū licèt,
terramq̃ calcantes pede ruunt concito
hastas vibrantes extra equites, si queant
tardare fugientem: tamen redeunt sta-
tim

illisq̃ tantus cessit incassū labor.

Nam Rege fretus Gallico tutus satis,
implorat adversā tuis sceptris opem.

Nec finis hic mali: solutus carcere
Oxonii fugit comes Callisiis.

Comitiq̃ jungit supplici supplex comes.

REX.

'O nuntium infestum! ô nitida pal-
latia,
passura graviolem exitū Oedipodæ
domo!

O luce splendens principis falsa decus!
O sors acerba! ô fata Regnis invida!
Sed parce diis demens scelere quos ir-
ritas.

Opaca regna Ditis, et cæcū Chaos.
exangue vulgus, numen abstruxi Jovis,
et quicquid arcet, huc novos spargite
dolos.

Vestras manus Richmondiū vocat nefas,
ut spiritus illico scelestos expuat,
nisi graviores expetat pœnas dolor.

NUNTIUS, REX.

NUNTIUS.

Regina florens Anna dudū mortua
est.

REX.

O dira fata! sæva nimis ô numina!
res possident mortaliū certi nihil;

Consors unica vitæ, et chara conjux,
vare.

Crudele tristis indica exitii genus.

NUNT.

Postquã lugubris sedisset mœsta diu,
suspiria gravibus mista cū singultibus
heu sæpe fundit : sæpe falsis lachrymis
diris querelis conjugem ingratū pre-
mit.

Tandem inquietam capit attonitus furor,
nuncq̃ huc et illuc currit erranti gradu,
tanquã tumultū patiens in se turbidū :

Statimq̃ quærit (voces infractæ sono)

Quæ cor revellit dextera crudelis meū?

An non est maritus, inquit? heu fidele
cor

valde est ineptū munus ingrato viro.

Postea pupillæ prorsus occultæ latent,
et solū aperta pallidè albugo micat :

vomitiones inde crebras extulit,
animæq̃ in altū sæpe deliquiū cadit :

Artus p̃ omnes frigidus sudor meat
orisq̃ subitò nitidus evanuit color :

frons flava marcet, livida ardent tem-
pora

et palpebrarū omnes defluunt pili

Cærulia turpi labia liquescunt situ,

et lingua (visu horribile) specie lurida
prominet hiantē ex ore solito gran-
dior,

unguesq̃ nunc haud amplius clari ni-
tent,

sed quasi veneno perliti pereunt : cadit
tandem misera luctata fatis fœmina.

REX.

Nunc fausta neptis ambio connubia,
neptisq̃ fallam frustra promissos thoros.

Sed neptis huc dubio venit gradu mea,
tentare procus hujus instituā thoros.

REX, FILIA EDUARDI MAJOR.

REX.

O regia de stirpe derivans genus,
et digna sceptris virgo : postquã (proh
dolor)

rapuere fata conjugem tam tristia :

quæ sit magis mihi juncta Regali face,
quàm genere quæ regis superbo nasci-
tur?

Sociemus animos, et thori sponde fidem,
accipe maritū. Quid truci vultu siles?

FILIA.

Egone, ô nefandum scelus, expiandū
rogis

nullis ! egone manus misera conjux
meas

rubente mortuorū sanguine imbuā?

Olimpus uxori deerit antè suæ,

Lunaq̃ gubernabit diem, noctemq̃ sol :

Prius Ætna gelidas emittet ardens
aquas,

Nilusq̃ vagus ignitas laminas vomet.

Egone silebo parvulos misera invidos

tibi nepotes, at mihi charos fratres

crudelitèr tua pemptos dextera ?

Scelestē patrue ? prius ab extremo sinu

Hespera Tethys lucidū attollet diem :

Lepus fugabit invidū prius canem.

Punit nefandū quamvis abditū scelus

Jupiter, et astutos sinit nunquā dolos.

Humeros premebant saxa Sisiphi lu-
brica,

sævus Proustes asperā pœna luit,

quoniam suos vim necarunt hospites.

Non hospites tu, sed nepotes (heu) tuos est imperandi principi duplex via,
nuper relictis fasciis miser necas. Amor et metus: utrumq regibus utile.

RICH.

Cogere.

Agedum effrenatas virgo voces amove,
ne ob unū scelus corpora pereant duo.

FILIA.

Si cogas mori sequor lubens.

Cruore soliū fateor acquiri meū

RICH.

et iñocentiū morte: sic fatis placet.

Moriere.

Cecidere fratres? doleo; facti pœnitet

FILIA.

Sunt mortui? factū prius nequit infici

Grata mors erit magis mihi

Num flebo mortuos? lachrymæ nil

et præstat ærumnis mori oppressā sta-
tim,

valent.

Quid vis facerem? an fratrū geminā

quam luce curis obsitā frui diu.

necem

RICH.

hac dextera effuso rependā sanguine?

Moriere demens.

faciā? paratis ensibus pectus dabo:

FILIA.

et si placet magis, moriar ulnis tuis

Nil minaris ampliūs?

ignes, aquas, terram, aut minacem Cau-
casū

mallem mori virgo, tyranno quā viro
incesta vivere, diis, hominibusq invida.

petā, petam Tartara, vel umbrosū ne-
mus

RICH.

Hem quid agis infœlix? thoros spernet
tuos.

atræ Stygis; nullū laborem desero

si gratus essem tibi. [virago regia]

Regina vivas, sis mea, miseros sile
fratres.

FILIA.

Sit amor, sit odiū, sit ira, vel sit fides;
non curo: placet odisse, quicquid co-
gitas.

FILIA.

Miser non est quisquis mori sciet.

Tuus prius penetrabit ensis pectora,
libido quàm cognata corpus polluat.

RICH.

Anne lubens? en nullus est ferro me-
tus,

O Jupiter sævo peritus fulmine.

strictusq nescit ensis unquā parcere.

Cur non trisulca mundus ignescit face?

FILIA.

Cur non hiulca terra devorat illico?

Neronis umbræ, atq furia Cleopatrar

Imane portentū ferocis principis,

truces resurgite, similem finem date

terrore superans Gorgoneū genus.

his nuptiis, qualem tulit Oedipodæ do-
mus.

RICH.

Pessima, tace: solū silet in armis fides.

Nec sufficit fratres necasses tuos prin-
cipes?

nihilne valet amor? nihil thorus movet

regius? acerbæ neq lachrymæ valent?

Et nobili fœdare cæde dexterā?

quin et integrā stuprare quæras virginē
maritus? ô mores, nefanda ô tempora!
at sæva priùs evadat ales viscera:
in me feras priùs tuas atrox nemus
emitte, vel quod triste monstrum nu-
trias,
quàm casta thalamos virgo sequor adul-
teros.

RICH.

Discessit, et nostros fugit demens tho-
ros
negligit amores stulta virgo regios.
Nunc ista differam; minæ forsan ca-
dent
rabidæ puellæ, patriæ dū consulo.

NUNTIUS, REX.

NUNT.

Gerebat altos nup animos insolens
Richmondus, celso superbus vertice
tumebat: at cecidit miser tandem: sui
serò pudet cœpti, atq franguntur minæ.

REX.

O grata lux, quæ sceptrā confirmat
mea!
Jam solida certe pacis emergit fides.
at cuncta narras: nam spes miseros
alit.

NUNT.

Adhuc juventæ flore vix primo viget
rex Galliæ, nec prima depinxit genas
barba, nec sceptrā puerilis manus
satis tuetur; quin tenera tutoribus
curanda datur ætas, virilis pòst vigor
dum regna discat: hos frequens pulsat
comes
votis iniquis, rebus et fessis opem

implorat ardens, nec preces frustra
sinit

perire. Dum multos fatigat anxius
multo labore, nec pati potest moras
mens lassa, planctus atq frustravi^t suos
ægrè tulit tam sæpe; dū longā pati
cogit repulsā multiplex procerū favor:
desperat animus, optat exul vivere
potiùs, inanis et laboris pœnitet.

REX.

Festū diem celebrare jam lætos decet,
ô mihi dies albo lapillo nobilis!
Jam sors beatis mitior rebus fluit.
Quot modò procellas concitat frustra
Comes.

et quàm graves nuper minatur exitus?
Quin in suū redibit authorem scelus.

Jam frustra placido classis incumbit
mari,

Richmondus jam falsò reditus excu-
bat,

ergo rates hæere nunc ponto veta,
milesq portū quisquis adversā cavet,
deponat arma, finis hic malorū erit.

Tutò licet regnare: jam cessit timor,
nisi quod timendū non sit, id timeas
tamen.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

NUNTIUS, MULIER, MULIER, ANUS.

NUNT.

Quis me p auras turbo raptat conci-
tus?

fuge, fuge, civis, hæret à tergo Comes:
minatur horrendū furor Richmondus;
portū pedite Milfordiū imāni premit.

totamq̄ calcat proditā sibi Walliā :
furens comes toti minatur Angliæ.

MULIER.

Quo, quo fugis charā marite conjugem ?
frustra q̄ tot perire patieris preces
uxoris ; en fletu genæ multo fluunt
miserere ; sin fugere lares dulces juvat ;
det simul conjux itineris p̄vū onus.

ALIA MUL.

Heare let divers
mutes run over
ye stage from
divers places
for feare.

Te p̄ deorū numen et
datam fidem
thori, p̄ annos filii tene-
ros precor,
ne deseras im̄itis ah tristem domū.

ANUS.

Matris tuæ solamen ô fili mane.
Sin hostibus domū relinques pfuga,
scrutetur ensis nota quondam filio
ubera ; tuo mater peribo vulnere.

HENRICUS COMES, RHESUS THOMÆ
WALLICUS.

HEN. COM.

Optata tandem tecta cerno patriæ,
miserisq̄ nosco maximū exulibus bonū.
ô chara salve terra, sed salve diu,
frendentis apri dente lacerata impio.
Da (patria) veniam, bella si geram pia,
da quæso veniā : causa com̄ovit tua ;
dirumq̄ principis nefas bellū vocat.
Rex est peremptus : occupat regnū
Nero :

cum rege fratre parvulus periit puer.
Solū tuentur templa reginā sacra.
Regū cruoris ultor adveni pius :
pœnas dabit Richardus Henrico : dedit,

si nostra clemens vota concedat Deus.
Rhesū Thomæ de stirpe video Wallica.

RHES. THOM.

O clare princeps regia stirpe edite,
honore præcellens Comes Richmondiaë,
heros Britanniaë gentis auxiliū unicū :
Optatus Anglis civibus venis tuis.

HENRICUS.

Post multa vota, et temporis longas
moras.

natale semper mente complector solū :
servile collo strenuus excutiam jugo.

RHES.

Tu patriæ nunc columen, et verū ca-
put :
tu solus affers rebus afflictis opem :
Et rege tanto læta gaudet Anglia.

HEN.

Non quem fatentur ore principem suo,
hunc corde semp̄ intimo cives colunt.

RHES.

Deus trisulca qui quatit flāmā polos,
et in profunda pfidos Proserpinæ
detrudit antra, me premat vivū nigra
tellure, si datā fidem fallā tibi.

Si signa campis Cambriaë ponere ju-
bes,

in Wallicū agrū messor impius, ruam.
Quoscunq̄ velles disjici muros, citò
hac aries actus saxa disperget manu :
Nec miles ullus in meis castris erit
quin te sequetur.

HEN.

Rhese, grata est mihi fides
Si cœpta Numen prosperet mea, spon-
deo
te præsidem toti futurū Walliæ.

BURCHER: HUNGERFORD: MILES.

HUNGERF.

Splendens equestri clare Burcher or-
dine,
lætus scelestas hostis effugi manus:
agmenq̄ lubens Duci Brakenburio
p noctis umbras abstuli densas miser.

BURCH.

Quot per recessus labimur Hunger-
ford vagi
huc usque nostro terga vertentes duci?
At ô quieta noctis almæ tempora,
tuq̄ miseris præbens opem Phœbi so-
ror,
adhuc tuere: differas Titan diem,
donec tyranni tuti ab armis, inclyti
tentoria Henrici comitis attingimus.

MILES.

Let heare allso
divers mutes,
armed soul-
diers, run over
the stage one
after another
to ye Earle of
Richmond.

Fœlix tuas fugio p um-
bras cæca nox

mactetur ense quisquis
obstabit mihi.

HEN. REX. [COMES.]

Quis hic locus, quæ regio quæ regni
plaga?

ubi sū? ruit nox: heu ubi satellites?

Inimica cuncta: fraude quis vacat lo-
cus

quem quod rogabo? tuta sit fides, vide,
nativus artus liquit internos calor,
rigore frigent membra: vix loquor
metu:

tremesco solus, cura mentem conco-
quit.

Hos vitricus luctus dedit meus mihi
Stanleus: illū tantæ quæ tenent moræ?

Dum varia sortis cogito ludibria,
dubiamq̄ solus civiū volvo fidem,
exercitum præire jussi: tum moras
damnare tantas vitrici cœpi mei.

Postquā metus cor, spesq̄ dubiū ver-
berat,
et quicquid obstat mente dum volvo
satis:

densas per umbras lapsus aspectū fu-
git

exercitus, suo errat orbatus duce:
sum nudus hostib⁹ relict⁹ perfuga.

COM. OXON.

Ingens premebat cura sollicitos (comes
illustris) animos horror excussit gravis,
dux milites quòd absens deseris,
dum nocte cæca summa montiū juga
vincunt, nec ullus jussa privatus facit.
Mox triste pectus mœror invasit gravis:
nunc voce miles frustra compellat du-
cem:

nunc civiū timemus incertā fidem,
lætiq̄ sero fruimur aspectu, licèt
animus adhuc turbatur excusso metu.

HENRI.

Quorsū times, pellatur ignavus me-
tus:

solū juvat secreta sæpe volvere.

HUNGER.

Sævi tyranni ereptus insidiis miser
supplex tuo vivere sub imperio, comes
illustris, atq̄ signa cupio sequi.

HENR.

Propago clara, equitūq̄ generosū ge-
nus;

jam vos sequetur digna factis gloria.
me grata delectat voluntas civiū,

vestramq tantā lætus amplector fidem.

At quas tyrannus copias ducit, doce.

HUNGERF.

Pauci sequuntur sponte signa militis,
et cogit arma jungere Richardi metus:
sese magis dubius metuit exercitus,
suis nil armis miles audet credere.

HENRI.

Tu transferas ad castra milites sua.

HENRICUS COMES, STANLEUS HEROS.

HENRI.

Nisi vota fallunt, vitricus venit meus,
domus suæ Stanleius eximiū decus.
verumne video corpus? an fallor tua
deceptus umbra? Spiritus vires capit:
exultat animus, et vacat pectus metu.

STAN.

Et nostra dulce membra recreat gau-
diū:

generū juvat videre: complexus mihi
redde expetitos. Sospitem qui te dedit,
det tua vicissim coepta pficiat deus;

HENRI.

Dabit, tuo si liceat auxilio frui.

STANL.

Utinā liceret quæ velim.

HENR.

Quidni potes?

quid non licebit.

STANL.

Sæpe quod cupis tamen
non absq magno pfici potest damno.

HENR.

Quidnam times, dū patriā juvas tuā?

STANL.

Quod vita chara filii fuit mei.

HENR.

Serat Richardus obsidem fidei tuæ.

STANL.

Ne te juvarem, pignori datū tenet.

HENR.

O subdolū scelus, ô tyrannū barbarū!
amore quos fidos parū credit sibi,
horū fidem crudelis exprimit metus.

STANL.

Irā coërce, pectus et nobile doma
palā juvare si nequeo, furtim tamen
subsidia nunquā nostra deerunt tibi.

HENR.

Discescit: heu, me lenta vitrici fides
pturbat: hujus quanta spes fulsit mihi?
Frustra at quærelis pectus uritur anxium,
vanisq juvat implere cœlū quæstibus:
quin triste præcipitare consiliū decet.

DUX NORFOLCIENS: RICH: REX.

DUX NORF.

Armatus expectet suū miles ducem
bellū ciebunt æra, nec moras sinent.
Richardus huc dubio venit princeps
gradu:
secreta solus volvit, et curæ premunt.
Quæ subita vultus causa turbavit tuos?
quid ora pallent? mente quid dubia
stupes.

RICHARD.

Norfolciæ charū caput, dux nobilis,
cujus fuit mihi semp illustris fides;
falso celabo nihil fronte pfidus.
Horrenda noctis visa terrent proximæ.
Postquā sepulta nox quietem suaserat,
altusq teneris somnus obrepsit genis:
subitò premebant dira furiarū cohors,

sævòq laceravit impetu corpus tremens,
et foeda rabidis præda sū dæmonibus :

somnosq tandem magnus excussit tre-
mor,

et pulsat artus horridus nostros metus.

Heu ! quid truces minantur umbræ
Tartari ?

DUX NORF.

Quid somnia tremis ? noctis et vanas
minas ?

quid falsa terrent mentis et ludibria ?

Jam strictus ensis optimū auguriū canit :
aude satis, nec vota formides tua.

Tibi rebelles spolia tot cives dabunt,
vinctæ fatebuntur manus victoriā.

RICHARD.

Nil pectus ullus verberat tremulū me-
tus,

ignava nec quassat tumultus corpora.

audere didicimus prius : telis locos

hostes vicinos jam premunt, bellū vo-
cant :

acies in armis nostra ex adversis stabit.

DUX NORF.

Quid agimus ? hem quid cæca fata co-
gitant ?

quidnā parat suspecta civiū fides ?

Inventa nup scripta me talia monent :

NORFOLCIENSIS INCLYTE

NIL CŒPERIS AUDACIUS :

NAM VENDITUS REX PRETIO

RICHARDUS HEROS PERDITUR.

At nulla nostram macula damnabit
fidem :

Richardi nunquam signa vivus deseram.

ORATIO RICHARDI AD MILITES.

Comites fideles, milites et subditi

Crudele quamvis facinus, et dirū scelus

olim patravi : lachrymis culpā piis

satis piavi, sceleris et pœnas dedi :

satis dolore crimen ultus sum suo.

vos tanta moveat ergo pœnitentia.

Partū tueri melius est quā quærere.

Pugnate fortes, regna parta viribus

vestris studete fortiter defendere.

Non est opus cruore multo : Wallicus
oppugnat hostis, regna vendicat impu-
dens.

Illum sequuntur pfidæ Anglorū manus
sicarii nequā, genusq prodigū,

vestræq flamma patriæ gens Gallica.

at civiū me credidit manibus deus,

quorū fides spectata mihi semp fuit :

quorū paravi viribus regni decus,

orisq nisi decipiar interpretes, truces

victoriā vultus ferunt, [dandum mihi]

oculi diris necem minantur hostibus.

Vicistis, inquā, vicit Anglorū manus :

suo video cruore manantes agros :

simulq Gallos, Cambrios simul leves

mox foeda victos strages absumet

mea ?

Sed fata quid moror ? cur his vocibus

vos irruentes teneo ? mihi veniā date :

Nunc quanta clemens ultro concedit
deus ?

Si vincat ille, vos manent diræ cruces.

ferrū, cathenæ, et duro collo servitus :

et nostra membra quærit ensis hostiū

me nil morabor : cura sit vestri salus :

consulite vobis, liberis, uxoribus :

prospicite patriæ : hæc opem vestrâ jam bella poscunt, tempus aliud petit :
petit : Signis vicina signa fulgent hostiū.

estote fortes ; victus hostes occidat,
dubiūq martis exitum nemo horreat.

REX RICH.

Nobis triumphi signa dantur maxima :

DUX NORF.

Non vos latet, suā ducis prudentia
niti salutem militū : nullos habet

Post bella gnatus patris expiet scelus.

REX RICH.

En vultus : Henrici minas frustra
times

Ergo nefandi patris invisam prolem

in castra ducite. Marte confecto

et robur invictū ducis Richmondii.

statim

Infesta quare signa campis fulgeant :

capite paterni criminis poenas dabit.

cursu citato miles infestus ruat,

ORATIO HENRICI COMITIS AD MILITES.

et hostis hostem vulneret ferus ferū

vos, vos triumphus (nobiles socii) manent :

O sceleris ultrix, signa quæ sequeris
mea

Hac namq dextra spiritū ejus haureā,
qui causa bellorū fuit civiliū.

Britanna gens, vanos metus nil som-
nies,

Aut moriar hodie, aut parabo gloriā.

Sin ulla justus bella curet Jupiter,

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARD : DUX
NORFOL.

nobis favebit regis excusso jugo,

quos liberam videre patriā juvat.

En rapta fraude sceptrâ jure posci-
mus.

NUNT.

Magnanime princeps, jussa p̄feci tua.
Respondet ore Stanleius duro nimis,
si filiū mactes suū plures habet.

Quæ causa belli melior afferri potest
quam patriæ ? Hostis regiæ stirpis
lues

REX RICH.

ergo tyrannus morte crudeli cadat.

Detractat ergo p̄fidus jussus meos
ingratus hostis, et scelestus proditor ?

Scelere Richardus impios vicit Scy-
thas :

Mactabo gnatū, vota psolvā statim
te digna patre. Tam diu cur filius

Te (Nero) vicit cæde matris no-
bilem.

vivit scelesti patris ? ô patiens nimis,
ô segnis ira post nefas tantū mea !

Suos nepotes ense mactat impio :

matris probro nihil pepercit filius :

Tu jussa page : mitte qui velox
mihi

stuprare neptem audet libido patruī.

Sic fratris exhibes honores manibus ?

ejus pempti referat abscissū caput.

Cesset timor, et infestus hostem vul-
neres :

DUX NORF.

Animū doma nec impius vexat pater :

nil arma metuas tanta : media ducem

linquent arena. Quos sequi cogit metus,
parùm ducem tuentur inimici suū.

At sint fideles, nec suū spernāt ducem :
pugnent acritèr, et millibus multis
ruant :

non copiarū numerus, at virtus ducis
victoriā potitur, et laudem feret.

Hujus timebis arma, qui scelus timet
nullū? nepotes morte confecit suos.

Asyla rupta, frater occisus, stupro
tentata neptis, falsa cui deniq̃ fides.

Quid non patravit patriæ pestis suæ
adversus hostem corpus ense cingite.

In bella ruite, agmenq̃ strenuè rum-
pite,

tollantur altè signa. [quisquis occidat]

Bello fidelis pfidos, pius impios,

placidus tyrannū, mitis imitem petis

Quòd si liceret (salvo honore prin-
cipis)

ad gēna vestra volverer supplex,
petens

ut verus hæres Anglici Henricus
thrōni

vincat Ricardū, sceptrā qui furto tenet,

Sin vincat ille, vester Henricus vagus

patria exulabit, aut luet pœnas graves :

et vos pudebit colla victori dare.

Petatur ultro dū parat vires modò.

Heare ye battell Aut perdat, aut peribit,
is joyned. hoc certū est mihi.

[Uppon his retourne, lett gunns goe of,
and trumpetts sound, wth all stir of
Souldiers wth out y^e hall, untill such
time as y^e lord Stanly be one y^e
stage ready to speake.

STANLEUS AD MILITES.

Properate, solvite patriā tyrannide
infesta ferte signa, pugna dū calet,
ut verus hæres regna teneat Angliæ.

Pugnabit adversus scelus virtus pia

Pugnate tantūm, vestra
cum victoria.

Si vincitis, patria tyranno libera
medios in hostes ruite passu concito.

[Let heare bee the like noyse made as
before, as soone as y^e Lord Stanley
hath spoken, who followeth the rest
to the feild. After a little space, let
the L. Northumberland come with
his band from y^e feild, att whose
speach lett the noyse cease.

ORATIO COMITIS NORTHUMBRIÆ AD
MILITES.

Northumbriorū illustre nil damnes
genus,

nostramve lunā (miles) ignavā putes,

quod tela fugiens hostiū terga dedi

Immane regis execror tan-
dem scelus :

horreo suorū sanguine madentes ma-
nus.

Suasit vetustas fatidica regi fore

victoriā, manus prius si conferat

Mutata quā sit luna. Luna nos
sumus :

Mox ergo lunā (milites) mutavi-
mus,

ut dignas scelere pœnas
luat.

Let hear be the like noyse as before,
and after a while let a captaine run
after a souldier or two, wth a sword
drawne driveinge them againe to the
feild, and say as followeth.

CENTURIO.

Ignave miles, quo fugis? nisi redis
meo peribis ense.

After the like noise againe, let souldiers
run from y^e feild, over the stage one
after another, flinging of their har-
nesse, and att length let some come
haltinge and wounded. After this let
Henerye, Earle of Richmond come
tryumphing, haveinge y^e body of
K. Richard dead on a horse: Catesby
and Ratliffe and others bound.

NUNTIUS.

Sedata lis est. Juditiū Mavors tulit,
Iacet Ricardus, at Duci similis jacet.
Postquā feroces mutuò sese acies vident,
et signū ad arma classicū cecinit tuba:
sævus paratū miles in bellū ruit.
fugiente tandem milite, comitem videns,
equo Richardus admisso in illū ruit,
Catulis Nemæus ut furens raptis leo
per arva passim rugiens sævus volat.
Fahmo Vexilla Comitis fortè Brandonus tulit,
Cruore cujus hastam tepefacit suā.
Hinc se Richardo Chæneiius armis va-
lens
offert: Richardus hic viribus unà cadit.
ventū est ad hostem: quem validè solū
petit,
In Comite solo comorabatur ferox

Contrà, potenti dextra sese Comes
defendit: æquo Marte pugnatur diu,
donec tot hostes convolent illò simul,
ut ille multis vulneribus fossus cadat.
O laude bellica inclytū verè ducem,
Si sæva Gallus arma sensisset tua,
vel pfidus fallens datam Scotus fidem.
Sed sceleris ultor coelitū potens pater
est serò vitā, sed satis ultus tuā.

ORATIO HENRICI COMITIS.

Rector potens Olympi, et astrorū decus,
terrestriū qui pastor es fideiū,
et principū cujus est potestas cordiū:
tu læta Regibus trophæa collocas:
Nitida caput cingis corona regiū,
Solus deorū falsa vincis numina,
hostesq̄ generi affligis invidos suo:
Ingens honor debetur et gratia tibi,
qui splendidū triumphū induleras.
Cedit tuis armata jussibus cohors,
Si strage quis sæviret Astyages ferox
Phrygiove Pelops rege natus Tantalo.
expectet ille Cyrū, et ultorem tremat.
Henricus audebat Richardū pellere.
At tu nitentis ô gubernator poli
Quem terra colit et vasta mundi fa-
brica,
dum corpus aura vescitur, nec ultimū
diem claudunt fati sorores invidæ,
teneros levis dum nutrit artus spiritus,
te laude perpetua canemus, debitas
tibi afferemus gratias, potens deus:
Tu belluā meis domandā viribus
mitis dabis, heu civibus pestem suis.
At vos graves passi dolores milites,
curate mox inflicta membris vulnera,

crudele ne quò serpat ulcus longiùs.
Reliqui sepulcra mortuis mites date.
Et inferis debetur excellens honor.

STRAUNGE HEROS PUER, HEN. COMES,
STANLEIUS.

STRAUNGE.

Non semp æquor fluctibus rabidis tu-
met.

Non semp imbre Jupiter pulsat mare.

Non semp acres Æolus ventos ciet.

Nec semp humiles cæca calcat sors vi-
ros.

Aliquando fluctus sternitur rabidi ma-
ris.

Illico caput radiatus et Titan micat,
Pressosq tollet æqua sors tandem viros,
rex olim exul Gallicis et Britonū
latens in oris, victor en potens suo
regno potitur. Regis ô charū caput
salve, tuoq lætus in solio sede,

multos in annos Angliæ verū decus.
felix deinceps subditis vivas tuis,
fideiq captivos tuæ hos clemens cape.

HENRICUS COMES.

O Stanleiorū chara progenies mihi.

O Straunge nobilis, en libens te con-
spicor :

quos mihi dedisti, reddo captivos tibi.

STANL.

Rediisse charū patri salvū filiū

crudelis elapsū tyranni dexterā,

exultat animus lætus, ô fili, mihi

pericula post tam dira quod sospes venis.

HEN. REX.

Regno mihiq gratulor : regno, gravi

quòd sit tyranno liberū : porro mihi,

quod sceptrā regni tracto regalia mei.

Quare supremo regna qui dedit deo

laudes canamus ore supplices pio.

FINIS.

Let a noble man putt on y^e Crowne upon kinge Henries head att the end of his oration, and y^e Song sunge wch is in y^e end of the booke. After an Epilogue is to bee made, wherein lett bee declared the happy uniteinge of both houses, of whome the Queenes majestie came, and is undoubted heyre, wishinge her a prosperous raigne.

EPILOGUS.

Extincta vidistis Regulorū corpora,
horrenda magnatū furemtem funera:
funesta vidistis potentū praelia,
et digna quæ cepit tyrannus præmia.
Henricus illustris Comes Richmondius
turbata pacavit Richardi sanguine,
Antistitis comotus Eliensiū
sermone foelici, sagaci pectore
et gloriosi marte Buckinghamii,
tum Margaretæ matris impulsu suæ,
illustre quæ nostrū hoc Collegiū
Christoq fundavit dicatū sumptibus:
Quæ multa regalis reliquit dexteræ
nunquam laudatæ satis mentis suæ
præclara cunctis signa quondā sæculis.
Hic stirpe regali satus Lancastriæ
accepit uxorem creatam sanguine
Eboracensi: sic duarū foedere
finiunt æterna domorū jurgia.
Hinc portus, hic Anglis quietis perditis
finisq funestæ fuit discordiæ.
Hinc illa manavit propago nobilis
hæresq certus, qui Britanni Cardinem
regni gubernas jure vexit jam suo,
Henricus Henrici parentis filius.
Qui verus afflictæ patronus patriæ,
tum singulis unū reliquit comodis
præstantius multò, licèt quàm plurimis,
Cum tam potentem procrearet principem.
Elizabethā, patre dignā filiā,

canosq̄ vincentem seniles virginem.
 Quæ regna tot Phœbi peractis cursibus
 com̄issa rexit pace fœlix Anglia.
 quam dextra supremi tonantis protegat
 illius et vitam tegendo protrahet.

FINIS.

NOTES TO THE APPENDIX.

Page 88, col. 1, line 21. dux Cephaberū.] In the MS. belonging to the University Library, this is correctly written, "dux Cephalenius;" i.e., Ulysses.

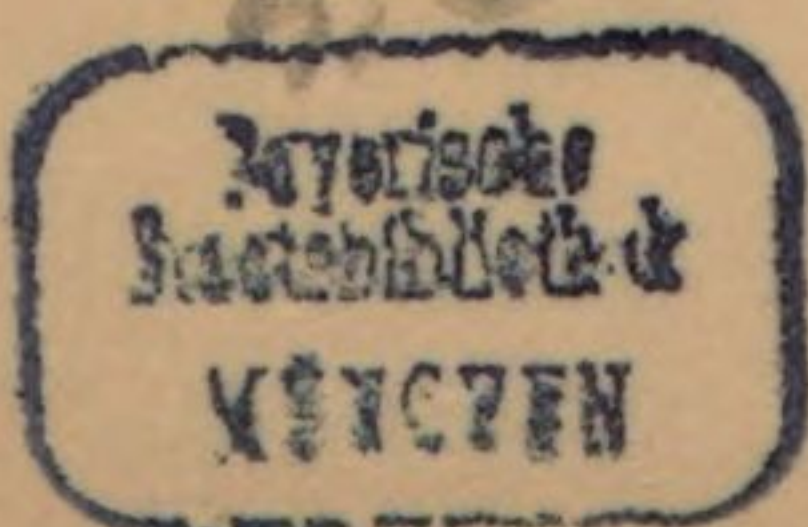
Page 100, col. 2, line 19. exprimant.] and page 102, col. 1, line 22, exprimat.] In the Emmanuel MS. the readings are doubtful, having undergone corrections. But, comparing page 131, col. 1, line 4, where the MS. is quite plain, it appears that "expuant" and "expuat" should be restored in the other places.

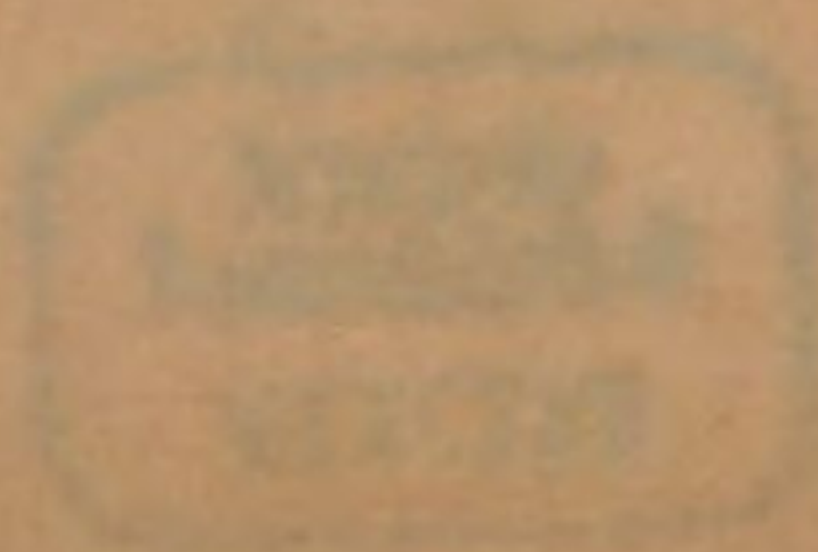
Page 134, col. 1, line 15. procustos.] Probably "Procustes." See page 135, col. 2, line 3, and page 154, col. 2, line 2 from bottom.

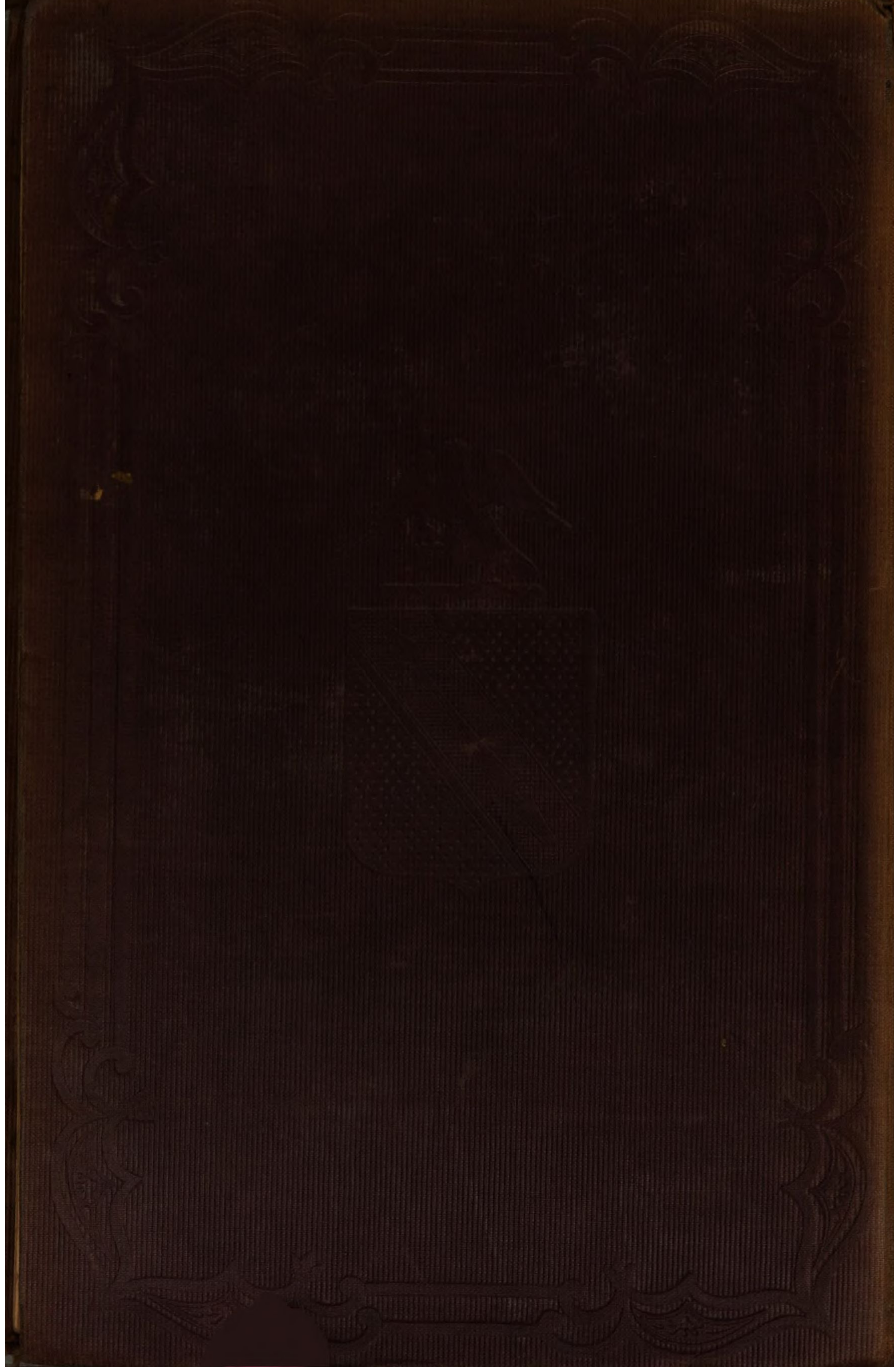
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Legge, Thomas / Legge, Thomas / Field, Barron

The true tragedy of Richard III, to which is appended the latin play of
Richardus III, by Thomas Legge both anterior to Shakespeare's drama

London 1844

P.o.angl. 374-20

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